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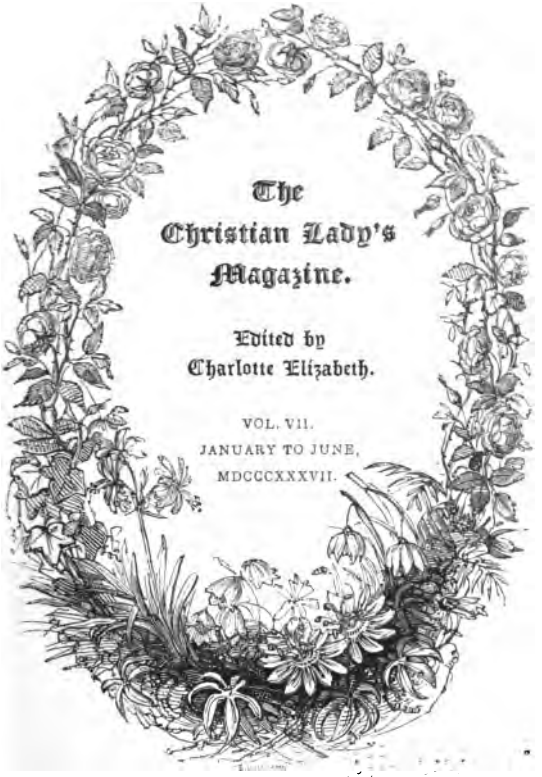

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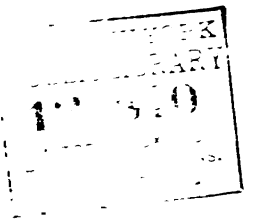

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PREFACE.

THE pleasing duty of ushering in a seventh volume of the Christian Lady's Magazine, affords us occasion to repeat our thanks to all classes of our fellow-helpers. Those who circulate it, those who contribute to its pages, those who give us an occasional word of encouraging approval, and those who, with Christian candour, point out what they conceive to be errors or defects, are all entitled to our grateful acknowledgments. We beg each and all of these to accept them.

To the latter class we would, respectfully and affectionately, address a few words. If this periodical was regarded, either by its proprietors or its conductor as a matter of pounds, shillings and pence, or used as a means of acquiring popularity, a path would be sought out, likely to please all; at least, to avoid giving offence to any, by shunning those topics on which the Christian public is divided. Such never was, never will be, our object. The press is a mighty engine, for good or evil; and influence, even such as this humble miscellany

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may presume to exert, is a talent to be strictly accounted for. Neither the love nor the fear of man has ever yet wrought on us to the admission or exclusion of a single article throughout these seven volumes; and we desire to enjoy our gratifying though awfully responsible post, no longer than while the Lord gives grace to do all as in His immediate sight, and with a single eye to the promotion of what we honestly believe to be his cause, and the highest interests of our beloved countrywomen. If any look upon us as erring, let them pray that the wisdom which is from above may be more abundantly given for our better guidance; and let them be assured that we candidly, carefully, and prayerfully weigh whatever is addressed to us in the spirit of Christian love, however opposed to our preconceived opinions.

We do not wish to see our English sisters exposed to the rebuke that fell upon the women that were at ease, when evil menaced their country: the careless daughters of backsliding Israel. We conscientiously believe that a time is at hand which shall try, even as by fire, the people of this favoured land; and that the children now sporting in our nurseries, or conning the busy task in our schools, will have to pass through that ordeal, if it does not happen in our own day. Let our friends bear in mind that such is our honest conviction: they will better appreciate the motive that opens our pages to what may in their

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estimation, be considered as uncalled-for interference with matters belonging to a different class of readers. We place before us the word of God; and by its undeviating line we seek to straighten our own: nor have we cause to do otherwise than most gratefully to confess, that, proportioned to the steadiness with which this tract has been pursued, have we found the success of our miscellany confirmed. We bless God for it: and to his mercy in Christ Jesus we commend both our readers and ourselves; that in whatsoever station we may respectively be placed, therein, through his guidance, we may be found faithful.

June, 1837.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1837.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

MANY and overpowering are the recollections excited by a glance at the tablets of former days. Perchance a leaf of an old pocket-book—perchance some lively letter, or familiar note, coming unexpectedly to hand in a search for something else, and the eye falls on a name, then in familiar use, now numbered with the things that were. The individual almost starts into life before us, just as we last beheld him, occupying his assigned place on earth, surrounded by all the ties that formed his happiness here. Another rapid movement of that mysterious engine, thought, and we shrink from the consciousness that all those ties are broken—his place knows him no more—his portion of earthly things is just so much cold clay as suffices to shroud his mouldering bones in the darkness of the tomb. The memento, so suddenly beheld, is no less suddenly laid aside; and a wish will rise that it had not intruded, when

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the busy mind was in quest of somewhat that, by preoccupying it, unfitted it in a measure for the startling reminiscence.

But how different is the feeling when perhaps the same recollection of the same individual is awakened in the quiet moments of a leisurely stroll through the open space, whose boundary is the blue sky above, the green sod beneath, and the graceful forms of diversified vegetation flourishing around! There, all is in keeping: though the flowers be all gone, and the sky overcast with driving clouds, it is still beautifully in keeping when the image of some lost friend flits before the mind; for "man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble: he cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not." Types and allegories seem to accord, almost universally, with the taste of our species. The young child stretches his infant faculties more readily to grasp the truths conveyed by such a medium: the most unlettered of men, who could not follow a plain argument through two short sentences, will accompany Bunyan's pilgrim to the end of his journey, with evident relish of the savour with which that exquisite book is replete: and in the languages of nations considered savage—the wild Indians of the woods particularly, we find little else than a compendium of tropes and figurative expressions. The Holy Scriptures need not be cited as a perfect model of this parabolic style: and, look where we will, through the broad open pages of creation, dull indeed must be the eye that fails to catch the same character, pervading them in every part. For the business of life, the cares and efforts requisite to keep our worldly mat-

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ters even, the study, the court, the counting-house are valuable auxiliaries; but in the hour of relief from the pressure of worldly occupation, whether the bent of the mind be to joy or sorrow, to expectation or disappointment, to meditation or devotion, give me my beloved haunt—the garden—and I cannot fail of finding that which, in the absence of all human sympathy and companionship, shall charm away the loneliness of feeling; shall heighten my joy, or soothe my grief, with sweet tales of One who is never far from the heart that desires to acknowledge his sovereignty.

The season is bleak; and what between the unlooked-for snows that heralded November, and the hurricane that marked his exit, few indeed are the flowers left to bide the blasts of the closing year. But flowers I need not: my steps are arrested in the search by an object more suitable to my purpose, and near it I linger, absorbed in thoughts as sweetly solemn as ever followed the flight of a glorified spirit to its Father's bosom. A noble oak, seemingly arrived at the last stage of its natural existence, had been, I cannot say torn up, but rather broken off, with scarcely a discomposure of the earth around its roots, and there it lay, recumbent on the sod, which had yielded to its pressure, without apparent injury to either. Majestic, when last I saw it, full of life, and loaded with its leafy honours, it looked to me no less majestic, in its wintry state, leafless, and unadorned, stretched peacefully on the earth so long overshadowed by its spreading boughs. 'Here, then,' I mentally said, 'here let me stay my steps; for what spot so meet can I find, whereon to pause and think over my pleasant

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reminiscences of that beloved man of God, CHARLES SIMEON?'

There is not one feeling of a spiritualized mind that may not flow on, unchecked, in full luxury of enjoyment, while tracing the work of God in and by that blessed servant of His. There lives not a flower, a shrub, or a plant that could so exquisitely typify the man as this fallen king of the forest, on whose trunk I seat myself, to follow up the resemblance. Here it first shot forth the young roots of its growing strength: here it attained a vigorous maturity, while succeeding crowds sat under its pleasant shadow, and rejoiced. Here it faded into venerable age, and fell at last by the same breath which so long had nourished it; fell quietly, so ripe for the blow, that nothing is disordered around it—there is no rent, no chasm: a vacancy indeed there will be, when its frame is removed and out of sight—a vacancy *felt* by many a one, who in the stormy or the sultry hour will habitually turn hither, saying, Where is our ancient friend, our pleasant shelter? But who can tell how many of the noble trees extending all around owe their being to this parent stock? For an uncomputed period it has flourished here: and perhaps those stately buildings—perhaps yon gallant vessel that may be bearing seaward a freight of missionary treasures, owe their frame-work to the progeny of this tree. Sure I am, that its prolific boughs have yielded seed for many an acre of forest plantation; while every little leaf that fell assisted to fertilize that rich and smiling sward that carpets the spot.

And so it was with Simeon: where he first vegetated in spiritual existence, there he flourished, and

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there, honoured with more of reverential love and regret than usually falls to the lot of man, he calmly reposes. Generations have successively sat under the teaching of his faithful ministry, acknowledging him to be indeed like a tree planted by the water-side, bringing forth his fruit in due season, while his leaf withered not; and in a most singular manner was fulfilled the promise—"Look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper." Oh, if all the rich ones of this world, or even the rich ones of the Lord's own fold, would so consecrate themselves and what they have, to the service of their Master, as did that highly-favoured man, what a blossoming Eden we should have in many and many a spot where the howling desert now meets our shrinking sight! The recollections of what he was, and what he did, come crowding with overpowering force. So eminently did he act upon the solemn charge, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard," that no one can be pointed out, since the times of inspiration, better worthy of the too-much-neglected title of a working Christian. His was not the faith that dances like a moth about the candle, doing nothing but dazzling its own eyes, and perhaps endangering its own wings by too presumptuous an approach: no, he used every beam of that shining light as a help to read his Master's will, and to do his Master's work, and to illuminate the darkness of those who were yet afar off, and to whom his incessant, fervent, persevering invitation, given as largely, as fully, as universally as the need of a Saviour exists, was blessed to an extent only to be revealed at the last day.

"Blessed is he that blesseth thee," reiterates the

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God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, to them; and with an undoubted reference to their now outcast race. Of this blessing our beloved brother now knows the value and extent. I passed not many days in his honoured company, but some three or four at one time I did: and truly can I testify that of these days scarcely an hour passed without bearing on its wings some record of his heart's desire and prayer for the conversion of God's ancient people. For many years I had especially loved his name, as standing so conspicuously forth among the actual pityers of Zion, who longed to raise her from the dust: and very sweet it was to be so circumstanced as to time and place, when sojourning under the same roof with Mr. Simeon, as to see his warmest zeal called forth in this sacred cause. He was so active, so earnest, so open, and withal so very playful, that had he been an utter stranger in name and character, I should have marked him among a thousand, as one to whom the statutes and work of the Lord were the very joy of his heart. But he was no stranger, though I was one to him; and a weeping stranger too, whose peculiar trial, just then, appealing to all the sympathies of his warm and generous heart, brought me more within the influence of his personal attention than otherwise I could have hoped to be admitted.

A few weeks—not a month—had elapsed, since I buried my precious dumb boy; and the debility occasioned by long, anxious attendance on him, joined to the grief of such a loss, and other afflictions just then accumulated upon me, rendered me an object of even more than usual tenderness to the fond friends whose guest I was. The master of the house

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was indeed a devoted brother in the faith and the ministry with Simeon, still more endeared by long friendship, and by fellowship in the work for Israel. They are now together with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, and the cup, not of cold water, but cordial wine of Christian love—so freely ministered to a fainting pilgrim, is not forgotten now. No sooner did dear Mr. Simeon understand the cause of my sable weeds and tearful looks, than he set himself to comfort and to cheer me.

There was something so peculiar in the physiognomy and manner of the venerable good man, he was so long and extensively known among Christian people, that many will be able to realize the very look and gesture with which he used to beckon me to sit close beside him on the sofa, and then opening a large bible, resting one half of it on his own knee, the other on mine, he would say, 'Now let me hear something of your happy dumb boy.' The subject was too near my heart to be strange to my lips, and he had not long to wait. Ere I had proceeded far, one hand was laid on my wrist, the fore-finger of the other held up, and, 'Stop—stop' articulated in a leisurely manner. Then he would turn over the blessed pages, until he found some scripture most beautifully, *most exquisitely* illustrative of the thing I was relating; and that he would require me to read aloud to him, keeping his finger under the line, carefully pausing at the respective stops. When it was done, he would look in my face, with a gentle inclination of the head, saying, 'Now'—and so continue, until something else called for another reference to the word of God. All around were smiling at the scene: it was so quaint, so perfectly

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characteristic of the man: but none can tell how delicious was the soothing to my really lacerated heart, as I felt the pressure of his fatherly hand on my wrist, met the complacent look of his intelligent eye, marked the interest excited in his mind by the turns of his singularly expressive mouth, and followed the movement of his finger along the precious lines of inspired consolation, and *knew* that whither the 'happy dumb boy' was gone, there should his own bright spirit follow ere long. I remember too, that I never was more anxious to read correctly, than when reading those short passages to him; and yet never in my life was man's applause or censure more utterly indifferent to me. Although there was eccentricity enough in Mr. Simeon's character to force a smile from the most devoted of his reverential followers, there was enough of authority, decision, and confidence in his own powers of guiding, to compel respect from the most giddy and inconsiderate.

Our parting breakfast was very delightful: there were present a son and daughter of God's ancient Israel, both become doubly the children of Abraham by faith in Christ Jesus—the one a zealous preacher of his adored Messiah; the other a fond and faithful wife, rejoicing in that he, the best beloved of her heart, had been made also the means of saving her soul. Towards them every feeling of our venerable friend seemed to set in, so to speak, with a spring-tide, strong enough to overthrow everything before it. He quite sparkled; and often did he speak to me, and bid me rejoice, as I sat beside him, in the joy of those children of Jacob. It was one of the special privileges allowed me in that house, to take

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every day a glass of wine, actually made from the grapes that grew on the mountain of Lebanon. Of this my beloved host had a supply: and never did he fail of filling my glass from it. I drank that wine of Lebanon with Wolff, and with many a son and daughter of the chosen seed: but never with greater relish than when Mr. Simeon pledged me in the draught. It is so solemn—so sweet—to know that he, and our dear brother whose hospitality knew no bounds, have indeed sat down together to sup with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. We cannot quite realize the mighty truth: but now and then a glimpse seems to be given into that presence-chamber where THEY ARE: and what are the puny thorns, and idle pebbles, that somewhat discomfort our path thitherward, when we dwell upon the glorious fact that they ARE there!

Once more I saw, and spoke to, Mr. Simeon. He recognized me in a meeting, not very large, held in a room in Regent street, for one of our dear Irish educational societies. He ran to me; and sorrowfully told me that our dear friend H. above referred to, was ill, very ill. He then seated himself near me; and I shall not soon forget the sequel. At that time Mr. Irving had not long been led to propound his fearful heresy respecting the human nature of our spotless Immanuel, but he had said and done enough to startle all thinking Christians; and I suppose the various errors and delusions set forth by him and his followers never had a more determined, uncompromising enemy than in Simeon. Contrary to all expectation, Mr. Irving chose to address the meeting; and in the midst of a speech unexceptionable enough, he called on the assembly to pray

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with him: then turning to the noble chairman, requested him to second the proposal. Lord B. quite taken by surprise, rose, not with a very well satisfied air, and silently bowing round, intimated in that way that we should also rise. I confess that I was one who felt exceedingly disinclined to obey; not knowing what that gifted, but most erring individual, might think proper to utter, as the mouth-piece of the party. But the expression of Simeon's countenance, who can pourtray! he rested his elbows on his knees, firmly clasped his hands together, placed his chin against his knuckles; and every line in his face, where the lines were neither few nor faintly marked, bespoke a fixed resolve to say Amen to nothing that he had not well sifted, and deliberately approved. It was an extraordinary scene altogether, and I made my exit as soon as this episode came to an end. I never more beheld Mr. Simeon; but I shall hope never to forget his look that day. There was in it as much of sober reproof, exhortation, and caution as a look could convey.

He was the marked reverse of a theorist: *his* speculations touched not the unrevealed mysteries of God, but bought churches, and entailed pulpits on such ministers as should faithfully set forth the known word and will of the Most High. I should say that the motto of his life was, "Let him that heareth, say, Come." I hardly think he ever folded a bank-note, or fingered a guinea, without pondering how it could be made available in spreading the gospel. And then he had such a downright, hard-working, pains-taking, unceremonious way with him, that he seemed to go about such things with the same matter-of-fact sort of sober earnestness that a

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carpenter would exhibit, when planning a piece of furniture, resolved it should be the best of its kind. He had a very summary and somewhat annoying way of disposing of subjects that seemed to him impertinent; with no small infusion of acidity, if he thought them anti-scriptural: and few men might better judge of that than he could.

But how wretchedly poor is this sketch! I have rested and refreshed my mind on the few personal reminiscences of that blessed man, even as my body is rested and refreshed by a temporary seat on this noble oak: but how shall I send my mind abroad, to gather into one view the innumerable, wide-spread, ever-multiplying fruits of his active holiness! Confined, in his stated ministry, to one beloved spot, and mounting for half a century the same endeared pulpit, to what quarter of Christ's militant church on earth has his voice of love not penetrated, his helping hand not reached? This tree may have planted many a forest, lent its aid to works of art, manufacture and commerce, beyond the possibility of computation, though here it lies, too completely worn with age to yield even a plank from its own trunk: but in the sod under my feet, how many even of its this year's acorns are at present germinating, to break forth next spring in beautiful abundance for culture here, and transplantation to other soils. Yet accord to it, as a tree, the utmost limit of usefulness in its generation, our dear brother, as a Christian, far oversteps it in the multitude and magnitude of his fruits. Oh, that we may be quickened by the consideration, to bear in mind the words of our Lord, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit"! Fire-side piety, closet piety, are of such moment that without

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them all the rest is nothing; but we are too prone to think they alone will suffice. Regard, then, Charles Simeon, who after a long—very long life passed in the most laborious, public service of his Master, would have told you that he was an unprofitable servant, a miserable offender, leaving undone what he ought to have done, and thrown on the sparing mercy of God in Christ, to pardon the iniquity of his holiest things, the fearful short-comings of his most diligent services. Ponder on this, and ask what will be your feeling, if you wrap up your talent in a napkin, only to be taken out to refresh your own gaze, and barely to exhibit before the Lord, when you ought to be earnestly trading with it. Oh, for a company of working Christians like Simeon! the armies of the alien should soon be put to flight, and the church, clothed in her beautiful garments, become a glory and praise in the whole earth!

C. E.

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MEDITATIONS AND PRACTICAL RECOLLECTIONS ON THE BEATITUDES.

(By the Author of the Family Catechist, &c. &c.)

VIII.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."—Matt. v. 10—12.

WHEN the ever-blessed and often-blessing Jesus pronounced this beatitude, he had in view the trial of mockings, and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments, to which his people, in the successive ages of the church, would be exposed. Deprived of his presence amongst them, the immediate disciples of our Lord soon verified his word, that they should be hated of all men for his sake. Destitute, afflicted, tormented, the early Christians wandered in deserts and mountains; were hid in dens and caves of the earth, and many sealed the truth with their blood. These obtained a good report through faith: the noble army of martyrs called forth opposition from all nations, where the pure doctrines of Christianity opposed the sin of man; and thus they set forth the praise of Christ Jesus, for whom they died. First

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fruits to God and the Lamb, surely they, in a peculiar manner, have the seal of God in their foreheads. And were they not blessed to be called and chosen, sustained and strengthened thus to witness for the truth? And are they not blessed now and for ever in some rich and high display of the glory of God, to them and in them, above what they, who only follow Jesus afar off and scarcely dare to own his name, can expect? O Lord of hosts, the glorious army of martyrs praise thee!

England has had her share in this glory and honour of the Christian church. And it would be well if we, now at ease and in prosperity as a church, more remembered the blood of holy martyrs, by which, as a church, our standing was secured; we should think upon Latimer, and Cranmer, and Ridley and others, and count ourselves of too high a character to mingle with anti-christian and half-christian professors of the present day!

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake," and blessed still might be that church of Christ which has had such champions for the truth.

Truly we follow very feebly in the steps of those who were valiant for the faith. Indeed we are not exposed to famine, or sword, or death, and the little we have to bear seems to keep down our strength. But it should not be so: each Christian ought to know "whom he has believed," and ought to bear his name through evil report and good report. We are called upon to come out from a world which crucified our Lord, and which still puts a slight upon his suffering, by sin. A vain world, which stands no stay, should not have the hearts of those whose Lord

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calls them to a kingdom everlasting. Christians are expected to "separate"[1] from their company, who are still taking part with a world which is at enmity with God.[2]

There is still the persecution of the tongue, to which the consistent Christian is exposed. Many "smite with the tongue," point the finger of scorn, and the lips, and help forward the reproach, who in a time of open persecution, perhaps, would do violence to the helpless and harmless sheep of Christ's little flock. Some grace is wanting to bear this kind of persecution. Blessed are they who thus are persecuted for righteousness; more blessed are they who thus endure, than they who are gladdened by the world's transient and often deceitful smile! Remember, "They laughed him to scorn," who died upon the cross for those who bear his shame.

Again, we find in this our day, divers opinions amongst real Christians; and much meekness of wisdom is required to bear and forbear one with another. The Rock is everlasting, and will support the church of Christ against all her foes, but many a wave of sad division now breaks against her. Our safety is in sound principle and a simple adherence to the faith once delivered to the saints. God often keeps the weakest of his people stedfast, because they are strong only in him, and in his power.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake;"—for profession of Jesus and his gospel,—for adherence to its precepts and promises: they prove themselves to be subjects of his kingdom of grace, and are growing up fit subjects for his king-

[1] Luke vi. 22. [2] James iv. 4.

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dom of glory. Companions in tribulation with prophets, apostles, martyrs; persecuted Christians may well "rejoice and be exceeding glad;" they may well be satisfied to be accounted worthy to suffer for his dear name's sake, who was mocked and scourged, and spit upon, and crucified for them!

Only let us see that it is for the truth's sake, and for all holy conversation that any kind of persecution comes upon us. Let our faith be stedfast in Christ Jesus—the God-man:—our dependance on him alone for righteousness and justification; on his spirit for sanctifying grace. Nor let the deep things of God be cavilled at by us, rather let us in all humility render the obedience of faith, to what is far above the span of reason, and beyond the depths of finite understanding. Thus thoroughly furnished may the Christian stand: stand in the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. Then should reproach, contempt, reproof, the slight of friends, the wrath of enemies befal us, complete in Christ we shall be held by his right hand, and shall not be greatly moved. Blessed now, blessed in all that can take place, are Christ's people; blessed in temptation, and delivered from its hour; blessed in sickness and health; in weakness and in strength; in death saved; over death triumphant; raised, glorified, blessed through eternity are they!

Practical Recollections.

Only take care that all the evil which is said of you for Christ's sake is false. Such descent!—children of God; such heirship!—joint heirs with Christ; such an indwelling guest!—the Holy Spirit—what

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should not Christians be in all holy conversation and godliness? O! Saviour of sinners! pity, pardon, cleanse thy people. Fill them with thyself, and raise their affections above a world which has dared to persecute thee in thy suffering members. Put this vain world, and all its passing good and ill beneath our feet, and let us now triumph, through faith, over all the fears and trials and temptations of this mortal life. Amen.

SELF is the grand centre in every unrenewed mind; the sun round which, at a greater or lesser distance, every feeling revolves; out of which every action grows. A person may, even after religion is received into the heart as a regenerating principle, do precisely similar things, in a manner precisely similar to what he would have done before: the difference will consist in his new motive, and that motive will be a hearty, honest, constant desire to glorify and serve God, and to benefit his fellow-creatures for the sake of God; a perpetual reference to the declared will of God, as a standard of duty; a constant eye to the approbation of God, in the place of his former desire of the approbation of his fellow-men.—*Miss Jewsbury.*

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THE BYSTANDER.

No. VII.

I UNDERSTAND that some of my juvenile friends complain that Aunt Patty does not keep her promise; that instead of giving them lessons on friendship, love, and marriage, as I engaged to do, I write only for old dowagers, and the elderly gentlemen who sip tea, and talk church-and-state politics with them. As I would not give any ground for such an imputation, I shall change my theme, and begin at once with that interesting topic—love.

It seems to me that there is, in the present day, much affectation shewn in regard to this affection of the mind. In the olden time, when Dr. Gregory and Mrs. Chapone were the oracles of young ladies, these, and others who wrote for the benefit of this interesting portion of the community, took up the subject of love in an open and straight-forward way; giving sundry sage rules, and prudent maxims, regarding it. But our moralists now-a-days seem to look upon it as a matter by no means to be hinted at to school-room Misses; as if they deemed it a sort of naughty trick they would learn soon enough, without having it put into their heads by any directions on the subject. The reason of this squeamishness, that would banish alike from conversation, and

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from books of instruction, a subject that occupies at least one half of the world, seems to be, that custom has attached an exclusive meaning to it; and that people think that the less that is said, the better, about this compound of gratified vanity, whim, and earthly passion, to which the appellation is usually restricted. And now, notwithstanding the many sneers to which an old maid giving a philosophical disquisition on love may be liable, I shall proceed to give my youthful friends a little advice on the subject.

I cannot find language to enable me to define love in the abstract, because it is something with which we are utterly unacquainted; the relative conditions in which we are placed to each other, necessarily modifying its nature in every exercise of it. The love of the parent, the child, the lover, the husband, the friend, have each their own distinctive character; yet we can distinguish the predominating feeling in all, from the sympathy, esteem, or veneration with which it is mingled, and perceive it to be the same in each. Essential and unmingled love, exists only in Him who is the fountain of love; but in those actings of it with which we are best acquainted, it is combined with divine compassion for a fallen world. Perhaps the nearest approach to the pure exercise of love in man, is that of the advanced and contemplative Christian; who, in holy meditation, is carried beyond the sense of what God is to himself individually, and views him in his own essential character, as infinitely good,—as that glorious excellence, whose beauty and perfection draw forth all the higher faculties of the soul in adoring admiration. Now some may be startled when I say,

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that widely different as is the object which produces it, the exercise of human attachment in the breast of a refined and sensitive female is too nearly akin to adoration; it is the concentration of all her affections, of her whole being, upon one object, towards which the mind goes forth as to the highest good. That which occupies our chief thoughts, engrosses our affections, influences our conduct, whose remembrance is continually present with us, is, undoubtedly, the object of our worship, our idol, our god. The poet has made Juliet honestly designate Romeo, the god of her idolatry; and if others did not wish to hide the truth from themselves, they would perceive that they too were worshipping an idol; "worshipping and serving the creature, more than the Creator."

Love then, in the mind of a tender-hearted and refined woman, in proportion to its purity, partakes of the nature of adoration, and in proportion to its intensity, is assimilated to worship. This is a serious consideration for those females who profess to be followers of Jesus; who say they are not their own, but have been bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ. My dear young friends, do you not shrink from the very thought of displacing your Saviour from his throne in your heart, and exalting a fallen creature in his stead? Alas! many who would at one time have said: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" have fallen before the force of temptation; and those souls that formerly soared above earth and all its vanities, have been found cleaving to the dust. What has been said in regard to covetousness, that 'it will, in all probability, prove the eternal overthrow

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of more characters among professing people than any other sin,' may with more truth, in the case of young women, be said of earthly attachments. I have seen many a fair profession of religion blighted by a mis-placed or intense affection. In not a few instances, the individuals have "gone back, and walked no more with Jesus;" in others, they have in the end been mercifully brought, through many deep waters, into the land of peace. In some cases, I have known such an attachment overcome by strength of principle; but it has too often been at the expense of physical strength and mental energy; and the remainder of life has been spent in the resignation of the enfeebled invalid, instead of the active employment of the zealous Christian.

I mean not from all this to argue that an exclusive attachment to one individual above all others, is in itself sinful; so far from this, I believe it is an appointment of God, by which those who perhaps a short time before were strangers to each other, are enabled to leave father and mother, and cleave to one another. But as such an attachment is usually the turning point in a young woman's life, determining her future happiness and usefulness in this world, it is of the utmost importance that it should be viewed in a serious and prayerful manner. The foolish habit of making the subject of love one of idle merriment, tends much to hinder its being so viewed; it is difficult to regard a matter which is continually made the object of jest and pleasantry, as one of the most momentous events of human life. The natural desire in a female to conceal the existence of such an attachment from others, usually prevents her from being advised or warned on the

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subject, until a time when one might as well preach to the winds,—when its roots have struck so wide and so deep, that we might as easily expect to uproot the sturdy oak by maxims of reason and prudence, as to eradicate this engrossing affection by such feeble weapons. Surely, then, the first approach of this insidious passion should be carefully watched, especially by a woman professing godliness; as it leads her into a course beset with many dangers. Her affection may be misplaced,—it may be unrequited,—it may be without any reasonable hope of an ultimate union,—or it may lead her away from God; she may receive the desire of her heart, and find leanness in her soul.

But I should exceed my limits were I to say half of what might be said on this subject, which I may perhaps resume at a future period. In the mean time, as I prefer instructing by examples, rather than by dry precepts, I shall mention some circumstances in the history of a young friend of mine.

Several of my school friendships have survived the vicissitudes of separation and change. One of my most intimate friends was Louisa Compton; who, soon after leaving school, was married to a gentleman many years older than herself, who resided on his family estate in ——shire. I spent much of my time with her, usually paying her a visit at Christmas, and another during the summer or autumn. It was about a year before her death, when my own mind was brought under serious impressions of religion; and I then felt very anxious to awaken my dear friend to similar convictions. Her last illness was of several months' duration; during which time I attended her constantly; and for several weeks

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before her departure, I had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing her rejoicing in the Lord. The case of her husband and children were much on her mind, and she spake to them with great feeling, whenever her strength would permit her. She solemnly charged me to use every effort for the spiritual welfare of her children, entreating me to continue my visits as heretofore, and expressing the same wish both to her husband and eldest daughter.

Mr. Montague was one of those quiet good-natured sort of people, whom everybody speaks well of, and nobody cares much for. His family had lived in that part of the country for many generations, and had long been noted as the leading Tory family. This gave him an influence in the neighbourhood which neither his personal character, nor his fortune, which was not large, would have given him. His family consisted of three daughters, the two younger of whom were mere children when their mother died. I continued my visits as usual; the dying request of Mrs. Montague having made both parties look on this as a sacred duty. I saw comparatively little of the two younger girls, as they were sent to school, and frequently spent the greater part of the holidays in visits to their schoolfellows and other friends; but Louisa, the eldest, was an object of the liveliest interest to me. She was one of those truly amiable and delightful persons, in whose case it appears madness to the world to speak of the necessity of a new heart and a right spirit. Her talents inclined more to the useful than the brilliant; but her mind was well cultivated, her manners refined, and her conversations full of good sense and solid information. Her mother's delicate health had accustomed

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her, almost from childhood, to take a large share of the domestic management of the family; and as she grew older, her father derived such advantage from her sound sense and exactness in all matters of business, that he always called her his head-steward.

This dear girl was the first young person to whose spiritual concerns I felt called to devote myself. I kept up a regular correspondence with her; and recommended to her such books as I thought suitable. She laboured under the disadvantage of not having either Christian friends, or a spiritual minister in her own neighbourhood; and although she diligently read the books I gave her, and received all my instructions with gratitude and humility, yet for some years I could perceive little progress towards a spiritual apprehension of divine truth. At length a ray of light appeared visible; she spoke with feeling of the evils of her own heart; of the difficulty of doing that which she knew to be right, and of loving those things which reason told her are most worthy of love. These favourable symptoms continued and increased. Previous to my visit at Christmas, 18—, she wrote me as follows: 'I look forward to your approaching visit with feelings I never experienced before; I always felt grateful for your kindness, but now I trust I shall be able to enjoy Christian communion with you. When you made me read your favourite old authors, I often thought them very tiresome, and was not unfrequently disgusted with many of their expressions; but now I think I know what they mean, where they speak of our blessed Saviour, as being "the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."'

This was indeed a delightful visit. Louisa was in

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the spring-time of a religious course: each day seeming to increase the beauty, the freshness, and the verdure of the same; when the renewing influences of the Spirit, like dew upon the tender herb, invigorated life, and shed fragrance around. Although her sisters were both at home, yet I was her chosen companion; we read, we worked, we walked together; and I felt that I gained more than I was able to impart.

The neighbourhood around Mr. Montague's residence was very populous: there were noble families, and old families, and new families, with all of whom the old gentleman kept up acquaintance, more or less intimately. Many of the younger members of those families visited them at the period I speak of, on account of Letitia and Emma having just left school, and taken up their permanent abode at home. In the country there is usually one prevailing local topic, which, for a time, engrosses much of the conversation. Mr. Montague's nearest neighbour was one of the largest proprietors in the country; but though their estates joined, they had never lived on intimate terms; as Mr. Romilly called himself a whig, and others called him a radical. Party politics, however, did not run so high as to prevent occasional intercourse between those of opposite sentiments: and as Mr. Romilly's mansion was one of the most splendid, and his establishment one of the largest in the vicinity, himself and his doings afforded a good deal of drawing-room chit-chat at all times. He had two children, who both died in infancy; and I had, on many previous visits, been shocked at the coolness with which poor Mrs. Romilly's demise used to be spoken of, as a 'consummation devoutly to be wish-

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ed,' in order that she might make way for a young wife and a young family. Many years, however, Mrs. Romilly persisted in living; even until she and her husband were both verging towards three-score and ten. At length she died, and the neighbours were very anxious to know whether Mr. Romilly would think of taking another wife. The general opinion was that he ought to do so; for, shocking to relate, the next heir to the estate of Elmwood and all its appurtenances was a certain John Stubbs, a hosier, in Cheapside, the son of Mr. Romilly's eldest sister; who, some fifty years before, had eloped with her father's butler. What were Mr. Romilly's thoughts on the subject, never was known; as in little more than a year after his aged partner's death, he followed her to the tomb; and John Stubbs was thus left undisputed possessor of Elmwood. At the time his uncle died, he was very ill; and his medical attendants thought that to exchange the mild climate of Cheapside, for the keen and bracing air of the country, might be attended with inconveniences—to themselves at least. He therefore continued in his own first floor, till the day of his death, which happened a few months after Mr. Romilly's, and about six weeks prior to my arrival at Mr. Montague's.

Public attention was now turned to his son, John Edward Stubbs, now esquire of Elmwood. He seemed the general topic of conversation; and yet, as no one knew any thing about him, it was wonderful how they contrived to get on with such an unknown subject. They discussed how far it was expedient to visit a man whose father was a hosier, and who, perhaps (horrid thought) had himself stood behind the counter, and untied parcels of stockings;

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while some of the younger ladies carried their speculations farther, and considered whether it were possible for any one to accept the splendours of Elmwood Hall, at the expense of being called Mrs. Stubbs. It was currently reported that he was coming to the hall at Christmas; then he was not coming; then again, he was coming before the end of the holidays. While these interesting discussions were carried on, dear Louisa often looked at me with a smile of impatience, not unmingled with contempt: 'O that tiresome John Stubbs,' she used to exclaim, 'he precludes all attempts at rational conversation.'

He did not visit Elmwood during the Christmas holidays; and after I left the Montagues, I forgot his existence, until I was reminded of it on my return to them the following summer.

MARTHA MARKWELL.

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THE BESETTING SIN.

THE whole instruction of the Gospel is applied particularly to pride; this was Adam's sin, and accordingly the chief ingredient of that nature which he has transmitted to his posterity. That the bent of our nature is so peculiarly inclined to it, is fully proved by its prevalence above all other vices, "the sin that does so easily beset us;" Satan tempts us more to this than any other, not only from being sensible of its great heinousness and destructive tendency, but having greater hopes of success where the bias is so strong.

Pride is the most deceitful of all vices, for they generally have the most of it, who imagine they have the least; it lays us open to all other sins, and strikes at the very root of holiness, which is a humble dependance on our Saviour; it veils itself under a variety of unsuspected appearances, assumes such plausible titles as magnanimity, heroic spirit, independence, greatness of mind, honour, &c. and even humility; for often, from its deceitfulness, the professions of humility arise from the essence of spiritual pride; it conceals itself from our reflecting inquiries and observations, will hide from us other faults as well as itself, and will insinuate itself into genuine humility; more than all the other works of darkness it can least endure light, it is nourished by indistinct and

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confused representations of our own merit, whilst it so blinds and weakens the mind that its unreasonableness is not apparent. As ignorance is the cause of pride, knowledge must be its best antidote. The apostle tells us that "knowledge puffeth up," 2 Cor. viii. 1, and experience fully proves this to be the case, (as we can all perceive that those who know but little are usually most conceited of their knowledge,) and vain and false philosophy is a great temptation and incentive to vanity; but knowledge does not "puff up," as *knowledge*, but as it partakes of ignorance. It is a question we often move in regard to others, 'Of what *can* such a person be proud?' it would be better to ask ourselves the same, to be satisfied how ungrounded is our self-love; for of what in fact have we to be proud? what have we independently and originally our own; we must come to details, and thus by ascertaining we have no reasonable pretentions to this or that acquirement or quality, we shall be convinced that we can have no foundation whatever for pride: for how *can* we be proud if we consider aright the natural darkness of our minds, the distemper and irregularity of our affections with respect to things spiritual, our tendency to things sensual, our earthly-mindedness, the perverseness of our wills, and how continually we are departing from the end of our being! "every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord," Prov. xvi. 5. Why is it that the believer of the lowly Jesus advances so slowly in humility? because his natural pride of heart persuades him he has a sufficient share, and need not strive after an increase, and he is not sufficiently sensible of its necessity; Satan would have it so, for he knows full

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well it is the foundation of holiness and happiness, and that he lost both through pride.

As we value tranquillity of mind and true peace, let us cultivate humility. The vain-glorious man must be necessarily disquiet and restless; he is never satisfied—a slave to his passions, requiring much from others to make him happy. Amongst all the uncertainties of external things, the indulgence of pride and its rebellious feelings, produces more unmixed wretchedness than most circumstances, without that indulgence, could produce, however miserable. It is that which gives bitterness to the mortification of injuries, disrespect, affronts, and contempt. The lowly-minded can bear to be thought little of by others; he who thinks nothing due to him will not fancy himself neglected. He escapes, too, by his meekness, opposition and ill-will; for "when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him," Prov. xvi. 7: "with the lowly is wisdom," xi. 2: and he is too wise to place his happiness in the approbation or censures of those whose praises and opinions are, like their actions, fickle; who cannot understand the motives and workings of other's hearts, seeing they are ignorant of their own.

Humility is a condition foreign to our nature; it must therefore be ingrafted—acquired; it is a hard lesson, and demands diligent application in self-knowledge, with a child-like dependance and submission on the teaching of the Holy Spirit, being sensible that of ourselves we can do nothing aright, which alone is a most humbling consideration; it is a *necessary qualification* for heaven, for Christ says, "Except ye be converted, and *become as little chil-*

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dren, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xviii. 3. "*Learn* of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." xi. 29.

Oh! remember, we wrestle not merely with flesh and blood (our own depraved hearts, the pride of life, custom, &c.) "but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Eph. vi. 12. And be assured we can only be conquerors, by taking the armour appointed for our spiritual defence and warfare. The grand design in the method of salvation made choice of by Infinite Wisdom, is to eradicate pride; to subdue it—the great work of Christian mortification. It goes not forth but with prayer, discipline, and vigorous endeavours to overcome it; for which purpose we should reflect on the infinite holiness of God, and of our own utter helplessness and worthlessness, and meditate on the life of Christ, his exceeding great humility, exemplified by *every* act from his birth to his death. This is the privilege of the Christian alone; the heathen philosopher, the learned Greek, had no such example of divine humility—the humility of God himself—and the angels that fell on account of pride have no sacrifice to atone for them; we alone have both, and it does indeed most awfully show our lost estate, if neither the sin of our pride be purged by the sacrifice, nor the power of it broken by the example.

E.

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THE COURSE AND THE COMPASS.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE object of the following papers will be a humble attempt to illustrate the Holy Scriptures from the creed and practice of those who call themselves Christians. And this is a fair and just mode of proceeding, for in all cases, the actions should be conformable to the rule,—the course ought always to obey the compass.

The tempest-tossed and storm-stricken mariner, without guide or way-mark in an unknown ocean,—mists and clouds above him, rocks around him, quick-sands beneath him, breakers before him,—how shall he escape destruction, and how reach the haven of his rest? He has with him an unfailing monitor, a director on whom he relies with unshaken confidence, for he has his compass. True to the pole, the faithful index points, through every obscuring vapour, to its guiding star, and the heart of the wearied pilot bounds joyfully within him, as he sees its sleepless finger ever indicating the way which he should go.

And, may I not ask, is man, morally considered, in a less dangerous position, or in less need of an infallible guide? Has he not the mists of ignorance

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hovering above, the quicksands of error lurking beneath, and the breakers of destruction rolling before him, roaring ravenously for their helpless prey? And what natural director has he, capable of preserving him amidst all these horrors, of guiding him safely past the rocks and sands, and of averting his course from the shipwreck that lies before him? None—none whatever. On the contrary, "the imagination of man's heart being evil from his youth," (Gen. viii. 21.) he has on board his vessel, a favoured and unsuspected traitor, whose sole desire is to promote his ruin, by plunging him into every peril that environs his track.

But to man, thus fearfully situated, has been given, by the same Divine hand that gave the load-stone, the far more valuable blessing of an unerring moral compass, even "the word of God, that liveth and abideth for ever;" (1 Peter i. 23.) the magnet may deceive, the needle may vary, but this monitor cannot fail, cannot misguide, for it "is given by inspiration of God." (2 Tim. iii. 16.) And whither does it point us? Has it no guiding-star to which it ceaselessly directs our view? Yes, "the day-star," (1 Peter i. 19.) which is in heaven, "the bright and morning star," Rev. xxii. 13.) even him who is "the first and the last," (v. 16.) "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." (Heb. xiii. 8.)

Thus man is provided against every delusion, against every danger; does he avail himself of the merciful provision? Yes; at least he says so, for he calls himself a CHRISTIAN, and by this, his profession, he avows himself to be a follower of Christ, and to be guided by His word as his compass.

Now the mariner's compass is the director of his

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course, he follows it implicitly, and the Christian's compass should be the director of his course too; given in mercy, it should be followed in sincerity, with a humble and a thankful heart.

The navigator's course is a commentary on his compass, and so is (or ought to be) that of the Christian likewise. But is it such in reality? We shall best discover the truth by reviewing the various classes into which those persons who take the name of Christians may be divided.

Now scripture has expressly severed mankind into two great divisions, "the righteous and the wicked," "him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not," (Mal. iii. 18.) and consequently there are, and can be, but two primary classes; but every classification admits of sub-division, and we may obtain a clearer view of the *apparent* (though not of the *real*) state of the *soi-disant* Christian community, in our own times and in our own country, if we separate the latter of these divisions, ("they that serve him not") into its component parts, and consider them first.

I shall thus enumerate four distinct descriptions of persons, viz;

I. *The professed unbeliever*, whose motto, whispered in the heart, or uttered by the lips, is "There is no God." (Psalm xiv. 1.)

II. *The practical unbeliever*, whose practice exemplifies the apostle's description, "They profess that they know God, but in works they deny him." (Titus i. 16.)

III. *The false professor*, who by what he does not, as well as by what he does, clearly manifests his obedience to the common, but erroneous view of the

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injunction, "Be not righteous over much." (Eccles. vii. 16.)

IV. *The real believer*, whose chosen motto, willingly and heartily acknowledged, but alas! how imperfectly acted out, is "Christ is all, and in all." (Col. iii. 11.)

Each of these classes is capable of a still minuter sub-division, as we shall presently see.

Now, a few among the former, and all in the three latter ones call themselves Christians, and though the inspired prophet would apply that term only to the fourth class, yet as the rest, by their own confession of Christianity, also acknowledge the word of God for their charter, their rule and standard, I cannot be wrong in bringing their creeds and their practice to its perfection, as a test. No one can in fairness, object here; a Christian means a follower of Christ, and if you bear his name, you are bound by his law. To that your faith, your works must be brought, and by it alone they must be tried: "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isaiah viii. 20.)

Whoever you may be, my design is to shew that you are not what you call yourself, either not at all, or not as you might be: to be a Christian as you *should* be, you must be under a different dispensation from the present.

Let me illustrate this position by a case, often before referred to, as exemplifying the obedience of man to his God. Suppose there existed a king, good, kind, wise above all men, who had given a law, by obeying which, every subject might please him, and for the fulfilment of which he would give to all per-

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fect assistance, if they asked it; in such a case, would he be a patriot *at all*, who disbelieved the existence of the king, and the authority of the law? or if he did not totally deny these, yet refused to believe the monarch to be such as he declared himself, in his law, to be? Or would he, by any means, be called a loyal man, who, by his words, acknowledging and allowing the law, by every act disobeyed it? Or he, who, professing even to love it, shewed as little obedience to it as the former? And would he be a patriot as he *might be*, who, in his heart, loving his sovereign, and endeavouring, in some points, to follow his law, yet in many others, ignorantly, or carelessly, or hopelessly neglected and disobeyed its requirements?

Now, let us apply this to the subject before us. Is he a Christian *at all* who disbelieves in any manner the doctrines of scripture, and denies God to be what he declares that he is? Or he who, not verbally objecting to holy writ, disobeys its every injunction? Or he who partly, or it may be loudly, professing to be religious, yet shews by his actions, that his "religion is vain?" (James i. 26.) And is he a Christian as he *might be*, who, endeavouring in many, or in most particulars, to obey the sacred precepts, yet despairs of even attempting to fulfil some, and unthinkingly violates many more?

Let us, then, proceed to examine more in detail, the creeds or the practice of these various classes, so as to see what species of commentary they will afford us upon various texts of scripture. Each of these several texts must be equally binding on mankind, for as "*all* scripture is given by inspiration of God," every part of it must be entirely and equally divine, and no portion can be, in point of authority and

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weight, "before or after other." Every doctrine must be believed, every precept obeyed, which we find written in those holy pages, while each and all "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. iii. 16.)

X. Q.

LINES WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

THICK clouds have darken'd o'er my day,
I cannot think, I cannot pray;
Yet at thy feet, dear Lord, I lie,
And read compassion in thine eye.

A sinner in word, deed, and thought,
But one thy precious blood hath bought;
Sure is thy word—thy promise sweet,
And none e'er perish'd at thy feet.

The fountain flows for guilt and sin,
And all who will may plunge therein,
I gaze upon my wounded Lord,
Wash in his blood, and trust his word.

I cannot pray, I cannot praise,
But, Saviour! I can lie and gaze,
And joy to feel that heaven will be
A place for loving, serving thee.

M. A. S.

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NEGLECTED FRIENDS.

It has fallen to my lot to point out more than one particular where the professors of vital godliness may, perhaps, too generally call themselves to account for doing the things that they ought not to have done. At present I am rather disposed to lecture myself and others for an error of omission: not involving the breach of any positive precept, but rather displaying the neglect of a great and precious privilege. From what cause it proceeds, I do not pretend to explain: to me, the contemplation in question has ever been one of inexpressible sweetness and delight; and that I have not more freely indulged in it, is rather owing to the prevailing backwardness of others in discoursing on such a theme, than to any lack of inclination on my part. So strong is the influence mutually exercised by Christians over each other's habits, not only of action and expression, but even of thought, and such the natural recoil of most minds from the appearance of singularity, that the religious world may be said to set its fashions as arbitrarily, and to enforce them as despotically, as that world from which it professes to stand aloof; and innovations on the accustomed routine, are no less vehemently cried out against, than in the other instance. I fully expect that some heads of undoubted wisdom will be shaken, and ne lips well used to distil the honey of divine

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knowledge will breathe a cautionary word, when the purport of this remonstrance becomes evident: but I desire my reader to go no farther with me than scripture plainly leads me by the hand.

The subject before me is our exceeding slowness to avail ourselves, practically and consolatorily, of what is revealed to us in God's word, concerning the vast company of disembodied spirits; and, more especially, that of the angels. I often hear such investigations cried out against, as unprofitably speculative, while points that God has wrapped in impenetrable majesty, and our intrusion into which invariably leads to open strife, or secret disunion, are hunted after and dwelt upon as though on our knowledge of them hinged the whole business of our salvation.

Now I firmly believe, and because I believe therefore I speak it, that we offend in passing over so inconsiderately what occurs in every part of the holy scriptures, and what would assuredly not be so fully enlarged on there, if it was unprofitable for us. The ministry of the angels is a theme so humbling, so animating, so everyway cheering to us poor pilgrims who look, through grace, to be one day "made like unto the angels," that I would solicit attention to a few of the points, particularly referred to in God's word concerning it. Those blessed creatures are described as shouting for joy, when the world which we inhabit emerged from chaos, and clothed in light, beauty, vegetation and life, commenced its mighty revolutions through the regions of unmeasured space. At the predicted "end of the world," they are displayed as going forth to make a last and awful separation of the righteous from

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among the wicked; forming themselves into a dazzling host of attendant spectators, and surely of active agents, in the tremendous closing scene of judgment and condemnation. The first direct mention of them is in that passage, where an angel with a flaming sword that turns every way, is set to keep the path to the forfeited tree of life: the last is in the final clause of the bible, where the Lord Jesus declares that he has sent his angel to shew unto the churches the things that must shortly be: among which, nearly first and last in the book of the Revelation of St. John, we find the re-opening of the path to that tree of life by the power of Immanuel: and, after these heavens and this earth shall have utterly fled away from before the Judge's face, and no more place shall be found for them, we know from the most explicit testimony of the Holy Ghost, that the angels shall be, with the saints, fellow-worshippers for ever. Even as now they are fellow-servants of the same glorious Master.

Let the question be fairly considered,—can a subject whereon scripture throws much light, in a continued stream of uniform and cheering brilliancy, be an unprofitable study for God's children? The trite remark, 'we know very little about it,' is justly applicable to *every* part of the mystery of godliness; but furnishes us with no rational excuse for wilful ignorance, as far as it is revealed to us. The broad fact is this: a race of happy beings, who, preserved by sovereign grace, keep their first estate, and remain in unbroken allegiance to God, are continually about us, though unseen. They have an especial charge concerning us who believe in Jesus: they are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to

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them that shall be heirs of salvation." They execute God's wrath upon the enemies of his church; and perform a multitude of gracious offices for its members. Whom does our blessed Lord describe as peculiarly rejoicing over a penitent sinner? "The angels of God." Who is said to encamp about him that feareth the Lord, to deliver him? "The angel of the Lord." To whom does he give charge concerning his servants, to keep them in all their ways, to bear them up in their hands, lest at any time they dash their foot against a stone? "His angels." By whom was the soul of Lazarus borne to its rest in Abraham's bosom? "By the angels." Who encircle the throne of the Lamb, and the saints there worshipping their glorified Redeemer, and add to that hymn an ascription of the loftiest praise that lip can utter, or heart conceive? "Many angels.... ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands."

The church of Rome, "blaspheming them that dwell in heaven," by blasphemously investing them with honours that belong to their king alone, has robbed us of much comfort, and them of much grateful love, justly their due, by driving us into an opposite extreme. Because the papist says an idolatrous prayer to his 'angel guardian,' we must be taught to forget that such guardians are appointed to attend us. Because he worships our fellow-servants, we must turn our faces from them. This is absolutely childish; unworthy of those who have been taught to choose the good while refusing the evil. Of all things not one can be named so sweet to the human heart, as sympathy. Investigate your feelings, when turning in faith and love to your blessed Saviour.

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What is it that draws you nearest to him?—the assurance of his sympathy. "Touched with a feeling of our infirmities." "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin:"—oh, which among us could endure to see those words obliterated from the record of his love! Human sympathy, however imperfect, cold, low, and defiled, is, except in some few possible cases of unaccountable perversity, an indispensable ingredient in our cup of earthly comfort. Who can bear to see others laugh while he weeps, dance while he suffers, make light of his troubles, mock at his fears, and sneer at his enjoyments? Some do bear this, because their lot is so cast that they cannot avoid it; but does it not add wormwood to their gall, and throw a cloud over their joy? If it be so, why do we slight the explicit assurance given by our Lord, that he has appointed a band of tenderly sympathizing creatures, who are in his immediate service and presence, to be the ministers of his precious bounty, the gentle companions of our weary, and often lonesome way? Why do we prefer almost any topic of meditation and discourse to that which would render us more grateful for his providential care in thus surrounding us? We fear, perhaps, to dishonour him by looking to any intermediate object, as though he was not himself present with us at all times, according to the promises of his gracious word: but this is a vain fear. As well might we despise our visible guardians and guides: the child its parent, the flock their pastor, on the same grounds. God would not spread a snare for our souls in every part of the book which he has given to be a light unto our feet: but it may be well imagined that Satan would find a powerful inducement to dissuade

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us from the subject; because our minds, if much conversant with the world of spirits, would oftener revert to the legions of *his* angels, which also compass us about, and so be stirred up to much greater vigilance against their devices. That such is the case, I firmly believe.

To refer even to a small part of what is revealed of angelic agency in the Old Testament, would occupy many pages; but may I not glance at a few prominent instances in the New? There is a fervor in the address of Gabriel to Mary, which reminds us forcibly of his mission to Daniel, so promptly and lovingly fulfilled. There is a rapture in the sudden outburst of angelic praise, when the stupendous mystery of God manifest in the flesh, "wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger," was announced to the shepherds at Bethlehem, which strikes to the heart. What was it to those sinless, happy creatures, if we wretched worms of the earth should perish in our guilt? No loss would have been theirs; nor could our infinite gain affect them, otherwise than as it brings glory to their Lord; and gratifies, on our behalf, the benevolence of their peaceful natures. I cannot without deep emotion picture to myself the angels, restrained from ministering to their King during his forty days of painful abstinence, and while the tempter assailed him; and then permitted to fulfil the wondrous office of ministering to HIM. My soul sinks at the contemplation of that more wondrous scene where an angel, a single angel out of heaven, was enabled to strengthen him—to strengthen his Creator! I cannot fathom the depth of the humiliation that stooped so low. As man, I well know he would receive

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bodily nourishment from what his privileged servants brought him in the wilderness; but it is too giddy a depth to look down into, where the Lord of heaven and earth, lying prostrate in the crimson dews of his own bloody sweat, and sorrowful unto death, in agony indescribable, was strengthened by an angel. And was this for me? And shall I not love that angel who brought comfort to my Lord? Indeed I will.

Again, there is a reference of overpowering grandeur—an hypothesis that almost makes my heart tremble. "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" I know that Jesus was "seen of angels," throughout his mysterious sojourn here; and I cannot read those words without beholding, as it were, those legions of mighty spirits, so terrible in delegated wrath, resting on the outspread wing, waiting but a word to unfetter their loyal will, and prepared to rush down with a rescue. Oh, ruin, everlasting, irremediable ruin to every soul of man had that rescue been permitted!

And they saw him on the cross. Much has been written and said on the shading of the sun, the rending of the rocks, as though inanimate nature sympathized while man looked on and scoffed. But why do we not consider what must have been felt by the angels of God, clustering about the cruel cross? Were not they, probably, the immediate agents in darkening the sun, breaking the rocks, rending the veil, and opening the graves? We know not, we cannot know; but it was an awful spectacle for them! And happy was that individual of the countless host, whose office it was to roll away the stone—

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to break the prison bars of the grave—to act a conspicuous part in the mighty scene that sealed our justification. I often think that no created being ever enjoyed such a glorious privilege as that angel did. The very attitude of triumphantly sitting down upon the stone which had shut the Lord of glory into the dark chambers of death, is eloquent. The keepers saw him, and became as dead men. Well might his countenance shine as lightning, with the consciousness of such an office.

And when all was fulfilled, when the heavens were about to receive their returning King, and all its inhabitants, in one stupendous chorus, called the everlasting doors to lift up their heads, that the Lord of Hosts might once more enter in, then, willing even to endure a temporary absence from that consummation of celestial joy, two were left, standing beside the bereaved and astonished disciples, to comfort their drooping hearts with the assurance that in like manner they had seen Him go, so should their Lord return. First and last, those blessed creatures were found, alike to announce his incarnation to joyous expectants, and to soften his departure to the trembling mourners. And for all this their tender sympathy, what return do we make? We rarely think, and more rarely speak of them; and when we do, it is generally with such shyness and hesitation, as though we trod on forbidden ground, instead of cheerfully walking in a safe and pleasant track marked out by the Lord for us. This is not right.

This subject is not half exhausted, even in the very slight view that I proposed to take. It must be reserved for one more paper. Meanwhile, let my readers try the effect produced on their minds by

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prayerfully investigating the subject in their bibles, and seeking to realize the fact of being constantly surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses, warmly interested in their heavenly race, and also by a numerous throng of unseen, subtle foes, hourly watching to set a stumbling-block in their way, and so to burden them that they may sink beneath the weight. Bound to the world of spirits, we journey through a world that is now their battle-field, and we are the prize for which they contend. May that consideration be blessed, as a quickening inducement to hold on our way, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith!

R. H. F.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

I CANNOT doubt that much and valuable reflection has been challenged, in the minds of many persons, by some recent letters published in the 'Record' newspaper, on the subject of *Servants*. When you have space in your Magazine, perhaps you will give insertion to a few remarks, suggested by their perusal, which I now beg to present. Never, perhaps, was there an evil more generally felt or canvassed than the one now publicly adverted to. Never, perhaps, was a more *inert* state of moral feeling developed than that which has attended the general acknowledgment, *particularly* in that portion of society most directly affected by the evil deplored. In the columns of the Record for November 10th, is a very valuable letter signed 'Clericus D.' which has the following remark: 'We have societies innumerable for the glory of God and the good of our fellow-creatures—our foreign missionaries, our home missionaries; but of that large and important class of our fellow-creatures called *Servants*, it may truly be said, few men "care for their souls." And yet if we consider the bearing of this class of persons on society at large, the great influence they possess in families, the vast power they have of good or evil, it will appear that no class of persons are more deserving of our most

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anxious care and attention.' The voice of the community makes it almost needless to establish the fact of the demoralized state of servants; the far more important question is, *What* can be done to remedy the evil?

I had not read the journal to which I have alluded many hours, before I found myself within the circle of a clergyman's family, assembled for evening worship, to whom was read the sixth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to Timothy. The opening verses singularly accorded with the train of my previous reflections, and I involuntarily thought, *When* and *where* is this apostolic injunction fulfilled by the ministers of the Church of England? I did not confine the inquiry within her pale from any invidious motive, but simply because, reared within her bosom, and increasingly attached to her scriptural communion, I was not personally qualified to carry the inquiry into other divisions of the professing church of Christ. St. Paul was evidently guided by the Spirit of God, to make direct provision in the passage referred to, for the benefit of one class of the community, that servants in every succeeding age, should have their peculiar, and, doubtless, *needful* share of ministerial instruction. My busy memory travelled back through many a year, and into many a widely severed house of God, in quest of one instance where it could fix *this* seal of obedient fidelity to the proclamations of divine truth: it was compelled at last—like the unrested dove—to return, but alas! with far less contentment, to the point from whence it started. Is there then anything approaching to cause and effect discoverable here? If the God of all grace had not known such exhortations to be needed, would he

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have enjoined them? He who knew what was in man, pitying our infirmities, has in infinite wisdom and mercy, made a suitable provision to meet the requirements. Not one word of his revealed will can be passed over, without manifest injury to some branch of his visible church.

I trust I shall not be misunderstood, in thus adverting to any seeming omission on the part of those who hold the high commission of Christ's ambassadors. I feel too powerfully the blessed influence which, under God, their ministration is created to maintain; and I rejoice too sincerely in the fidelity and zeal by which the clergy of the church of England are distinguished, to shrink from dwelling on the solemn injunction, "These things *teach* and exhort." Without doubt, deep guilt rests on very many heads of families, who prostitute their legitimate influence to the most worldly ends, in place of religiously setting before their domestics the example of all that is "pure, lovely, and of good report;" but time and space forbid more than a passing allusion to this view of the subject—replete as it is with solemn responsibility. I proceed now to ask, Can the *laity* make no effort to correct an evil which 'eats like a canker' into the very heart of domestic comfort? May not something be devised, in the way of laudable encouragement and well-earned reward, to stimulate, encourage, and effect a moral improvement in the habits, principles, and character of our servants? Our heavenly Father most assuredly meets his earthly family with the promise of blessing, on obedience and exertion; shall not we have compassion on our servants, even as he has pity on us? Is not his example a safe warranty for our attempting

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at least some plan on like principle? This day is distinguished by the benevolent efforts of the higher ranks to ameliorate the condition of the lower; for plans to promote the pursuit of honest industry and provident habits. Witness the Clothing, Land Labourers, Cottage Garden, and other similar associations in every quarter, all based on the wholesome principle of *judicious* encouragement. Now I cannot help thinking we have hitherto passed by a very large and important class, in making no *correspondent* provision for *encouraging servants, in doing their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them.* I do not presume to devise any thing like an organized plan for this object, but perhaps some of your readers may. *A Servants' Benefit Fund* would not want donations and subscriptions to create needful resources for rewards, premiums, &c. Society would, I think, respond liberally to a well-digested plan and appeal. Candidates for long service, for tried principle, for testified qualifications, would soon arise, and others be added by the effect produced and the stimulus excited; such an association might be more or less extended, embracing a county, or narrower locality, according to circumstances, its beneficial operations must be regulated by its *pecuniary* means. If funds permitted, essential comfort might be afforded in times of sickness or other providential visitation, which incapacitated the claimant from gaining the bread of honest servitude. How many servants, participating (perhaps too fully) in the luxuries as well as comforts of a worldly family, familiarized to habits of careless profusion—accustomed to the personal indulgence which *modern wages* serve to gratify and promote, are removed in

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the day of sickness from the mansion to the cottage, from abundance to bare sufficiency—from the presence of their superiors, to the painful experience of their forgetfulness—from the cheerful society of their fellows to the drear anticipation of a lone and *unprovided* old age. For such, and for the industrious, well-principled domestic, whose merits vainly plead for a better provision in the down-hill of life than a union poor-house affords: surely a fund, raised by those to whom God has given liberally, might supply a graduated scale of annuities, which would not only prove a blessing to the receivers in their day of need, but wipe away the accusation now raised, 'that servants are looked upon too much in the light of mere mechanical agents, put in operation to administer to the wants of their superiors!' If it be said that saving-banks or benefit-societies afford a plan already, whereby the amount of careful industry is profitably husbanded, I can only reply, that such a provision is in no way a substitute for the *principle* I seek to advocate; no excuse for the selfish indifference of masters and mistresses towards those who for years may have been employed under their roof. The *scriptures* call upon all classes for the *reciprocity* of every right and social feeling. Where does society manifest its *providing care* for the wants of servants in the season of suffering or of declining years? Certainly by no *combined effort*, often by no individual testimonies, corresponding to the circumstances which challenge them. The bonds of the community are snapping asunder by the icy chill of self-interest; the very menial's adage, 'service is no inheritance,' goes to confirm the same truth, and the first aim of any association for the

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beneficial encouragement of servants, should be to *establish and strengthen the bonds of union between those who serve, and those who are served,* to elevate and endear the relative position of master and servants, and cast around the latter in their day of suffering and decrepitude the halo of Christian benevolence. The power of the press, as well as the purse of the wealthy, might be more largely taxed for the same important object. The 'Brief Memoir of Ruth Clark,' by the excellent Mr. Venn, proves how much might be done by the record of piety and virtue, for the improvement of this class of persons. Such 'Simple Annals' of departed worth, now for the most part allowed to rest in the book of heaven's remembrance, might, if traced by the judicious pen of the kind earthly chronicler, provoke to emulation some, perchance, whom higher motives could not influence, confirm many a tried spirit in the humble, but still responsible path of duty, and cheer on others in the difficult way of 'maintaining a pure conscience' against the tide of ridicule, example, and in-dwelling corruption. The author of 'The First and Last Day of the Week,' as also of 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' must ever be held in grateful remembrance for their valuable efforts towards the moral and religious improvement of servants; and the eagerness shewn for their works by those, for whom they seem primarily intended, may well encourage such continuous labours. I take my leave, for the present, of this important subject, in the glad assurance, that means will not long be wanting, (under the Divine favor) calculated to effect the moral regeneration, at least of many an unprincipled performer in the debasing ...es of 'High life below stairs.' A VILLAGER.

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THE ARK IN DANGER.

IT is a great mistake to say, 'The church and the gospel will defend themselves.' There is the ark in Dagon's temple, and if we conclude, because we have a spiritual church and a preached gospel, that that church must stand, and that gospel still be preached, God may teach us a terrible lesson. We may have Dagon in our temples. We may hear in them the song of popish idolatry or the infidel's shout. And worse still—some of us may join in that song, and help to raise that shout. God may force men and angels to see in us that he will not have any thing in earth or heaven put above him; that he will dishonour any thing, however excellent, that takes from him his glory. Eli, his servant and priest, Shiloh, the place of his tabernacle; yea, the very ark wherein he dwells. He will deliver once more "his strength into captivity, and his glory into the enemy's hand."

And hence it is, brethren, that if you would know whether you at this time ought to fear for the ark of God, you must not look at the camp of the Philistines, at the large, and vaunting, and already half-triumphant army of our enemies—come to the camp of Israel and look there. There, if any where, the danger lies. It is the church itself that is generally the church's worst foe. If she falls, it will be her own worldly-mindedness and spiritual idolatry, her confidence in herself and her forgetfulness of God, that will lay her low. She will fall her own destroyer! —*Rev. C. Bradley.*

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IMPARTED STRENGTH.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. vi. 10.

Amidst the humiliating contemplations of the many sins of omission and commission which lie thickly scattered over the eventful course of the expiring year; and the ardent aspirations after increased holiness which engage the Christian's mind, at the commencement of a new one, the sacred volume scarcely presents a more suitable passage, on which we may dwell with faith and hope, than this—"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

Overwhelmed with the review of our heart's multiplied transgressions, we are often tempted to exclaim in anguish of spirit, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death!" But in the self-appropriation of the apostle's question, are we not too apt to rest here, instead of striving after the realization of that feeling which led him to add in rejoicing faith, "I thank God! through Jesus Christ." The victory over sin, both in its practice and its condemnation, which is the sting of death, is alone *to be given through Jesus Christ.* "Therefore," continues the word of inspiration, "my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain *in the Lord.*" 1 Cor. xv. 55—58.

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We are continually reminded of the scripture's repeated declaration, that in ourselves dwelleth no good thing; and yet we are assured, by the same undoubted authority, that we are *complete* IN HIM"—that "*in the Lord* our labour shall not be in vain." Strengthened with all might according to his glorious power, we shall be enabled to exercise all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness. (Col. i. 2.)

The sixth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Ephesians commences with an enumeration of the duties to be fulfilled in the different relations of life, as children, parents, masters, and servants; then follows, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might;" thus intimating that we cannot attend to these injunctions without the special aid of Him who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

The apostle's exhortation to Timothy, "My son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, (2 Tim. ii. 1), would seem to refer to that grace by which we are saved through faith, (as well as to those perfections which our blessed Lord exhibited in his life, for our imitation.) In proportion as we are enabled to realize, and to maintain the strength of this grace within us, do we obtain power to bring forth fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life *in Christ Jesus* hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Rom. viii. 1, 2.

Thus "strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man," we can adopt the apostle's blessed experience, "I can do all things through Christ

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which strengtheneth me," (Phil. iv. 13.) Natural inabilities and infirmities will not discourage us, for the Lord has declared, "My grace is sufficient for thee, my strength is made perfect in weakness," (2 Cor. xii. 9.) How full of inexhaustible comfort are these blessed words! The weaker we are in ourselves, the more fully is the strength of the Lord perfected through the all-sufficiency of his imparted and imputed grace. No trials or difficulties need alarm us, for the Holy One of Israel our Redeemer hath said, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness," Isaiah lxi. 10.

"I will *strengthen them in the Lord,* and they shall walk up and down in his name, saith the Lord." Zech. x. 12.

Let us then aim after the inspired injunction—"*Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity,*" 1 Cor. xvi. 13, 14.

ATOMA.

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MATERNAL MARTYRDOM.

If the circumstances now about to be related were swelled out to furnish the pages of a volume, it would be placed on the list of improbable romances: yet those circumstances are softened in the narration, through regard to feelings which wives and mothers will know how to appreciate. The leading fact has been brought forward in the newspapers of the day: we take not our statement from their columns—we give it from that source which a long personal intimacy with the sufferer has opened to us; and we pledge ourselves that the tale, though divested of many harrowing particulars, is, in all its points, so far as it goes, plain unvarnished truth.

It is needless to suppress or disguise names, which the proceedings of a court of justice have given to the world. Mrs. Elizabeth O'Neil is an Irish lady, educated in the sound principles of Protestantism. Her early years were clouded by sorrows neither few nor slight; but these we pass over to state, that, some eleven or twelve years ago, she became the wife of a Roman Catholic, a young man employed in the excise department, who won her affections, and, under the usual promise of full toleration, prevailed on her to unite herself with him. She soon experienced what is the general lot of such confiding characters, that no peace must be hers, unless she surrendered the great bar to domestic happiness—

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the faith of the gospel. With a pertinacious zeal, putting to shame the lukewarmness of those who acknowledge a pure faith, did this devotee of Romish error labour for the perversion of his wife to what he verily believed to be the only true church. And if, in the progress of his endeavours, he used the harshest means for intimidation and coercion, where he could neither convince or persuade, what does it prove but his consistency? Is not persecution, even to the utmost extent of torture, wrenching asunder the bones and sinews of its victims, a living principle of the apostate church? Protected by the still existing laws of a Protestant government, our poor friend was indeed preserved from such extremity of bodily suffering; but when obliged to seek the shelter of those laws, from the perilous fanaticism of her poor husband, and to pray for a peace-warrant against the man to whom she had borne eight children, was the mental suffering less acute than what the body must have undergone, had the Popish inquisition enclosed the victim in its cells? Let the tender heart of woman answer.

Four of the children had been mercifully removed to the bosom of a loving Father in heaven. Somewhat of a veil must be drawn over what ensued during the last summer. O'Neil, transported beyond all bounds by the firm resistance of his wife to all the varied efforts which he, under the direction of the neighbouring and notorious Popish College of Carlow, was daily making to draw or drive her from the Protestant faith—fired a pistol at her. The loveliest and best-loved of her children, a little girl of five years old, was present. How the deed affected the tender infant we cannot precisely say: but while

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the mother escaped, the child fell a victim to the terrors of that moment. Little Fanny died the next day.

In one fortnight, the wretched father was no more: and Eliza was laid on a bed of delirious suffering—a dreadful fever having been the consequence of this aggravated torture. A husband's hand raised against her life; her darling child the sacrifice; and that guilty, but still beloved husband called away..... It is one of those cases where language utterly fails; and the sickened heart turns from it, unable to endure the contemplation.

O'Neil had a sister, a school-mistress, in the same town, Leighlin Bridge, near Carlow, who had never shewn any kindness to the heretic wife of her brother; but now, as if moved by those awful visitations, she came to the house of mourning, and proffered her help, to take care of the three surviving children. These were, a girl of ten years, a boy of eight, and another of three. They were, unsuspectingly, given up to her, by the perplexed attendants, and when Eliza, passing the crisis of her disorder, awoke to the terrible consciousness of her situation, and asked for her only earthly solace, her remaining little ones, they were brought to her for a short visit, and then taken away again, by Lucinda O'Neil: and no plea, no entreaty, no threat of the agonized mother, could extort any other communication than that they should be given up to her if she solemnly bound herself to educate them all in the popish religion: otherwise she would never see them more. Ascertaining that Miss O'Neil had conveyed them to the house of the popish priest, Keogh, Eliza sent a female friend to implore that he would allow even one of them to

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remain with her; he refused, on the alleged and most unfounded plea that she was incapable of taking charge of them, through mental imbecility. She was then told that if she went to Carlow for them, they would be given up to her: and there she twice dragged her harassed, debilitated frame: but the only result was a mocking assurance that she should have them in the court-house, at the assizes. This feint was resorted to, in the hope of deluding her into a delay in applying for an *habeas corpus;* as term was nearly concluded. The matter was, however, brought into court, and for a time Miss O'Neil resisted the order: but on finding that imprisonment for life would be the sentence awarded, unless she restored them, they were sent back to the heart-broken mother.

But the actors in this infamous outrage had made good use of the many weeks during which they retained the children. The eldest boy had been unremittingly attended to by a student of the Carlow college, who has so successfully poisoned his tender mind, that all the fond love of a doating mother cannot succeed in removing the dark and hateful prejudice with which the little fellow has been taught to regard her. The girl is similarly perverted, through the same means: and to crown the whole matter Mrs. O'Neil is exultingly assured, by the fearless emissaries of darkness, that, go where she may, they will follow her: and find means to counteract whatever of Christian principle she may be enabled to infuse into their minds. They know that she is utterly ruined, in temporal goods, by their flagitious proceedings. Poor O'Neil was a well educated gentleman, formerly tutor in a nobleman's family; but

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as his whole income was latterly derived from an official situation in the revenue, of course all died with him. The heavy expences of two funerals, and her own severe illness, followed by those of repeated journies, and legal proceedings for the recovery of her children, have left the widow in such circumstances, that those wily serpents well know her only prospect is some obscure hovel, where she may vainly strive to hide her hunted little ones from their keen eyes and venomous tongues. But one question is yet to be solved—Will the mothers of Protestant England acquiesce in it? Will ANY Christian mother, as she glances from this to her own darlings, and from them to the blessed book whose page she can lay open before them, with none to make her afraid, withhold a little help from this poor, quiet sufferer; this maternal martyr? We know enough of her sentiments to be conscious that it was not without a bitter pang that she heard her last-born boy receive the baptismal name of O'CONNELL; but she battled not for names—it is for the awful reality she now strives.

Place the matter in one plain point of view: a mother has her children stolen from her, whilst lying helpless on a sick bed: she only recovers them by means of a legal process, after a delay of months. During this delay, they are sedulously wrought upon, by all the powerful machinery of the most finished piece of infernal contrivance that the world ever saw: their tender minds overawed—terrified—coerced into verily believing that the indulgence of one natural feeling towards their heart-broken parent will be visited with everlasting perdition. Had she powerful friends, or ample means, she could at once place them beyond the reach of farther contamination,

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under the fostering care of some competent instructors: but she has no friends, she has no means. She has none to appeal to but the God of the widow: she has nothing to offer but the prayers of the destitute. It has been her lot from early childhood to find only thorns on the rose-bush of domestic life: its blossoming sweets never bloomed for her. A path of sorrow led her early to the rest that can only be found at the feet of Jesus: and she would not sell her Lord, even for the costly price of a beloved husband's answering love. Now, the hearts that are steeled against her are the hearts of her own children—the hands that are lifted to bar her fond caress, are the little hands that used to clasp her neck, and innocently to wipe away the tears of bursting sorrow. Personal affection for the sufferer may, and does, plant a keener pang in our own heart while recording the story; but it does not, for it cannot, add a single tint to the deep dye of the transaction. Who shall paint a blush on the gorgeous scarlet in which the mother of abominations here stands out, glaring in all the horrible splendour of her harlot pride!

The Lord, the righteous Judge, has made his glorious hand very conspicuous in the stedfastness of our poor friend, and the comparative rescue of the children. To Him we commit their cause; and to Him we appeal in their behalf. And in laying the matter before our dear country-women we have but one word to add—"Judge the fatherless."

C. E.

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ON THE USE OF SUPERFLUITIES.

In taking up a subject which, in some of its details, has been extensively pursued in your magazine, I am not without apprehension that we are disregarding the apostle's injunction, to avoid foolish and unlearned questions that do engender strife. The strife, at least, I may avoid, by making no allusion to what has been previously inserted upon the subject of dress: which I am the better able to do, because I have not read it. This would be uncandid, if I were going to controvert any of your opinions; but I do not hesitate to own it, when I have no intention but to offer some thoughts of my own, to the intent that if I should either repeat your arguments, or contradict them, you may be assured it is without design. Far be it from me to say that any thing is unimportant which affects, or can be, in the remotest degree, connected with practical religion; and what is there in the life and conversation of the child of God, over which the newly important principle of divine life can exercise no influence or control. This is not what I meant, and I always grieve to hear it said, 'What has religion to do with this?' Religion is the worship and the will of God—Christianity is the worship and will of God manifested in Jesus Christ: unless there be any thing in us, or about us, with which God has nothing to do; anything we hold, or do, or are, independently of him; unless we have any possession over which he has no right;

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any faculty over which he has no claims; or any powers respecting which he has no will, there cannot be any thing with which Christian principle has nothing to do. Religion has to do with dress, and company, and conversation, and amusements, and all the lighter, as well as graver occupations of this childhood of our spiritual existence; in which, if our heavenly Father left us unrestrained, we should presently hurt ourselves, even with our toys. But if we separate from general principles the minute details of a Christian practice, to discuss every particular apart, we shall very soon bring upon ourselves, and what is worse, upon our Christian profession, the *argumentum ad absurdum*, as it is called. 'What has religion to do with a tune, a colour, with the shape of a bonnet, or a motion of the feet?' are questions which cannot be answered, neither, I am persuaded, profitably discussed, without connecting the links of the disjointed chains, apart from which they have neither utility nor importance. Nobody *can* show—and for the encouragement of the despisers on the one hand, and the troubling of the tender conscience on the other, I do think it is a pity we should try to show—what preference the will of God can have between pinks and browns, between ribbons and flowers, between one arrangement of musical sounds and another, between a measured movement and a careless romp—above all, what objection He can have, or what prohibition extend to the exhibition anywhere of the exquisite workmanship of his own wonder-working hand. I shall not hesitate to say, that taken in its abstract, and apart from circumstances that may, or may not, attack such a preference, such an objection, such a prohibition is

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impossible. Who taught the infant eye to manifest almost its first susceptibility of delight at the perception of some brilliant colour? And who set us the example, who taught us to gratify this innate sense, but He who painted the tulip and the rose, who dressed the heavens in blue, and clothed the earth in green, and gave to man the faculties and the materials with which to imitate every shade of colouring that he sees in nature. Was it done, think ye, to snare our fancy with external show, and teach our senses a forbidden pleasure? Who taught the little worm to spin so exquisite a tissue for its own repose, and ply from age to age its selfish toil; unconscious that it labours for another? For whom? For what? Our necessities? No,—the silk and velvet are not necessary: it is for our indulgence; for ornament, for splendor, for the gratification of our earthly taste. And who, if it is necessary to go on, communicated the scent to the lavender, and the juices to the pine, and to every fruit its own peculiar flavour, to please what we justly consider the lowest of our appetites?

You must excuse me, madam, if I am warm upon this subject; for I have met with Christians who think that a dust-begotten creature is misemployed in using, and his hand in cultivating, and his eye in gazing upon what the eternal God has employed his power to make; it is beneath the intellect of a mortal man to like, to value, to enjoy, what infinite wisdom has adapted to his liking; and time mis-spent, forsooth, in the study of that material creation over which the hosts of heaven sang with joy, and shouted to behold its wonders.

But the earth is cursed, we say, and man is fallen.

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He is indeed, and there needs no stronger proof of it, than that having brought down the curse by choosing to have, and aspiring to know what was forbidden him, he justifies it by disdaining to enjoy thankfully, as the gift of God, and examine studiously, as the work of God, what was designed to gratify his earthly senses, and exercise the faculties of his mind, in due subordination to higher and better things. Shall I be bold to say that, considered by itself, I do not believe it is sinful, in the most devoted child of God, to use, to wear, to possess, or otherwise to enjoy, any of the things that God has made, or enabled us to make by the skill he has imparted and the materials he has supplied. The sin, when there is sin, and, alas! how much there is in our use of all his bounties, is to be looked for in contingencies, in over-estimation and undue preference, in excess, in misappropriation, in influences and associations, in ends and aims and motives; as affecting our spiritual as well as moral health; our life in Christ, as well as in the world, the eternal as well as present purpose of our Creator and Redeemer. The headings of some of your papers, remind me of certain old puritan books, in which I have seen the sections headed thus—'On the sin of the Surplice,' 'On the sin of Church Music,' 'On the sin of Pictures.' How guiltless the gown, and the organ, and the altar-piece, really were of the bigotry and irreverence and idolatry imputed to them, the worthies of the olden time would now, perhaps, acknowledge, without any change in their apprehension of those sins. Already the presbyterian ventures on the papistical silk; and the disciple of John Knox no longer shudders at the saints upon our painted windows; and you, madam, I perceive, anticipate the time

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when the diamond will be absolved from the guilt of its inimitable beauty; but rather curiously, though I understand and appreciate your argument, it is to be when it becomes the work of man, and not as it is now, the exclusive workmanship of God.

Since, then, the objection to these sinless instruments of sin, is a thing of time, and place, and circumstance, which will for ever vary; it is exactly one of these points in which we should forbear to judge others, and should suffer ourselves to be judged of no man, so as to shackle our walk or burden our conscience in a life of faith; above all should we abstain from drawing up a code of inapplicable laws, and calling every thing inconsistent that is not in conformity with them: at the same time that we feel, conscientiously feel, each one for ourselves, our deep responsibility before God, for the minutest particular of our life and conversation, as children of light in a dark and sinful world. The apostle says, "To the pure all things are pure"—and "all things lawful," but not all "expedient." Man is not pure, the child of God is not perfect; and because sin is within him and around him everywhere, many things lawful and good in their nature, may be most highly injurious to ourselves, or a cause of offence and stumbling to others. It does not alter their nature, to make universally bad what God made good; but it does so alter the relative character of things, as to be to individuals an imperative prohibition of their use. If it be asked how we are to discriminate without general rules? I answer, by general principles, honestly applied to our own particular case, in every particular question as it arises, assisted by prayer and the written word.

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Leaving the details then as unfit and useless subjects of discussion, allow me to dwell a little upon the general principles upon which the superfluities of life are or are not allowable to the family of God. By superfluities, I mean all the elegancies, luxuries, style, and ornament, whether in the equipment of our persons, our houses, and tables, or whatever else, that belongs to what is called polite or genteel life, beyond what is essential to decency and utility. For I must say it appears to me a childish inconsequence, for a lady to sell her gold chain for charity, and give four times its value for a candelabrum, to ornament her table. If a piece of ribbon will hold a watch, a piece of pottery will hold a candle; and I can see neither common sense nor common honesty, in making a distinction between personal and domiciliary decorations. The lady who sells her jewels must surely tamper with her conscience, if she does not sell all her superfluous and ornamental plate. If she foregoes the velvet and the silk, the purple and fine linen, there must go with them the sumptuous fare, the damask, the rosewood, and the marble. For if the sin be in the useless expenditure, it is equally applicable to both cases. If it be vanity, display, ostentation, it is as probable in the one case as the other. If it be in the tone of mind, the earthliness of feeling, and conformity to the world, indicated by such indulgences, no distinction can be established between one and the other manifestation of the evil. There is but one point of view in which personal ornament may claim a sin peculiar to itself, which scarcely belongs to our present subject; because neither the most costly nor the most decorated dress is necessarily the most be-

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coming; and if it were, personal beauty is the gift of God, and, as in all his other gifts, the sin must arise out of the misuse or over-appreciation of it. I believe it is in the order of his designs, that every woman may, and perhaps ought to preserve that measure of personal *agremens*, which she receives from her Maker's hands, as far as consists with modesty, decency, and propriety, her station, age, and means. I am not writing upon the love of admiration; but if I may go out of my way to make a painful observation, I have been in company with religious females, when even the prohibited chain or necklace would have been some small relief, in the destitution of more modest covering.

We need not appeal again to the earth that He has filled, and the heavens that He has made, to prove that God consulted his own glory and goodness, and not our necessities, in the superfluities with which he has fitted and beautified the habitation of his creatures. That he so consulted the benefit as well as the happiness of mankind, can scarcely be denied, by any who have considered the constitution of man, and the relationship of society.

Immediately on the fall, the sentence of labour was pronounced; a most wise and pitiful sentence, although a portion of the curse—at once the most powerful check upon corruption, and the greatest alleviation of our misery. Next to that restraining grace which we suppose to be always in exercise, nothing saves the whole community of man from the extremity of sin and woe, but the necessity under which the great mass of people find themselves, of caring for their own existence, of employing themselves about the means to live. What would the

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stupid peasant be, and in fact what is he, when, his labour suspended, he sits down to consider the privations of his lot? What is the less stupid, but more vicious artisan, when, for want of occupation, he begins to calculate the injustice of his fortunes? And why are the richest class, with all their 'appliances and means to boot,' so notoriously the most restless, and unsatisfied, and vicious, but because they have all their time, and faculties, and powers, on their own hands, and know not how to occupy and employ them? Yet where, except in the production of superfluities—and how, but in the permitted use of superfluities, has the beneficent wisdom of God provided for the accomplishment of this compassionate sentence? Can we not trace his providential care, in the slow discovery of natural properties, and gradual developement of our powers in applying them, in proportion as the increasing race of man made new inventions necessary to supply him with employment? And now, in the world's old age, with the terrors of a disoccupied population perpetually before us, from time to time relieved by some fresh invention, discovery, or contrivance, what would ensue upon the resolution, should it be generally adopted, that the use of superfluities is to be renounced, and, whatever the amount of our income, expenditure to be restricted to the decencies and necessities of life! Does the philanthropic spirit bound with joy at thought of this elysium; when all that we have above our wants will be given in charity, and there will be ease and sufficiency for all? We will not inquire of the political economist, what sort of a world we should inhabit by this time, had such a resolution obtained from the beginning: a little reflection

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will instruct the simplest of us what would follow on its adoption now. How would our pauperized community enjoy our bounty and occupy their leisure? Would they serve God with it? We know they would not, and if they would they could not, for idleness is not the service he accepts. If they who now weave the ribbons, or, if you please, the flowers; they who dive for the pearl within its watery bed, or fetch the diamond from its dark hiding-place; and they that set the sail and ply the oar to bring our luxuries in; and they that carve the fret-work and paint the china, and devise the costly pattern, and the hundred others kept at work by even one of these useless productions—suppose them bidden to forego their labours, and accept from our charity what we determine no longer to expend upon their workmanship. Mortified dependence, dissolute idleness, and ultimate misery, would be the destiny of the greater part of the recipients of our alms: to the givers, I think it would be the relinquishment, rather than the fulfilment of their stewardship; to ease themselves of the responsibility of using for the benefit of all what is committed to them. I think it would be to refuse any longer to maintain the position assigned us, by reason of its difficulties; to throw back to God his money, that there may be no questioning for its moderate, righteous and judicious use. I am not sure but we might risk to be of those who give all their goods to feed the poor, yet have not charity.

If we are not to do this, to denude ourselves of all that is superfluous to our necessities, it becomes a question merely of degree as respects the claims of charity and of personal holiness, in the expenditure

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of what remains. Of the former we can only say generally, for we have never met with any fixed proportion that satisfied us; that they who spend in self-indulgent luxury what they know it would do more good to give away, and they that refuse to give on any due occasion, because they prefer to spend, will find their condemnation in the word of God; and in their conscience too, if they will let it speak. In the just and righteous expenditure of what remains, I think is to be met the real, the difficult, responsibility of every child of God, in a corrupted and corrupting world; in it, but not of it; the light that is to light it; the salt that is to salt it; and yet so separate from it, so distinct, so different, as never at any time to be confounded with it; a sympathizing participant in its sorrows and its welfare; a careful willing respondent to its claims; but not conformed to its fashions, nor led by its opinions, nor governed by its laws. It is a responsibility so difficult to those who have riches, that we might well prefer poverty, if we were allowed to choose; and purchase a release by giving all away, if so the order of providence permitted.

Not only is the Christian to use the good things of this life without abusing them, but he is to enjoy them, without loving them; to have them, without seeking them; to possess them, without supposing them to be his own. Paradoxical in terms, this is practically very simple, and with respect to the use of superfluities, perhaps does make the real distinction between the people of God and the people of the world. The Christian woman, for we must not forget where we are, who cares, with anything approaching to anxiety, about the decoration of her

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house or person, who covets wealth for the sake of its superfluities, or envies wealth, because it can afford them: whose heart is lifted up by what she has or cast down and ashamed for what she cannot have; who spends her thoughts in contriving for what is not easily within her reach, or her time in producing what she cannot afford to buy; be it gold or be it gems, be it ribbons or be it flowers, be it to the value of units or of thousands, brings a guilt upon the conscience that will never pertain to one who uses her superfluities as she uses her titles, because they belong to her condition, because they become her station, because it would require more thought, and attract more attention, and be really and truly more ostentatious to go without them; or even because they are pleasing to her taste, and agreeable to those around her, and a medium of communicating to others the pleasure to be derived from such indulgences as her fortunes providentially afford. How deeply the Christian conscience may be stained, must not I say, *is* stained, and in the present time, above all times, is tempted to stain itself with those aforesaid sins, is worthy, Madam, of the ablest of your contributors to develope. The wish to spend, not what we have, but what we have not got; to enjoy, not what God has given, but what he has denied us; to do with a little what others do with much; the contrivances to eke out our poverty, and manœuvres to conceal it; the eagerness of getting, and the restlessness of wanting, and the mortification of not having, and all that soul-consuming care how to find means and meet expences, for things, which to go without, ought not to cost a sigh, or a thought of sadness, or

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a blush of shame: if you can acquit our Christian community, or convince us unto repentance, of such sin as this, we may keep safely our jewels and our gold, till we leave them for the crystal pavement of the eternal city, and pass her gates of pearl.

One other consideration remains—there must be an apparent, as well as a real difference between the people of God and the people of the world. We are commanded to "let our moderation be known unto all men," to let it be seen of man, as well as of God, that we renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. Moderation and simplicity in leaving or in using, may equally characterize the Christian walk, and set upon the disciples of Jesus a distinguishable mark. Less splendour, less ornament, less luxury, less ceremony, and less expence than is customary among persons of equal fortune and similar condition, will ever be the manifestation of a mind renewed, and a heart detached from earth, freed from bondage, and afraid of sin. "What have they seen in thy house?" is an inquiry we must be prepared to meet. I cannot further pursue the subject, and I the less desire to do so, in that, notwithstanding the regret I sometimes hear expressed upon this point, as far as my own observation extends, I think such a moderation *is* more or less perceptible in every religious house.

G. E. M.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

I CAN well imagine the Irish veins of your English heart, hailing with peculiar delight the proposal which has recently appeared in the 'Dublin Record' newspaper, that a public and substantial proof should be given to the Rev. R. M'Ghee and the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, of the approval of their able advocacy of Protestant principles, and of their faithful exposure of the doctrines and practices of the church of Rome.

The great interest you take in this important cause, and your just admiration of its zealous support by these powerful instruments in the Lord's hands would lead you to respond with sincere pleasure, to this design, both as expressive of individual gratitude to these distinguished champions of our faith, and of public demonstration of acquiescence in the great object of their pursuit.

To bear decided testimony to gratitude, deeply felt, in return for public and private benefit, should indeed be esteemed a high privilege. But then, does not the best mode of effecting this, deserve consideration? Where the glory of God is the end aimed at, would not the additional furtherance of that glory be the most consistent way of acknowledging the good done, as well as the most accept-

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able manner of expressing to the promoters of that good, the approbation with which their exertions are received?

Instead of the usual mode of proceeding on similar occasions, of presenting a piece of plate, or some other valuable gift, why should not the generous voluntary subscription, expected to be entered into, be appropriated to the erection of a protestant place of worship, in some dark spot in Ireland, where the blessed truths of the glorious gospel might be permanently preached to the deluded votaries of popery, in *their own beloved mother tongue?* Let but English hearts be appealed to, and they will be found as warm as any that the green isle can boast of; and English and Irish hearts and hands, uniting in the cause, I doubt not that a sufficient sum would be quickly raised for this object. Methinks that these honored advocates of protestantism would be more gratified by such an expression of approbation than in possessing the most costly treasure of mammon, dedicated by the most flattering encomiums. How transcendently delightful would be their feelings at being thus made instruments of producing such continued blessing; and yet with what holy joy would they exclaim, in true humility, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

I am, Madam,

With much esteem, yours, &c.

E. L.

[We very heartily agree in this view. There is something in it far more accordant with the feelings excited by such appeals as the English public have

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heard from the lips of those faithful witnesses against popish craft and delusion, than in following any of the vain, fleeting fashions of this world. It is well known that the tribute of grateful affection to the memory of a late beloved prelate, takes this form; and Bishop Ryder's Church will form a connecting link between that godly man and another generation, far more suitable, more touching and vivid, than the most costly gifts handed down as heir-looms in his family could do.—ED.]

The sum of £500. was lately raised for the purchase of some tribute of affection and regard, by the parishioners of a clergyman in one of our northern counties. The subscribers then waited on him to know in what way this sum could be laid out, so as best to meet his own views and feelings. *They* thought of nothing but of some splendid offering of plate to *him*:—but he directed their minds to the great want of an additional place of worship in their own town; —intreated them to make their gift of £500. the nucleus of a fund for that purpose, and added a sixth £100 to it, from his own moderate means.

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Review of Books.

Actes and Monuments *of these latter and perilous dayes, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described, the great persecutions and horrible troubles that have bene wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, speciallye in this realme of England and Scotlande, from the yeare of our Lorde a thousande, unto the tyme now present. Gathered and collected according to the true copies and wrytinges certificatorie, as well of the parties themselves that suffered, as also out of the Bishop's Registers, which wer the doers thereof.* By JOHN FOXE.

OF all the apparitions that could rise from the shades, to startle the eyes, and grieve the hearts of modern liberalists, what more astounding than the stern martyrologist, old John Foxe himself, clanking the chains of the sixteenth century, which Lord John Russell has just informed us, must not be brought forward to fetter the enlightened minds of the nineteenth! Surely the alleged 'speculation,' of the worthy Mr. Coyne, of Dublin, in republishing

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Peter Dens, all at his own proper cost and personal risk, was a trifle, compared with the venturesome deed of the gentlemen who, to counteract his exploits, have called up John Foxe, and newly equipped him for the combat. Mr. Coyne, we very well know, was privily guaranteed all costs, and fenced from all risks, by the high dignitaries of his own church: but what shall we say of those who have actually, and openly come forward, as subscribers to, and supporters of, the great champion of that thing called Protestantism, which it might have been hoped, was well nigh exploded in our day. What! two princes of the blood, twenty-five peers, spiritual and temporal, fifty-eight other dignified personages, five hundred and forty-one parochial clergymen, and five hundred and sixty-two British gentlemen and ladies, already marshalled in goodly columns for such a purpose; with daily, almost hourly accessions of names to the list? And who at the head, patronizing the work? Even THE KING—God bless him!—the successor of Elizabeth, whose regard for 'good master Foxe' was co-equal with the service that he rendered to the church and realm, over which she presided—the son of George III. through whose every vein throbbed the warmest pulse of pure protestantism. We cannot, nor would we, either suppress or disguise the joyous exultation that bounds in our heart as we glance from our paper to the beautiful fac-simile of old Foxe's quaint and expressive title page, most exquisitely engraved, with all the delicate finish of modern art, yet without altering the cast of any one countenance among the singular groupes of figures surrounding the small tablet, that bears the inscription heading this

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article. Yes, we welcome John Foxe with tears of joy; and with praise and thanksgiving, on behalf of our dear country to HIM who raised him up, shielded him through the bitter persecutions of his brethren, and from the flames of their burning kindled a fire in his heart, which he was preserved to transfer into the pages of his voluminous work; and which we confidently hope, will now dispense a light, and restore warmth to many an English bosom, half blinded and half chilled by the dark and frigid demon of the day. This broad, deep flood of genuine protestantism poured forth, will reach and unite the shallow, divided waters—shallow because so divided —of conflicting sects and parties. We know the book; but its full value we do not know; because every day that passes stamps an additional worth upon it. Here we behold the early and vigorous infancy of our national Protestant church; swaddled, as it were, with the fetters of its guardians, rocked by their groans, and its strength nourished with their blood. The fabled pelican, and the fabled phœnix, were alike realized in them. Men who, for Christ's sake, and the gospel's, sat famishing side by side in the same stocks, or stood chained back to back at the same stake, had little leisure and less desire to split the straws of idle disputation, or scuffle for well sounding but empty pre-eminence. Foxe will lead us back to that high and holy ground of protestant principle, from which we have wandered far and wide in many an *ignus fatuis* chace. Foxe will admonish us to lift our earth-bound gaze to the great cloud of witnesses, the noble army of martyrs, who, having met our common foe, and overcome him by the blood of the Lamb, are now

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no uninterested spectators of what is doing in, for, and against their Lord's dear church, yet militant on earth. And therefore a welcome, a hearty Christmas welcome, to good old John Foxe.

This volume is necessarily the second of the set, as the first must be published much later. In all points, as nearly as possible, the original text is adhered to; nothing diluted, nothing disguised, of what was served up to stouter stomachs than ours: and if our sicklier palate cannot relish the food on which our ancestors throve so well, doubt not but the Lord will send some rough gales of persecution, to brace us, and quicken our appetites. Those winds are stayed, held in the hollow of his hand; but that they will again be loosed upon us, we have both the word of prophecy and the signs of the times to intimate. The work before us, (thank God that it is before us!) is eminently spiritual; its author a devoted Christian, chosen in the furnace of affliction, and kept there long for our advantage. "To the law and to the testimony" let it be brought, and it will be found to speak according to that word. The great lesson that it teaches may be divided into two parts: what is Christianity; and what is Popery. This lesson it behoves us to learn as well the latter as the former branch; and dull' scholars indeed must they be, who learn it not rightly out of the pages of good Master Foxe.

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AN HISTORICAL ATLAS: *in a series of Maps of the World as known at different periods; constructed upon an uniform scale, and coloured according to the political changes of each period; accompanied by a narrative of the leading events exhibited in the Maps; forming together a general view of universal history from the creation to the present time. By Edward Quin, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and Barrister at Law of the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn. The Maps engraved by Sidney Hall. Second Edition.* Seeley and Burnside. £2. 2s.

BOTH in design and execution, this is certainly the best thing of the kind that we have seen. The large scale on which the maps are given, the correctness of delineation and distinctness of colouring, together with the rapid, but satisfactory sketch of history, keeping pace with territorial discovery and the spread of population—all mark it as a valuable auxiliary in the important, but to young minds, often dry and perplexing study of universal history. In the first map all appears a dark blot, saving the small proportion of the earth's surface that is supposed to have been peopled at the deluge. Thence, in each succeeding description, the darkness recedes, in the form of rolling clouds, gradually uncovering the broad face of our world, where the various empires and independent states are marked in as many tints; an explanatory table being placed on the opposite page, and the corresponding history of the period following, in beautiful type of a very large size. The whole effect is picturesque and

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elegant; the book a quarto, handsomely half-bound. We have been particular in describing it, because we consider it well adapted for the use of schools and families, and desire to recommend it to those who are replenishing their literary stores for the ensuing year.

MISSIONARY RECORDS—*West Africa.* Religious Tract Society.

THIS is the saddest page of our missionary history, as regards the fearful expenditure of human life incurred in gathering in the wretched race of Canaan to the fold of Christ. Most touching are these records, and well calculated to humble us, alike under the guilt of our ancient, national sin of participation in the enormities of African oppression, and our personal short-comings in seeking the glory of God, when contrasted with the unbounded devotion of those who have gone forth to an almost certain death, having no care but for the fulfilment of their sacred commission among the perishing heathen. The volume is printed uniform with those which preceded it, and it certainly surpasses them in interest.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG. *By Maria Jane Jewsbury. Fourth Edition.* Hatchards.

THE beauties of this work are manifold, and its higher recommendations not less so. It has the

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advantage of rising and deepening as it proceeds, marking the increase of spiritual knowledge, and growth in grace of its author. Of many among the letters it would be difficult to speak too highly, so well do they meet the wants, the trials, temptations and deceptions of the human heart. It would be difficult to find a person who should turn over its pages without being arrested by something specially applicable to himself. The style is elegant, and unaffected. Having yielded this just tribute of commendation, we must add a wish that the first two letters were wholly, or very nearly omitted. We do not like to view scripture apart from its divine character of inspiration, or to test it by the poor standard of human taste; far less can we endure to see a parallel drawn between what holy men of old wrote as they were moved by the HOLY GHOST, and the fictitious characters and fancy-wrought scenes of Shakspeare. What though it be to prove that all which men most greatly admire in the poetic page was derived from the sublimity of God's word, the mind recoils from such comparisons: and when *Lord Byron* is brought forward as another instance of successful, though unacknowledged and unconscious spoliation from the same holy source, we feel somewhat as if the loathsome putrescence of a dead dog were pointed out to us, as a beautiful instance of the vivifying heat that emanates from the glorious noon-day sun, shining afar off, in cloudless ether. We deny not the fact, but we utterly abominate the illustration, and turn disgusted away. Greatly, too, should we marvel at the spectacle of a Christian parent placing Shakspeare's plays in her childrens' hands, or leaving the book within their reach.

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The third letter is beautiful: and we cordially wish it formed the commencement of a volume which we greatly admire. The appalling force of the concluding stanzas, entitled 'The lost Spirit,' must reach to every heart, not utterly hardened, among the classes severally addressed. May the Lord guide them, to convince and awaken many!

THE NATURE OF THE DIVINE AGENCY, *in reference to the inspiration of the scriptures; the mission of Christ; the formation of Christian virtues; and its practical bearings. By the Rev. Stephen Davies, B.C.L. of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Curate of Bow, Brick-hill, Bucks.* Hatchards.

THE importance of attaining clear views on this subject is unspeakably great. In our day, the wildest fanaticism, leading to errors destructive of men's souls, has distracted the church. A body has been formed, combining in itself the essences of popery and socinianism, arrogating to its own spurious church exclusive salvation, and, in the name of the Holy Spirit bringing disgrace on the Christian name. Mr. Davies makes no allusion to this; but as the full reception of truth is the best preservative against error, we regard his book as bearing on the point; and have great satisfaction in recommending it as a very pleasing, instructive work, adapted for old and young, and calculated, under the divine blessing, to do much good.

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THE FAITHFUL SERVANT ADORNING THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. Religious Tract Society.

THERE has recently been a sort of controversy carried on, in the columns of the Record, concerning the general character of servants. With that, we do not wish to meddle, farther than to deprecate the very sweeping denunciation levelled by one party, against that important class of our fellow-subjects. The great fault appears to lie to us here; that after giving girls an education at our National and Sunday-schools, we do not sufficiently follow up the work, by carrying the same watchful and friendly observance into their after course. One way of doing this, is by placing in their hands plain, useful books, of a decidedly spiritual and practical character. Already we have noticed 'My Station and its Duties,' with its sequel 'Going to Service,' as invaluable helpers to a youthful domestic. We now add the little work before us, as excellently adapted to the purpose designed. It is a collection of anecdotes and illustrations, short, and to the point. If half the time and breath expended in recapitulating the faults of our servants and bewailing them were devoted to a consistent, sustained effort for their guidance and improvement, the case would alter, much for the better. We do too little, and expect too much!

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GERTRUDE AND HER FAMILY. ***By the author of 'A visit to my birth-place,'*** **&c. Tims.**

A PLEASING story. Its object is principally to controvert the awful heresy of socinianism, and this the author has successfully done in the course of conversations, incident to the narrative. It is a work of fiction, but abounds with truths of vital importance, placed in clear opposition to the errors that would subvert them.

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THE PROTESTANT.

THERE exists in this boasted land of freedom, a class of persons, continually before the public, whose hard case excites little commiseration, although to all observers it is manifestly one of sore bondage. Those who write for the press, especially for the periodical press; and who, when they have ascertained the impossibility of pleasing all tastes, are obliged to inquire what is the good pleasure of the majority; and thereto they must conform, at almost any expence of individual taste, feeling, and even of judgment—not of principle, certainly.

It is, however, no easy matter to decide where this majority lies; the contents being usually silent, it is only when we strike into a different path, and so invest them with the character of non-contents, that they begin to speak out, not unfrequently convincing us that we have erroneously computed the relative strength of either party. Somewhat of this I have lately experienced: making a surrender of what I could ill spare, to the supposed wishes of my readers generally: and receiving my reward in an overwhelming torrent of expostulations and rebukes. Still I persevered, reluctant to incur the farther charge of inconsistency and caprice: but that delightful season having come round again, which, from time immemorial, has been set apart for assembling round their domestic hearth the scattered mem-

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bers of a family, and lighting up into social glee faces that have, perchance, long worn the clouded aspect of involuntary solitude, I have determined boldly to claim my part in the privilege, and, while the fire blazes high, and all looks snug and sociable, to place in the accustomed corner of my study the easy chair, with its attendant footstool, and gladden myself with the delightful spectacle of my dear uncle, looking as happy as I feel.

Let no one complain of this: some characters there are, so peculiarly formed for reciprocation of thought and feeling, that their very imagination cannot soliloquize with any degree of comfort. Their ideas revolve in the dialogue form, and all emotions, whether joyous or sad, oppress the mind painfully, until they are communicated to one who will lend a sympathizing ear. I shall here be told that such a Friend is never far from the Christian, however distantly removed from his fellows of the dust. True: but that Almighty and ever-present Friend, knowing what is in us, decreed, even from the beginning, while all was yet unclouded peace und unblemished holiness, that it was not good for man to be alone. He, who has commanded us to rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with those who weep, also commissioned his disciples to go forth two and two; and never has He discouraged the enjoyment of that fellowship which Paul evidently ranked among the choicest of his Christian privileges. Loneliness may be the appointed lot of one whose heart is most keenly alive to the sweets of social life: but the dispensation, so far from altering the natural bent of the character, while it calls into exercise the graces of resignation and contentment, renders every per-

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mitted, though transient enjoyment, more delicious than otherwise it would be. So equal are the ways of the Lord! Perhaps I may be one in whose heart swells many an emotion, and in whose mind revolves many a thought which it would be luxury to pour into the kind ear of some fellow pilgrim. Who then would condemn me to the irksome task of imposing a fetter, despite of the universally received saying that 'Thought is free.' Wherefore must I be constrained to form the unwilling exception to a general rule!

But enough of this: away with melancholy musings. No more heavy, wire-drawn cogitations duly noted down to the extent of a certain number of pages. Here you are again, dear uncle, after a twelvemonth's exile from your own arm-chair; and what have you been doing the while?

'Watching the progress of events, my dear child, as one who, through divine grace, has learned to put no trust in chariots or horses, convinced that the remembrance of the name of the Lord is essential alike to the well-being of an individual and a nation. If in that name we forbear to set up our banners, I expect no otherwise than to behold those banners trailed in the dust. Nor, as a faithful soldier of Christ, may I dare to wish them success, if I see my comrades mutiny, and turn their arms against their Captain.'

'I fear, uncle, the general aspect of the world at this time, is, as regards the respective leaders, that of revolt.'

'Too much so, indeed: but there is also an awakening to no small extent, among its ranks, which promises, in the instance of our country, a salutary

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pause in the dangerous career. To me it seems that a great sifting of principles is going on, which bids fair to cast out a vast proportion of chaff, both displaying the quantity and enhancing the value of the wheat.'

'But some are rather striving to get rid of the wheat, and to accumulate great heaps of genuine chaff.'

'That will always be the case while Satan walks to and fro in the earth, and the world lies in wickedness. The kingdoms must become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ, and he must reign, before we can be delivered from that spectacle. But does it not strike you, my dear niece, that a manifest separation is in progress where, hitherto, the mixture has often been such as to baffle the most discriminating eye?'

'It does, uncle, and in Ireland in particular; yet I cannot help regretting that the wheat is laid out in so many separate parcels, scarcely to be distinguished, so slight are the shades of difference. It looks scattered and poor, when it might acquire weight and value by forming one compact body.'

'You are right,' said my uncle: 'but a still greater evil is the evident disposition of some whom we reckon among the good grain, to be shovelled back into the chaff. To drop our metaphor, people are splitting on points where they might very well agree to differ and be silent, or else, sacrificing their principles to the fallacious doctrine of a supposed expediency, even where, on all grounds, it is most inexpedient. I allude especially to those of our own church, who, being placed on a hill, and surrounded with observers more sagacious than charitable, ought

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to set an example of that unity which the very constitution of their church is expressly intended to insure.'

'Are you alluding to Dublin?'

'Principally: it furnishes a painful illustration of what I mean. The archbishop addresses a letter to his clergy, deprecating the use of the most important channels of spiritual edification and mutual help. He denounces extemporaneous prayer and clerical meetings. He is answered in one of the most able, temperate, dignified and respectful addresses possible—a document reflecting honour on every minister who signed it. This is right—it is every way good; and undoubtedly tending to the advancement of spiritual knowledge, to the improvement of spiritual privileges, to the glory of God, and welfare of his church. But another event occurs: the same prelate, by a stretch of authority, interposes to gratify his own anti-controversial views, at the expense of a brother clergyman's character; and that, too, in a way calculated to strengthen the enemies' hands, while it doubly weakens the church. View it how you will, it is an indefensible proceeding, calling for a decided check. But mark the way in which it has been met. Mr. Nolan, the person who, of all others, had most ground for complaint, puts forth a manly, modest, and right-spirited vindication of himself from a most unfair charge, and so withdraws, leaving his mitred assailant evidently convicted of partiality and injustice. But here it is not suffered to end; the excitement of the moment, in other bosoms, is not allowed to subside, is not offered up, a sacrifice to the God of peace, but every newspaper is made the vehicle of a discussion that reflects no credit on

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any of the leading parties, and compels the most valuable of our enlightened preachers to stand out on ground distinct from both. They can neither agree with the archbishop, to refrain from that exposure of doctrinal error to which their ordination-vow distinctly binds them, or, with the archdeacon, to hurl defiance in the teeth of his diocesan, and trample on episcopal authority, because an individual bishop may be inclined both to miscalculate and to misuse that authority. Poor Ireland, poor Ireland!' continued my uncle with much emotion, 'when will the demon of discord be expelled from her shores? Alas, he intrudes into her holiest temples, and struggles for admission into the hearts of those who hate his sway.'

'Neither is he idle among us, uncle. Questions are continually starting up, which our wiser predecessors allowed to slumber in peace, without any compromise of right principle. I cannot understand how these matters acquired such sudden and weighty importance in our day.'

'Two words will explain that, my dear child. Two words, employed in direct reference to these times, by the Holy Ghost—"Heady, high-minded." It is the prevailing character of the age; and, manifesting itself in some who have the form of godliness without the power, it takes up through them a position in the visible church, reaching to men of a different spirit rather by contagion than infection: it belongs to the thing that they touch, not to the vital breath they inhale; and will be shunned when its evil properties are more fully exposed.'

'In the whole course of my reading, I think, uncle, I never was more amazed than when, in a periodical

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assuming to be the very organ of sound church principles, I saw the propriety, yea the bounden duty, of *Protestants going to mass* gravely insisted upon.'

'So much the better. The person who openly labels a deleterious drug with the word 'poisonous,' does good service to the community.'

'But some who cannot read the label aright will perhaps swallow the potion, finding it in a professed medicine chest.'

'Then, upon his head who placed it there be their blood,' said my uncle, his eyes flashing indignation. 'Never admit to your house, never recommend to another, any work carried on under the juggle of editorial irresponsibility. It is a contradiction—a deception. As well might you send a company of idiots to gather all the berries and wild herbs from the hedges, and serve them up, unexamined, as a feast, under the comfortable assurance that if any guest were poisoned, a doctor should be sent for, with an antidote, as profess to conduct a publication, yet allow the most mischievous statements to be made, with the salvo of a future refutation.'

'I cannot but think it most dangerous. A person goes to see his friend, finds on his table a work recommended by that friend's patronage, takes it up, and reads one of these false deluding papers. The answer to it he may never see; and the poison, as you truly call it, is left to work in his mind. It is a complete pitfall.'

'Well,' said my uncle, 'let us take heed to our steps, and never forget the lamp given to guide them. With that in our hands, I trust we are in no danger of going to mass. What say you to the exploits of our Gallic neighbours in Africa?'

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'That they have received a scriptural lesson, though they will not heed it. The Arabs, uncle, the unconquered Arabs seem to be the barrier which they cannot overleap. My heart sickened as I contemplated the dreadful waste of human life; but amid all that ungodly men are working, after their own perverse will, there is still a voice from above, saying, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."'

'It is most true, my dear child. Turn where you will, distress of nations and perplexity increase on every side. Not a single movement can I trace, in any country, during the past year, that has not tended to deepen its embarassments. In our own, there is a token for good indeed, in the recent and augmenting stir among those who desire to rally round our sacred institutions: but even this is symptomatic of a severe struggle that shall shake the land to its foundation. We have long been on the verge of great events, and if we be saved from such terrible convulsions as have dislocated the whole frame of society elsewhere, it will be by the prayerful use of lawful means, to which may God in his great mercy guide us! United supplication, with a firm resolve to amend every man his ways and every man his doings, followed up by the united effort for the resistance of evil and promotion of good, is what we have need of. There is too little thought given to the important point of repentance. As a nation, and as individuals, we have awfully departed from the Lord, and deeply revolted against him; and if we approach the mercy-seat unhumbled for our sin, what reception can we expect? "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double-minded,"

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will be the deserved reproof. Pride cometh before a fall; and the more carefully I look around and within, the more do I see of that master sin, both in the world and in the church. The national fasts, so frequent in seasons of our foreign wars, abused as they were by formalists, and slighted by the profane, are days to which I often revert, with a longing desire to see something similar in these far more perilous times. But in proportion to the danger, is our disregard of its remedy; for that danger grows out of spreading infidelity; and to many, alas! who ought to take the lead in a movement of general confession and prayer, may be applied the question, "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed!"

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1837.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

UNDER all circumstances, sickness is trying: but the extent to which its painful concomitants may be alleviated or aggravated, is very great. I would not dwell upon the wide distinction drawn between the cherished individual whose every want is foreseen, whose every wish anticipated, by watchful friends, while no earthly care is allowed to burden the mind, nor an anxious thought required to be taken—and the mother of a young family, who has no efficient substitute to fill her arduous sphere during the hours of languishing; but must rouse her weary spirits and exert her bewildered faculties on behalf of others, when both require undisturbed repose: nor upon the contrast presented by the child of abundance, amply provided with this world's good, free from that corroding thought for the morrow, which asks, "What shall we eat, and what shall we

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drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" and one whose daily effort supplies the daily expenditure, and who, during the long hours of reluctant inaction, cannot but calculate by how many of premature and harassing exertion, must the ground thus lost be regained. These are obvious distinctions, and no one can fail to recognize them: but there are others, little recked of by many, though placing a gulf of unmeasurable distance between the actual experience of individuals, precisely alike in external circumstances, and visited perhaps with just the same measure of bodily ailment. The sick-bed of believers in Christ, is a place where the Lord for a moment dims his jewels, in order to give them a brighter burnish; and this they know, and struggle to lie still, for they feel that they are in his hand, and desire to be nowhere else. The couch of a person wrapped in thoughtless security, has also a peace of its own; the false peace of a blind man, who walks on, in smiling contentment, towards the brink of a pit that he sees not. But there is another sick-bed, alas! there are hundreds and thousands of such in this privileged land, where, even now while I write, now, while the severity of winter has barbed the dart of disease, and a mysterious hand directed it to strike deep into many a strong frame: the sick-bed of the helpless, hopeless sinner, whose guilty deeds appear in all their crimson dye, with a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation, beyond the grave that is evidently yawning to receive them. This is a wide and varied class; not a few such are writhing, in pangs that they conceal from others, who little suspect their existence there; not a few are battling with con-

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science in desperate hardihood of purpose, or swallowing the poison of delusion from lips too ready to speak peace where there is no peace: but I am now, in thought, dwelling on a single though most awfully numerous branch of that wide class of unequivocal transgressors, who cross our daily path, in all the successive gradations of their sad career; from the bloom of youthful beauty, gaudily tricked out in flaunting display, to the squalid spectral object, whose pale cheek, hollow eyes, trembling limbs, and tottering gait, proclaim for how very short a period she has yet to drag that wasted half-clad form along, ere it must sink where ours shall mingle with it. Yes, however high we may toss the disdainful head, however far avert the loathing eye, however cautiously protect the utmost verge of our garment from coming into contact with her defiling tatters, we shall mingle at last—mingle here in one common mass of corruption; and mingle hereafter in one mighty throng of animated existences, gathered for judgment before the eternal throne.

It was marvellous in the eyes of Simon the Pharisee that Jesus suffered a woman of the city, who was a known sinner, to touch him! Tear after tear dropped unrebuked upon those holy feet, from eyes that had lured many a soul into the paths of death; and tress after tress was applied to dry those drops away, that oft had been braided with gold and pearl, for the express purpose of ensnaring those whom he came to deliver. And, I bless His holy name, he has so far taught me, that I dare not pass a poor lost sister of my own vile race, without remembering that touching scene, and feeling as though to me was addressed the comprehensive appeal, "Seest thou

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this woman?" I have in my garden a flower that bears on its leaves a memento I would not willingly forget; and when I see the long, pale, dishevelled petals of the white Cresymanthus shaken rudely by the gale, while its slender stem is bowed, and its sickly-looking leaves hang down, in helpless resignation to its comfortless lot, I think of the little cottage where it stood hard by the door, to plead with me, as it were, for one within, of whom it seemed the most affecting type that could have been devised.

It was then winter, comparatively mild, but still winter, and very few of the flowers had survived even in that sheltered spot. The white Cresymanthus, however, was not quite alone; but so accompanied as to throw out its peculiarly fading and forlorn character in more striking relief. Close behind it, on the cottage-wall, peeped forth a few glowing china-roses, with a cluster of vigorous buds; and some double marigolds spread their rich, deep, golden hues at its root. Not far away stood a dwarf holly, be-dropped with scarlet berries; and whatever remained of flowers and foliage partook so largely of that firm texture and decided tint which conveys the idea of health and enjoyment, that the poor Cresymanthus looked the very personification of a sick, sorrowful, trembling stranger, in a circle where sickness, sorrow, or fear might rarely intrude. The place was one where my assigned duty would have called me, but I had been ill; and a dear young friend, ever ready to the work of Christian love and pity, had supplied my lack of service by a prompt response to the summons that she received. Deeply affected by the account she gave me, I now accom-

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panied her, not to interfere, but to witness her efforts; and very rarely have my feelings been more painfully excited, or my indignation more strongly provoked. Ascending to a very small neat room of the little cottage, I saw on a bed a young woman of no ordinary share of beauty, not, apparently, much changed by illness, with a bright glow on her cheek, and a fire in her rich, dark eye, and a smile playing round a very lovely mouth, so unlike what I had expected to behold, that I knew not how to account for it. However I sat down on the bed, while my friend, sitting nearer the pillow, bent over the sufferer, addressing her in gentle tones, and in the sweet language of the gospel. For some time she spoke unheeded; at length the bright eyes were raised to her face, and a transparent trembling hand was stretched towards her head, with the words—'Let me look at your bonnet, Miss. Pretty bonnet!' Emma yielded to the request, at the same time sadly observing to me that it was not a lucid interval: and then I saw the extent of the calamity, as regarded this world—reason had fled.

While the poor maniac amused herself with the bonnet, and with her sister's little infant, which she tenderly noticed, I learnt the particulars of her story. The family was poor, but respectable; and all had gone out to service excepting Bessie, who remained with her parents, taking in needle-work, and frequently so employed for the various shops in London. At the age of eighteen she was suddenly missed from home; and no tidings could be heard of her until four years after; when, in the summer, she came down to that cottage, on an unexpected visit to her sister, who had married a respectable man,

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and passed a day with them. A gentleman accompanied her, to whom she evidently was not married; but as she was handsomely dressed, and came in a post-chaise, and appeared in high spirits; and as the *gentleman*—for such, in rank, he was—treated her with much affection, and behaved to her humble relatives with great affability, the poor people, culpably ignorant of their duty, forbore either to question or remonstrate with her, and Bessie returned, promising them another visit.

The promise was fulfilled, when, six months after, she was again brought to their door in a post-chaise, the driver of which delivered a letter to the sister, and while she was reading it, departed, leaving Bessie. In this letter the *gentleman* stated that the poor girl had been very ill; that change of air was the only thing requisite for her recovery; and earnestly implored them to give her lodging and nursing until she should regain her health. Attention being turned to the poor creature thus thrown on hands little capable of assisting her, it was discovered that she was raving; and also that the thrush had broken out in her mouth, with other symptoms so fatal, that the medical man, who was hastily called in, at once declared her to be dying. She had, in fact, been confined for three weeks to her bed; and the inhuman seducer, who had first stolen her from her home (which broke the hearts of both her parents) and retained her in worldly abundance, on guilty terms, for four years, no sooner found her thus becoming a burden on his hands, than he had her taken from her bed, to encounter the rough blasts of a severe winter's day; and thus exposing her to almost certain death, sent her to those whose daily

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labour could but just scantily feed their own little ones, to suffer all the privations inseparable from such a change: even if, as was very near being the case, the irritated feelings of one on whom poor Bessie had no claim, did not provoke him to deny her the shelter of his roof. A sister's love, however, prevailed; and she was tenderly nursed; while the lucid intervals, long, but not frequent, were diligently improved by my dear young friend, with an earnest desire for the salvation of her soul. How far the Lord might bless the means of grace under which she was so singularly brought, it is not for us to say: but we were not left without hope concerning her. At first, when my friend spoke to her of the compassionate love of the Redeemer, shewing forth the exceeding riches of that grace for which all are invited to plead—the fulness of that pardon which, in Christ Jesus, is offered to the vilest of sinners—she seemed to consider it as rather a mockery of her woe than an encouragement; for she fixed on the speaker an incredulous look, saying, 'Oh, don't talk so to *me*, Miss!' By degrees, she became less reluctant to listen; and after hearing much more to the same effect, she grasped her visitor's hand, saying, 'I should not be afraid to die, *if I might* go to heaven:' then added, in an agitated manner, as Emma rose to go, 'If you will come to see me again, you will be *my dear*.' The visit was repeated often; and once or twice, at her urgent request, was her kind teacher sent for, when reason was perfectly awake; but only four days intervened between her first arrival, and her entrance on the eternal world. I saw her a second time, and then the colour had left her cheek, the fire was quenched in her eye, the smile had de-

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parted from her swollen lips, and a character of restless discomfort was upon her vacant countenance, while faintly, but fondly calling on the name of her destroyer. It was then, sadly contrasted with the healthy peasants and blooming babes around her, that she became so identified with the Cresymanthus under her window, as to leave a lasting impression on my mind, ever revived as I look on the flower. A few hours before her death, Emma saw her, speechless, and nearly motionless, but perfectly sensible; and expressing, by such signs as she could make, a wish to have her sent for. When asked if she felt a hope that her sins were pardoned through the Lord Jesus, with a request to hold up her hand if she did, she raised it as she had power to do; and this, with the fixed, calm, affectionate look with which she received her friend's last farewell, and the character of perfect peace spread over her countenance, was all that we had to build on, as to the state of her feelings. The evident fact that she had never before heard of Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, and that she heard of him gladly, afforded more solid grounds to hope that he had sent the poor wanderer there to be called into his fold. But he has left a veil upon the work which human hand cannot lift; and far rather would I, on this as on other occasions, employ the little knowledge that I have in proclaiming to sinners the exceeding love of Him who died for them, than in prying into matters which will be fully revealed when faith is swallowed up in sight.

The story of Bessie C—— is that of hundreds, yea of many thousands around us, as regards her first deviation from the path of moral rectitude. Had her sickness not been fatal, and had her sister's home

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afforded her no refuge beyond the period of her illness, what would have awaited her? A life of comparative luxury would have rendered distasteful the humble fare of a poor cottage, and the daily drudgery by which even that fare must have been earned, intolerable. It was plain that the seducer had for ever abandoned her; and, if unrenewed in spirit, it cannot but be believed that she would have sought in the wages of guilt those worldly comforts and gratifications that had become necessaries in her sight. Another step, and another, in the downhill path of that awfully rapid descent, would soon have brought her to the level of the most repulsively abandoned and lost; and disgust might have prevailed to avert the pitying eye, to withdraw the outstretched hand, and consequently to restrain the pleading voice that told of a refuge from everlasting destruction—of a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and a heaven purchased for the very bond-slaves of hell. It is dreadful to reflect that the more desperate the case becomes, with these wretched wanderers, the more reluctant we are to pause in their path, and bid them turn, and flee to Jesus.

My garden would be but a poor preacher, if it had nothing to say to me on behalf of my erring sisters: and the sentiment that could have wept over Bessie, still blooming and, in appearance, not only gentle but modest, yet would turn from another homeless outcast, because, perhaps, almost brutalized by similar vice, and frenzied by despair, cannot be Christian sentiment. It is the mere romance of excited feeling, ready to take the colour of religion, but does not emanate from it as an effect from its cause. We can, as it were, endure to take through a vista

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a dim and distant view of what we shrink from contemplating more nearly. The full reality, more broadly displayed, the actual extent to which vice and cruelty hold unchecked their appalling sway over the lower classes of our population, in and around the larger cities, would almost quench the very breath of prayer for this guilty land. The glittering sword of vengeance would be seen suspended over us, and the awful voice be heard, "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

I could have told a sadder tale: I could have led my readers into a deep and noisome cellar of dark St. Giles', and curdled the blood in their veins, even though I had left untold the half of what I have there beheld on a dying bed: but I forbear. My object is to plant a thorn in their consciences, that they may not rest in peace, and fancied blamelessness, while callous to the hurt, the deep and deadly hurt, of the daughters of their people. "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the hurt of the daughter of my people healed?" Yes, there is balm in Gilead; there is a Physician, a Healer, alike ready to hear, and omnipotent to help. But they, poor wounded ones! know Him not: no man directs them to seek Him; no man cares for their souls. They go astray, they fall, they perish: they lie in hell like sheep. And, one by one, as the wretched victims pass away, the finger of Him who overlooks no living soul, is pointed to her, and the now unheeded voice that must and will one day be heard and answered, repeats the emphatic question: "SEEST THOU THIS WOMAN?"

C. E.

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THE COURSE AND THE COMPASS.

No. II.

Class 1.—THE PROFESSED UNBELIEVER.

I MAY perhaps be charged with a palpable inconsistency in taking this class of persons at all into consideration; it may be said that it is a contradiction in terms to illustrate anything appertaining to Christianity, from the creed of the professed unbeliever; and this would be, indeed, a just charge, if all whom I am compelled to include under this division of the subject placed themselves therein: but there are those who claim the Christian name, and yet must be considered as belonging to this class. It is one with which I have indeed but little to do; in its various sub-divisions of atheist, (if such there be) deist, infidel, sceptic and freethinker, it lies entirely beyond my province, but, alas! how many are to be found, calling themselves 'Unitarian Christians,' and 'Catholic Christians!' and to such I must here have somewhat to say.'

Let it not be called a harsh judgment to term these persons 'professed unbelievers;' I must so designate them, because though in their creed they own, as an abstract proposition, the existence of God, yet as they each *avowedly* disbelieve a part of his own declarations concerning his persons and his offices, as

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given in his word, I cannot avoid placing them here. And, strange as it may seem to some, they ought to occupy a lower station than even the open infidel; for by making God such as suits themselves, they virtually deny his truth in describing his own nature, thus disallowing one of his essential attributes. And, let me ask, do they not worse by thus making him a *false God*, (reverently be it spoken) than if they denied his existence *in toto?* For which would you rather that your enemy should say of you, that you did not exist, or that you were a liar? The statement of your non-existence might be disproved in a moment, by any person not blind, while the charge of falsehood might remain for ever unrefuted.

The infidel's denial of his Maker's existence, carries its own confutation in its hand; for who shall look abroad upon the beauteous face of nature, and survey the wondrous mutual adaptations of cause and effect, in the heavens, or on the earth, and then, asserting the fortuitous concurrence of these stupendous things, retain his reputation for wisdom, or even for common sense? An excellent argument against this egregious folly, was that simple one of the jesuit, Kircher, who told an atheist friend, that his largest celestial globe had come by *chance* into his study, for that it was brought there by no one. And then, the man who could unblushingly assert that the sun in the heavens, "the moon walking in brightness," the numberless worlds of "the host of heaven," and this earth in all its strong and splendid mechanism were the effect of mere chance, and performed their various offices and their mighty evolutions at the direction of accident,—even this man declared it impossible that an insignificant trifle of paper and wood could for-

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tuitously have moved itself a few feet from its former position.

But as there is no snare so dangerous as error mixed with truth, so is the delusion of the Socinian or the Papist far more specious, and consequently more ruinous than that of the avowed sceptic. Let us then briefly review the creeds of these two sects, and see how far they accord with that word of life which (by calling themselves Christians) they nominally acknowledge for their compass.

It is my intention to exemplify each subdivision of the other classes, either by some narrative or anecdote, (which shall be taken from facts well known to myself or my immediate friends,) or by some sketch of character, so common in society as to be known to all; but here such would be out of place; practice is best illustrated by actions, but a creed, abstractedly considered as such, needs only to be set forth in its component doctrines, in order to impress the mind with its peculiar and distinctive nature.

TEXT I:

That all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father.—(John v. 23.)

ILLUSTRATION:

THE 'UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN.'

An Unitarian Christian! what a contradiction in terms lies in this self-assumed title! Good Rowland Hill was wont to speak of a 'smooth bear,' as a striking example of an impossibility, but he had much better have said 'an Unitarian Christian,' for the shaggy brute become smooth would be a very common-place monster in comparison of this.—What! a follower of Christ, (for a Christian is *such*, and such *only* is a Christian,) denying his veracity in

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the description of that triune godhead of which he is himself one 'co-equal and co-eternal' person? name it not!—it may not, cannot be!—Say, if you will, a *frozen fire*, or a *false truth*, but talk not of an 'UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN!'

'I believe the sacred writings,' says the Socinian,[1] true, nominally, but how much of them in reality? Quote to him the text which heads this section, as plain and unmystifiable a passage as any that can be found,—he quibbles at the translation, or refers it to some special will of God that "his chosen prophet" should be respected by his fellow-men, which is expressed 'rather in the oriental style of hyperbole;' or, perhaps, he at once and altogether, denies the authority of this particular part of the scripture. Refer him to the plurality of persons in the Deity, as plainly set forth in that Divine proposal, "Let *us* make man in *our* image," he tells you that the Jewish rabbis, (who, of course, ought best to understand their own language,) explain this of a council of angels, called together to assist at the creation of the world, and that other equally trustworthy and Christian authorities affirm it to be merely 'a form of speech,' in imitation of the plural style adopted, in comparatively recent times, by earthly monarchs.

Point out to him the various instances of supreme worship paid to the Redeemer by his disciples and others, he explains them to be meant for "the one only God," but paid *for* him *to* his creature-prophet, Jesus; so that, to use the excellent phrase of Jones

[1] The books of Scripture, not only the rule, but the whole and 'the only rule of truth, the only foundation we have to go upon.'—Clarke's 'Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.' p. 5.

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of Nayland, in his most admirable tract on the Trinity, 'Christ *is* to be worshipped,—only, he is *not* to be worshipped.'

Turn, then, to these passages of holy writ, especially of the apocalypse, where Christ incontrovertibly claims eternal inherent divinity, as his personal right,—he will understand these as metaphors, 'manners of speech,' or by the help of mistranslation and false construction he will endeavour to demonstrate that they are spoken *for* "God the most high," the One Person, by the mouth of Jesus, as were, of old, the divine denunciations, "by the mouth of his holy prophets," (Luke i. 70.) though there is here no preface of "thus saith the Lord," nor any other mark of a message, to prove the assertion.

In short, the Socinian does his best to undeify Christ, by making him "a liar" like unto "himself." In his miserable creed, that blessed person of the Trinity, by whose name he names himself, (and that most appropriately, had the ever-adored Redeemer been the false deceiver which he represents him to be,) he, even Jesus Christ, "God manifest in the flesh," (1 Tim. iii. 16) is merely a human being, who spoke many mysteries, which are not needful to be explained or believed, and who said one thing while he meant another. In like manner "the Holy Ghost," "the Comforter," (John xiv. 26,) is only an emanating quality of the Deity, which 'is nowhere in scripture expressly styled "*God;*" and Dr. Clarke, the great apostle of the sect, attempts (P. 2, sect. xxxii.) to prove this bold assertion by quoting Acts v. 4, "thou hast not lied to man, but unto God;" though, how a passage which, in connexion with the third verse, expressly states the Holy Spirit to be

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God, can prove that he is not so, I leave to wiser heads than mine to discover.

Moreover, "the Supreme one God," whom the Socinian worships, is not "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," (2 Peter i. 3,) as one with him in essence and deity,—not the giver of "the Holy Spirit to them that ask him," (Luke xi. 13,) not the first Person of a Triune godhead, united in purpose and in action for the salvation of man, but a cold, lonely, cheerless divinity, little known and less understood, who has made the world by his Spirit in the same manner wherein we would make a mark or a movement by our hand or foot, and who expects its inhabitants, of themselves, to perform certain moral acts, for which performance he will reward them after death.

The pen grows languid, and the mind tires, in treating of so icy and deadening a theme; let us sum up all in a few words; the creed of the self-styled 'Unitarian Christians' presents only—a Bible partly incomprehensible and partly incredible;—sinners without Sanctifier or Comforter but themselves;—a God without a providence;—and a Christ without the power to redeem.

X. Q.

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THE BYSTANDER.

No. VIII.

I MENTIONED in my last, the heartfelt joy I experienced in beholding what I trusted was the commencement of a life of piety and devotedness to God, in Louisa Montague, the eldest child of my deceased friend, and our mutual enjoyment of my Christmas visit to the family. Soon after I left them, I received an interesting letter from her; but I was disappointed at this being succeeded by an unusually long interval of silence. At length a letter arrived, telling me of some books she had read, and some books she had not read, and some she meant to read; but there was an air of constraint and coldness about it which I could not comprehend. I thought of writing to inquire what had produced this change; but as the time for my summer visit was not far distant, I judged it better to wait till we could converse face to face.

When I arrived at Mr. Montague's, I was received with the usual cordial welcome; but after the first salutations were over, I imagined that there was some embarrassment in Louisa's manner, and a wish to avoid being alone with me. I was also annoyed to find that her cousin, Maria Compton, was on a visit to her, who, being some years older than Louisa, was of course more her companion than that

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of her younger sisters: so I felt that while she remained we could not spend our mornings in the pleasant way we had done before.

When we were all assembled in the drawing-room, the conversation could only be on such general topics as each was able to join in. I began to inquire the news of the neighbourhood. 'How is the notable hero, John Stubbs?' said I, 'of whom I heard so much when I was last here?'

'Oh! Mr. Romilly, you mean,' said Louisa, slightly reddening.

'No,' said I, 'I do not mean Mr. Romilly; I mean John Stubbs.'

Maria Compton laughed. 'Had you been as much interested in him as we are, Miss Markwell, you would have seen some time since in the newspapers, that John Edward Stubbs, Esq. of Elmwood, in the County of ———, had received his Majesty's permission to assume the name of Romilly.'

'Well,' said I, 'though the poet says, 'What's in a name?' he has certainly changed his for the better. But what sort of youth is he?'

'Oh! he wins all hearts,' said Maria, looking at Louisa.

I did not like this at all; and when we went out to take an evening stroll on the lawn, I contrived to draw Miss Compton aside, and inquire more particularly into the matter. From her I learnt that Mr. Montague had been at first determined to have no acquaintance with Mr. Stubbs; saying, that like all other upstarts, he was no doubt a radical and a dissenter. But when he found that he not only had nothing of the upstart about him, but was, moreover, a churchman and a conservative, he be-

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came his avowed friend and patron, and made several parties for the purpose of introducing him to the neighbouring gentry. This necessarily caused a great intimacy between them. Mr. Romilly, (as I ought to call him,) was at the house almost daily; and though not yet the declared lover of Louisa, no one entertained a doubt of his being so in reality; and only waiting, with due humility, in the hope of insinuating himself into the fair lady's good graces. 'And he must have little penetration, and less vanity,' added Maria, 'if he does not soon discover that this will be no very difficult task.'

'But is he a pious man?' asked I; forgetting for the moment, in my eagerness, to whom I spoke.

'Oh! very pious,' answered she. 'He goes to church every Sunday, and never pays visits on that day, but usually takes tea here, and reads a sermon in the evening to uncle and the girls.'

This seemed to explain the change in Louisa, and made my heart sad. But I did not think it expedient to speak to her abruptly on the subject; so resolved to wait some favourable opportunity of doing so.

I found he was the favourite of the whole family; and the frequent object of conversation with all, except Louisa, who seldom mentioned him, but listened with apparent delight to the praise bestowed on him by others. As for Letitia, she spake of little else than Mr. Romilly; his opinions, his sayings, his taste, were introduced by her on all occasions.

'You make me quite curious to see this important personage,' said I to her.

'Well, aunt Patty, I hope all your wishes may be as soon gratified; he is coming this morning to dig Emma's garden and mine.'

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'To dig your gardens! That's an odd employment for the Squire of Elmwood.'

'He is very fond of gardening, and says, if gentlemen would take to *digging*, there would be fewer dyspeptics among them, and they would save a great deal of time and money now spent in running from one watering-place to another.'

'But why does he come here to dig; has he no garden at Elmwood?'

'He is going to give Emma and me some beautiful American plants, lately sent him by a friend: he is a first-rate botanist and florist, and says our old gardener knows nothing about flowers; so, as the soil needs to be prepared in some particular way for those plants, he is determined to do it himself.'

I went to my room, as usual, after breakfast. At my last visit, Louisa used to join me there, after she had completed her domestic arrangements, and we read and prayed together, before joining the others in the drawing-room, or commencing our morning occupations. But now I was left alone, and my reflections on the cause of this were very painful.

Soon after I joined Louisa and Maria, who were at work together, Letitia came into the room, saying, 'Now, aunt Patty, come out to the garden, and you shall see our *héros de roman;* I hope he may be leaning picturesquely on his spade, when you catch the first glimpse. And you need not be at all shocked at the idea of coming out to look at him; because, as you are no contemptible gardener yourself, I wish your advice on some knotty points relative to the shape of a new flower bed.'

I followed Letitia to her garden, and found Mr. Romilly digging with all his might. I can best

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describe his appearance by negatives. He was neither tall nor short, stout nor lean, fair nor dark; not decidedly handsome, but possessing one of those delightful countenances, that when once seen, is never forgotten,—a face beaming with intelligence, benevolence, and good-humour. He was dressed in a sort of light jacket, his coat hanging on the door of the tool-house. After his bow of introduction, he immediately apologized to me for his appearance; adding, with a gesture of mock reverence to Letitia, 'My mistress makes me work so hard, that I am obliged to doff my surtout.'

We soon got into conversation on the merits of bog-earth, and other garden amendments, and continued our discussion till Louisa and Maria joined us, to give notice that luncheon was ready.

'If you mean to be charitable enough to give a poor gardener his dinner, Miss Montague,' said Mr. Romilly, 'I shall continue at my work an hour or two longer, and ask no luncheon, except a bottle of ginger-beer.'

At dinner he was seated between Louisa and myself. He was certainly studiously attentive to her; but not so exclusively engrossed as to prevent him from addressing much lively conversation to me. My dear Louisa did the honours of her father's table with her usual graceful dignity; there was nothing of the bashful confusion of the love-sick girl about her; but as I cautiously, yet attentively, watched her, I thought I could perceive a flush on her cheek, and a brilliancy in her eye, that bespoke an intense feeling of enjoyment. Mr. Montague appealed to Mr. Romilly for his opinion on the contents of each column of the London newspaper he had been read-

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ing; Letitia took the opportunity of her father's pauses to talk to him about annuals and perennials; while dear little Emma, (as we still absurdly persisted in calling her, though she was now the tallest of the sisters, and turned seventeen,) sat looking at him with unfeigned admiration, as if he had been the eighth wonder of the world.

In the evening I had a specimen of another of Mr. Romilly's accomplishments. He possessed a fine bass voice, and a considerable knowledge of music: Louisa did not sing, but she was an excellent pianist; she therefore, in concert phrase, 'presided at the piano-forte,' while Letitia, Emma, and their accomplished guest, sung trios, catches, and glees, in a style that reminded me of my youthful days, and Messrs. Elliotts, King, and Evans.

The account of this, the day after my arrival, might serve equally well as the account of many succeeding days. When the weather was too warm to admit of Mr. Romilly pursuing his horticultural labours, his gardener did so under his direction. When the American plants were all deposited in the ground, plants from other quarters made their appearance; until the gardens of Letitia and Emma threatened to cover the whole pleasure-grounds.

I had determined, before I saw him, that I would not like him; but I found this was easier said than done. He was, in some respects, a singular character. Having always considered him the undoubted heir of Elmwood, his father had given him an education suitable to his expected station in society. After leaving Oxford, he had travelled on the continent with a highly intelligent and accomplished tutor, who, being many years older than

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himself, possessed much influence over him, and who, instead of permitting him to waste his time in the frivolous way too often pursued by youthful travellers, directed his attention to every object that could enlarge his mind, improve his taste, or impart to him useful knowledge. With all these risks of becoming a *savan*, or a *virtuoso*, Edward Romilly was neither; he had gained all the advantages his tutor desired for him, without injuring the unaffected simplicity of his truly English character. His chief aim in life apparently was, to receive and impart enjoyment; he had seen and read much, and was daily making new acquisitions in knowledge; but his sole motive seemed to be, to provide his contribution to the *agrémens* of life; and so far was he from trying to show himself off in conversation, that he appeared to furnish his quota of information rather as a duty, and in order to entitle him to the communications of others, than as considering it particularly valuable.

As there were few subjects of which he had not some knowledge, he could make himself an agreeable companion to every one. He talked of politics with Mr. Montague, of books with Louisa, of flowers with Letitia, and of music with Emma. Nor were he and I destitute of topics in common: he was, though a conservative, (I beg pardon for the uncomplimentary *conjunction*,) a great friend to popular education, which his predecessor, *though* a whig, had miserably neglected on his estates; and he was now engaged in making inquiries respecting the population of the villages and hamlets on his property, with the view of building schools. We had many discussions on his future plans; and I was delighted with the good sense, and knowledge of the human

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mind, which he displayed in the prudent and widely-planned schemes he spake of, for the moral improvement of the people.

His manners were a happy mixture of the attentive gallantry of the continent, and good old English sincerity. He had that preference for female society which is generally manifested in amiable men; but he treated women as rational companions; not as idols to be worshipped, or play-things to be jested with. Nor were his attentions exclusively devoted to the young and handsome; he appeared to seek from each whatever she was able to impart of amusement or instruction; and even aunt Patty came in for her full share of his friendly notice.

Such was the fair side of Edward Romilly's character. He often reminded me of the young man whom our Saviour loved, but to whom he said, "Yet lackest thou one thing." The one thing lacking in him, was a heart devoted to God. He had that respect for the externals of religion which every man of sense possesses; he had even more—he manifested much of what is called pious feeling; that is, he entertained such sentiments towards a Supreme Being as might be suitable to an unfallen creature: the expression of his devotional feelings, if addressed to God, would probably have been in the strain of Adam and Eve's morning hymn. But to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, he had the usual enmity of the carnal mind; he had no idea of the fall of man, save as an excuse for his infirmities; nor any idea of the gospel, beyond a vague notion that the merits of Christ make up the balance of our deficiences. Spiritual religion he viewed as a gloomy and austere thing, interfering with men's innocent

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enjoyments, and breaking up the harmony of society. Though I never heard him directly state all this, I had no difficulty in ascertaining that such were his opinions, as Maria Compton had an abundance of anecdotes, which she was very fond of narrating, of the mischief and dissension caused in families, where one of the members took religious whims, as she called them. He cordially assented to all she said; and when I ventured to express my opinion on the subject, he turned it off with a polite indifference, which plainly said, 'At your age, women may be as religious as they please.'

MARTHA MARKWELL.

THOU art a dim-seen speck upon the main,
My country; like one star amid the sky;
But where thou settest, where shall rise again,
An orb to burn with kindred majesty?
All nations of the earth look unto thee,
And proud thou smilest in the general gaze;
If e'er to traitorous yoke thou bend'st the knee,
Awful will be thy freedom's final days!
Thy death shall share the glory of thy life,
No chain shall clank round thy unsullied form,
But as thou'st ris'n in thunder and in strife,
So shalt thou sink in lightning and in storm.

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THE NATURE AND SIN OF UNBELIEF.

UNBELIEF is the natural consequence of a deceitful heart, which, having no foundation of its own to rest upon, is unable to bear up under the weight and preponderating influence of truth. It is only surprising that it can at all resist so potent an adversary; and indeed, when they encounter in the open field, it is soon trampled under foot: but unbelief is a kind of Proteus, for ever changing its shape and appearance. It has as many disguises as there are deceitful imaginations in the human heart; and when driven from one hiding-place, soon takes refuge in another. Like those hardy mountaineers, whose natural resources enable them to carry on a successful warfare against enemies more numerous and powerful than themselves, unbelief possesses the citadel of the heart as her native region, and employs all its powers against her unknown yet dreaded antagonist. The beams of truth must be reflected and refracted into a thousand various forms, ere they can reach its subtle deceptions, and will thus frequently lose much of their pure and colourless simplicity.

Since there is no believing a moral truth, of which there is no moral evidence existing in the mind, it is manifestly impossible that the evil heart of unbelief can receive the testimony which God has given of his Son. Who can believe in the existence of a feeling he has neither known nor understood? Can

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a heart wrapt up in selfish desires and gratifications, so much as conceive of an uncalled-for, unlooked-for, unmerited, self-devoting exercise of love, on the part of a Being infinitely great, towards creatures infinitely vile and miserable? Surely to a mind of this description such love would appear to be little better than folly and absurdity. Faith is therefore a principle implanted in the heart; whoever believes in the love of Christ for sinners, must have "the witness in himself," the witness of his affections, and of his understanding, that this love is neither contrary to reason nor to the feelings of his heart. But we must not wait until our understanding and affections are properly constituted for receiving the testimony of Jesus; for it is by the act of believing him to be the Son of God that the enmity of the heart is conquered. He thus becomes our brother and our flesh; as such we are constrained to love him. By assuming our suffering nature he has performed the part of a Kinsman Redeemer, and therefore as the Head and Representative of the whole family in heaven and earth, we yield him our cheerful and grateful obedience. All things are possible with God; but the sinner that has been brought into fellowship with him by his Son, can conceive of no other means that could ever have led him cordially to adore his power and reverence his will. So deep and so black is the apostacy of nature, that we need to see how it could mar the features of Deity, and sadden His countenance, in whose presence is the fulness of joy, before we can perceive its true character, and how deadly a sting those very sins could inflict upon the Holy and Just One, which have been too often our jest and plaything.

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Faith in the love of Christ is therefore the state of a renewed heart, and unbelief that of an unregenerate one. Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God, and although the various fruits of the Spirit may not have had time to manifest themselves in his life and conversation, the seeds are implanted in his soul, and will assuredly spring forth. This consideration will serve to vindicate the doctrine of justification by faith from the charge of licentiousness which has frequently been brought against it. In vain shall we attempt to raise beautiful blossoms from a withered and corrupted stock, for who can be so unwise as to expect the former, until he has laboured by cultivation to rectify the latter? How does it become them all who labour for the souls of others, to lay that only foundation of internal purity and holiness, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Where he is made the centre of our hopes and affections, every divergent thought and feeling will be correct and uniform; where he is wanting, our labours to improve the streams will be continually checked and rendered fruitless, by the impurity of the fountain!

It is not enough considered in these days of heartless profession, how much our sentiments and habits influence our belief. An ignorant savage would not credit us, were we to assure him that a vessel would be set in motion by the power of steam; but a person who has applied himself to the study of physics, however ignorant of the fact, would find no difficulty in believing its possibility. The savage might indeed, upon perceiving that we were more enlightened than himself, be induced to give a species of assent to our representations, and this because from his

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want of information he would be unable to advance one reasonable argument against them. But this is quite distinct from a belief of the truth we have set before him, for the reception of which he must be acquainted with the properties of steam and the laws of mechanism. And this just describes the state of assent to the doctrines of the gospel which is too often dignified by the name of faith in the present day. Many there are so ignorant of their true nature, that they have either nothing to object against them, or dare not oppose the shallow conceits of their own minds to the declaration of persons who they perceive are better informed on the subject than themselves; and so they call themselves believers, and glory over many who are at least more honest than themselves in openly declaring their objections to the truth. If there be one state of mind more hopeless than another, it is this compound of dulness and deceit, this assumption of a belief for our own advantage, of which we neither perceive the nature nor feel the efficacy.

They only, who endeavour to act up with honesty of purpose to the dictates of conscience, however unenlightened, are fitted like the student before mentioned, to receive the truth when it shall be faithfully set before them. The knowledge of their own hearts will have prepared them to welcome the precious doctrine of the atonement, while the conviction that their desires after this great salvation are indeed sincere, will encourage them to draw nigh to God for an abiding assurance that they are themselves personally interested in every glorious promise;—a belief in the doctrine of the universal atonement is only the paved court of the sanctuary,

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which, having attained, we must seek to enter within the veil. The absolute sovereignty of God, his power to kill and to make alive, must be honoured in the doctrine of particular election—by our drawing nigh to him as individuals, and obtaining at his hands an evidence that our names are written in the book of life. There are many persons who disregard this witness of the Spirit, and contend that it is unbelief to require more than the fair testimony of scripture, "that whosoever believeth in Jesus shall not perish but have everlasting life." This would be true if God were not accessible but by his word, if he were not the living, prayer-answering God, who requires us to pour out our hearts before him, with all their secret desires, and miseries, and wants. It would be true if the springs of all belief, and hope, and confidence, and love were not in his hands: most assuredly he will meet those who thus confess that their souls depend on Him, and reveal himself to their earnest importunities, in a manner which those who remain satisfied with his general assurances cannot so much as conceive to be possible.

Christianity is not a string of maxims, an assemblage of doctrines—a set of opinions—a collection of subtleties; it is the knowledge of the living God; it is a new creation; it is light, and life, and peace, and love; it is deliverance from the dominion of Satan; it is adoption into the family of God; it is eternal union with his well-beloved Son. These are realities to the attainment of which a mere speculative belief can avail nothing—they are truths in which the heart is deeply, incalculably interested. The name of Jesus may, indeed, dwell like a lovely song upon the lips, while the world triumphs in the

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heart, God may be formally acknowledged as the author of all good, while Satan is really served for what he can bestow. But where is the Boanerges who can arouse such sleepers from their fatal security; who can reveal to them that although found with empty lamps among the wise, the Bridegroom at his glorious coming will not own them to be his? Ah! surely he is the only safe and happy man who, in all situations and under all circumstances, lives a life of faith upon the Son of God, and learns habitually to rest his hopes and expectations of happiness upon him. Such a character will be uniformly consistent, calm, and dignified. His heart purified by a flame of celestial love, though itself unsubdued by sorrow and adversity, is tenderly alive to the distresses of his fellow-creatures. Self-love does not monopolize his labours, nor sensuality consume his resources; he lives *for* others, *to* God, and *by* Jesus Christ. This is a state of being of which philosophy never dreamed, and which the righteousness of the law, so far from realizing, cannot even consider possible. It is reserved for the despised ones of the earth, and enjoyed most under the pressure of those external trials which render heavenly things more deeply interesting. Faith is no empty shadow, being the very substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen, it enables the believer, when under its transforming influence, to delight in his promised blessings with as much security as though he already trod the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, and joined in the song of Moses and the Lamb!

J. D.

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SUNSET, DUSK, AND NIGHT.

WHEN sunset pours its beams of richest dye—
Its golden lustre o'er the earthly scene,
And decks with rainbow colours all the sky
That rolls above us splendid and serene;
We hail the glowing pomp with glances keen,
Gaze till the glorious pageantry departs,
And almost deem,—those vivid clouds between
From whence the purest radiance dazzling darts,—
That heaven's far portal opens to attract our hearts.

Too soon, alas! sad evening's mantle grey
Enwraps the sparkling hour, and veils from view
The mellow tints that fair receding day
With farewell warmth o'er skies and nature threw.
See! mournful dusk in robe of darker hue
Mid falling mists begins a sullen reign—
Cheerless memorial, like funereal yew,
That beauty, splendour, gladness ne'er remain,
But ev'ry charm must fade, all pleasure yield to pain.

Yet passing minutes bring delightful change!
Ten thousand sparks the depths of ether show,
A philosophic eye in air's wide range
Beholds unnumber'd solar systems glow,
And worlds on further worlds progressive grow.
Though here below be darkness dim as death
Those founts of light above unceasing flow,
Types of eternal joys when all beneath
Has disappear'd from man with his expiring breath.

E. H. S.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH CLERGYMAN.

No. III.

WIDOW SLATER.

WHEN the English traveller passes through Ireland, he marks the wretched appearance of our peasantry, their squalid looks, their miserable hovels, the tattered rags which constitute their clothing. He sympathizes with the feelings of proud indignation which, as he imagines, swell in the bosom of the descendants of the lords of the district, which their sons now cultivate for another; while they enjoy less than the hardest task-master would afford as the allowance of his slaves: and listens with intensity of interest to the spirit-stirring tale, or to the deep melody of the song of complaint. He soon finds, however, that the people do not desire the comforts of civilized life; but, even in those districts where there is most discontent and disturbance, the contest is not for their due proportion of social enjoyment, but for savage independence, or sanguinary rule. And a moment's reflection must show him that this indignation, these notes of woe, can only arise from more enlightened minds, beholding the misery around—the coronach sung over a dead country by some living son. That the mass of the people, reared in privation and hardship, scarcely feel their corporeal wants, unless

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when cold or hunger actually press them to extremity; and, except when a thirst for vengeance against they know not whom, is roused by some wily demagogue, that their mind remains in a state of acquiescence with its misery, alike removed from the dignity of content and the gloom of despondency; and thus while the stranger's sorrow kindles into indignation, his pity freezes into contempt.

There is, however, an exception to the general rule; there is a people who share in the common degradation, while their minds continue painfully alive to their situation, and not only preserve the keen sense of depression, but acquire a degree of morbid susceptibility, an intensity of wayward pride, that shows itself in a thousand fantastic and often most revolting shapes. Protestantism stands, in Ireland, like the scathed oak among the reeds; it could not yield, could not bend to the storm, and therefore has been broken, and its rent branches lie withering on the green sod around. The history of the national church is the history of too many of her children, who have said—

> And of this stem a sapling weak
> Will never bend, though it may break.

When misfortune, oppression, or, alas! what too often occurs, their own misconduct, or that of some near connection, has reduced a Protestant peasant to the common level, it is then that the cup of woe is filled to the brimming, and not one bitter ingredient is left out. What are cold hunger, nakedness—the names which most we dread—to them. Wounded pride, the pride of independence, the pride of family, the pride of sect, returns, like the elephants of

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Porus, to trample down every other feeling, or alternately to aggravate or to silence the cries of nature. 'Ah, sir,' said a poor woman, whose children (she having married a Roman Catholic) were all Romanists, 'Ah, sir, when my house fell down, you know I went to my daughter's, but she got tired of me when I would not join with them, and she put me in the cow-house; and last night, when she *could*, kept me awake, at first I began to think how they, the Romanists, were coming over us, and that maybe they would pull down King William (the statue of William the Third); and what would become of us then?—and the thoughts would not let me sleep at all.' Another, whom I *besought* to go to the house of a wealthy and benevolent clergyman, who was giving out beef to the poor, told me, 'When I found myself there alone among them all, like a sheep in the midst of wolves, and when I found no more respect paid to me nor another, I wished the earth would swallow me up—I would rather; and so would every one of them (her family) die with hunger, than go there again.'

Pride was the great tormentor in both these cases; but in that which I am going to write, it was only one among many, though probably that one which gave its character to the whole. I have never seen a country resembling that in which Widow Slater resided; it was neither rich in cultivation, wooded, or mountainous, yet it had a peculiar wildness, that made it appear, to the eye that loves wild and romantic scenery, even beautiful. I have often thought that each field might represent my native land; here a patch of carefully but unwisely tilled ground, bearing a crop more beautiful than abundant; there a

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naked rock standing in stern barrenness, and again a rocky space, 'unprofitably gay' with the contrasted yet accordant hues of the furze and the heather, while perhaps in its bosom lay a single ridge of potatoes or corn, proving that, however deficient we undeniably are in the art of turning our labour to good account, we are unjustly accused of want of industry. I have often seen a single potato-ridge winding its way among large broken stones and furze; above, the ivy-covered rock, rising more and more steeply, till it become precipitous, while the yellow wheat, bending over the cliff, was backed by the clear blue sky, the whole presenting nothing very good which you will not find better elsewhere—nothing very beautiful, but interesting because wild and fantastic, exhibiting in close juxtaposition things usually placed widely asunder, and manifesting capabilities of improvement in what seemed most irreclaimable. This is the ordinary scenery; but when you ascend one of the cliffs or hills with which the country abounds, the prospect becomes indeed magnificent: the wild land has opened her bosom to receive the ocean, and every variety of rock and estuary, bay, lake, island, river, cliff, cultivated land, seem, according to the season, to smile in harmonious concord, or carry on ferocious war; while the mountains and ocean, which bound the view, stand as the proud directors of the combat, or the joyous and parental spectators of the union.

On one of these heights stood the cabin in which Widow Slater resided, commanding a fine view of T—— bay, and the bold cliffs which shelter it to the south and west. She appeared, when I first saw her, about eighty years of age; her figure was tall, strong

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built, and commanding; her features large and marked, but not coarse; her deep black eyes, though dimmed by age and sorrow, still shone with considerable beauty; her manners were stern, abrupt, and unbending, and the whole appearance seemed to exhibit a powerful and commanding mind. I rejoiced in the prospect of bringing before such an one the blessed message which could heal her wounds, and comfort while it subdued her; but I could find no opening. I tried all the arts by which I had found age, dullness, and indifference led at least to yield a patient attention to the word of peace, but in vain: all I could gain was a movement of the head, indicative of deep despondency, with the reply, 'I am stupid—I can't learn now—I am too old—I have no sense; teach *them* (pointing to her children), but it is useless to talk to me.' Once, however, her heart so far opened to me, as to lead her to tell me the sad tale which threw its shadows over her dimmed and broken mind. 'Aunt, sister, or daughter,' she said, 'never laid their hand on me; except my mother, I never had a female relation; I was reared among men, and men only have I reared. I had sixteen sons; I followed ten to the grave, but I had the father and the eldest boy—a beautiful young man of one-and-twenty—when both the one and the other were taken with the fever. I watched over them for three weeks, that I never raked the fire or laid my side upon a bed: they both died in one week. The sight left my eyes when they carried them out, and I lost my senses,' (became stupified,) 'and I never had sense or feeling since but for *one thing*. After that, poor Mick did his best, and I tried to give the children learning; I could give none to Mick, for I had

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no one else to help me; but I determined to give William learning, and I was content to go to bed without my supper—as often I did—if he could read; so we spared him from the work, and leaned on ourselves,' (bore hardship,) 'and when the quarter's schooling came round (there were no free schools then), I had a new gown, and I sold it to pay it; and when the next came, the meal-chest was empty—he was gone that used to fill it—and now it was no use to me, so I gave it too; and that way we got on till William could read, and we thought it all nothing when he was able to read a chapter for us: so you may learn him and John, and maybe poor Mick too, and the children, but as for me, my sense is gone out of my head, and I am stupified, and dead, and dull.' I inquired what was the one thing of which she spoke as still capable of rousing her feelings.

'I had a brother,' she replied, with evident emotion, 'he was a good brother, and would never have seen me want. And he was married to a decent woman, and had nine fine children; the two eldest boys were bound to his own trade, for he was a hatter; they were as tall as himself, and they were all well to do in the world. He lived in the town of G——, and he and the two boys were Orangemen. So one day he went, with his wife and the two boys, to a fair in the country, and while they were selling their hats, the *Romans* began to cry out for the head of an Orangemen, and the two boys ran away, and the people after them, and at last they got over a gentleman's wall and were saved—*he* tried to run too, but they knocked him down—they beat him on the head till he was nearly dead. His wife was in a tent, but when she saw her husband down, she

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screamed, and threw herself upon him to cover him: so they said she was the Orangeman's wife, and were going to kill her, but the women of the tent said she was only a well-wisher of his, that was sorry to see her neighbour hurt, and pulled her away. Then they returned to him, and before he was dead,' (here her voice faltered and the tears stood in her eyes—I never heard her voice falter or saw her shed a tear before or since) 'before he was dead they treated him most cruelly. A subscription was made for the widow and orphans, and they were sent to England —I never heard more of them.'

But remembrance of these past sorrows and their stunning effect was not widow Slater's only affliction; she was in deep poverty, and carried with her an unbending haughty spirit which could not let her yield, while she had a heart of affection, which could not live without tenderness. It is not to man alone that female society is necessary, the female companion of men must either become unsexed, or, remaining feminine, must live on everlasting homage The peculiar situation of this poor widow had served to nourish her faults; the only female of her family through three generations, she might enjoy the full flow of filial, connubial or parental tenderness, without having one to contradict her will, or to interfere in her particular line of duty; and not only was she thus freed from female interference, but her actions were in a manner placed above law; for men who are closely connected with but one woman regard her failings as the failings of woman in general, and often hate or undervalue the sex for the errors of her whom they respect and admire as the brightest example of its virtues; and thus her stern tenderness,

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her imperious affections, were indulged and cherished till shortly before the time I first saw her. It is true her two eldest sons had married; one lived at a distance, the other almost at her door, and she had quarrelled with the wife of the latter: another son had left her and gone she knew not whither; still her two youngest and favourite children remained unmarried, and she, though in poverty and bereavement, was comparatively happy. But now William was married; a daughter-in-law was brought into the house that had been hers, and peace was gone. After a little time the cabin was divided. Those who know what an Irish cabin is, may judge what one of the most wretched of those dwellings must have become, when divided into two. Henceforth the gospel was no longer rejected on the ground of present dullness, or past sorrows—she was 'too troubled'—'people *ris* (excited, irritated) her;' 'perhaps it was her own fault—every thing was her fault, some people said; but she was not content—she could not mind, with sorrow and grief of heart.' At length her remaining son married, and badly; her indignation knew no bounds, 'she did not rear children to marry Tom Upton's daughter;' and soon she had, so far as I can judge, reason for dissatisfaction. But I find I am rather telling of her errors than her sorrows; the fact is, however, that calamity so desolating as hers rarely falls on those who do not call it down, and it is easier to detail errors than sentiments, particularly when the passions work on subjects that seem contemptible. Yet on what are the passions of unregenerate man exercised that is not contemptible, and what more awful than that an immortal object of divine compassion should

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have their passions thus called forth? And the terrific character which the fall has impressed on them is exhibited in the inverse ratio of the importance of the exciting cause. I have seen her dark eye flashing, her brow knit, her lip quivering, and the natural tremor of her aged hand changed into an almost convulsive movement, when, by attempting to heal family differences, I have drawn forth the statements on either side, statements perhaps concerning the quantity of tobacco, milk, or fish consumed by, or denied to her. Once when I told her she was wrong, she rushed from the house, and was with difficulty prevailed on to return; and more than once, on some real or imaginary offence, she has gone out and refused to come home till night, or taste food till the following day. She would tell me then of better days, of great relations—one a titled commoner—who would relieve her if she would go to them; yet it was evident her wish was not to go to them, but exalt her importance at home.

At last her eldest son, after struggling for years, determined to take his family to America; they went, and her sorrow was as deep as though she had always lived on the most cordial terms with them; for she was truly affectionate, and had it not been for the master-demon, pride, her children would have been her delight. Soon after this she left them, and went to reside with a poor widow who received her for charity. The next spring William emigrated, with his family; her other son had died, and no one remained to her but the youngest, and his unamiable wife.

I saw her a few days after this last bereavement; it had, for the time, unsettled her reason. 'They

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tell me of nothing but ships,' she said, 'and I keep sailing, sailing. I believe I will soon be in America after William; the captain said he would take me, but I had no clothes, so they left me, and I see the vessels coming and going before my eyes.' She could hear nothing then, but at my next visit she, for the first time, seemed to listen with attention to the gospel invitation, and confessed in a softened voice it was pleasant to think we had an advocate with the Father; that it was a comfort to a bereaved heart to think that God had so loved us as to give His only Son for us: there was then a softening in her manner, and even in her look, but a smile had never relaxed her features, or one glance of pleasure beamed from her eyes. The God of the widow has, however, placed her in gentle and soothing care: 'I have,' said her kind hostess, 'neither food or milk to give her, but she is welcome to what I have—to share of my little cabin, and to peace and love and joy, and my little girl to wash her rags!' Now, He who has made her desolate, who did *not* "temper the wind to the shorn lamb,' but left her to the pelting of the pitiless storm, has, I trust, taught her as man cannot teach. Speaking to a friend not long ago of an adult class which she now attends in a cabin near her, she said, 'I can't answer the questions he puts to me, nor I can't tell what he says, or what they are about, but the words goes down into my heart, and makes me have thoughts about God that I never had before, and that just takes the grief out of me.'

Yes; Protestantism viewed as a system of enlightenment but quickens the susceptibilities of anguish and causes the iron to enter into their soul: but Protestantism viewed as the depository of the word, as

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keeping a people ready for the Lord is, indeed, as many a ransomed soul can testify, God's blessed ordinance, for preserving truth in the land; its children too often, alas! are, like Hagar, fainting for thirst in the wilderness; but, like her, they are beside a well of springing water though they see it not, and when once the Lord opens their eyes to behold the treasure, they have no distance to travel, no ties to break, no prejudices of sect to overcome, but hear the invitation: "Drink, yea drink abundantly, oh beloved!" and to them may the command be applied, "Drink waters out of *thine own* cistern and running waters out of *thine own* well."

H. B.

THAT venerated Christian Lady, Mrs. Hannah More, seeing some one personally adorned beyond what she considered to be the gospel standard, characterized the superfluities of her apparel by the scriptural and appropriate phrase, a "superfluity of naughtiness."—*From a private Friend of Mrs. More's.*

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THINGS REVEALED.

"Things revealed belong unto us, and to our children for ever."—Deut. xxix. 29.

How often do we hear it affirmed that there are subjects in the word of God that can only lead to speculation, and are too deep for the human mind to investigate; that we have no right or liberty to search into that which is not essential to our salvation, and therefore that such subjects should altogether be abandoned as unsuitable and dangerous.

A simple recognition of our position of dependance, and allegiance to our God, shows us the authority with which *every* word of His lays claim to our attention, whilst our obligation and responsibility are increased by our privilege as *children*. In a child of God, this fearfulness of studying and meditating on the *whole* of revealed truth arises from ignorance of his privilege and of the unity of scripture; the mind is fixed on the work of Christ in his incarnation—truly an inexhaustible theme for love, joy, praise and gratitude! but should our attention to this all-important and, as regards salvation, all-sufficient subject, exclude all other revelation that God has graciously condescended to bestow on us? should we reject what He in mercy gives us, and confine our minds to this one exhibition of divine love, and to our individual salvation—if all other subjects are

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to be disregarded by the true followers of the Redeemer, are they writen merely for the unbeliever, the unconverted? This cannot be. To them who *believe* have all things been given freely and fully; (1 Cor. iii. 22.) as to them alone is Christ precious. (1 Peter ii. 7.) All circumstances and objects, past, present and future, that manifest His glory, must or surely ought to be dear to God's children, joint heirs with Christ! no fragment of scripture can be indifferent, because all treats of Him; the office of the Holy Spirit is to reveal Him. "He searches all things, yea, the deep things of God," and "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy:" "we have a sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place." (2 Peter i. 19.) It is by prophetic research alone that Christ is presented to us in *all* the revealed exhibitions of His character, it leads us into scenes that are the results of all His dealings with mankind; it manifests Satan's future acts, and thus casts a light upon his secret and covert workings, so that we may no longer "be ignorant of his devices;" in temptation it warns, and in the midst of sorrows and conflicts it presents to our view glory and immortality: in the power of prediction it shews forth the sovereignty and fore-knowledge of our Creator, as the alone source of governing action, even in the midst of evil. Satan will always oppose prophecy, and endeavour to cast it into disrepute, for it is the sentence of death to all his plans; some are afraid of this study from its abuse, but is not contempt of it declared to be an awful sign of the last days, (2 Peter iii. 4.) and predicted in the parable of the faithless servant? Matt. xxiv. 42, 51. Others

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argue that it is only useful as evidence after fulfilment; yet if this were admitted, how can they know what has been accomplished, without research, and what authority have they to pronounce upon the unrevealed purposes of God, and to set up conjectures in opposition to his express command? His declaration is, "Blessed is he that readeth the words of this prophecy," and having no reference to any particular portion, or part thereof, it should be sufficient to dissipate all such unfounded assertions. Some will cavil, that all study that does not bear upon the present moment, is useless and imaginative; till the incarnation, where was any salvation, except in prophetic hope, and where now the force of any truth, severed from things future? such themes raise the tone of the mind from temporal to spiritual things, and bring it into fellowship with those angelic beings who desire to look into, not only the sufferings of Christ "but the glory that should follow." 1 Pet. i. 12. That many of the excellent of the earth are opposed to prophetic views, to the ministration of angels, and all such subjects that interest and engage their attention, is but too true, yet this does not alter the principle. In rejecting *any* part of revealed truth, we are unquestionably led by our *own* spirit, which is necessarily enmity against God, *because* the spirit of fallen man, (Rom. viii. 7,) and as has been said, "if any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant," (1 Cor. xiv. 38.) Let those who have experienced comfort and joy in such subjects, "be ready always to give a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear," (1 Pet. iii. 15,) and bear with the infirmities of their brethren; and if they will urge, that to them prophecy is a dead letter, do they

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not acknowledge that the promise of blessing (in Rev. i. 3,) they do not believe,—that they have not really tried to understand it, nor asked for wisdom? A time of trial and the grand final manifestation of God's holiness are predicted as shortly to take place; Oh! may we all see the importance of that warning and exhortation addressed by Christ to his church, "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth." Blessed is he who is clothed with the marriage garment, that he may appear with boldness in the presence of his God; and now, when Christ says, "Surely I come quickly," is able to reply with the apostle, "Even so; come, Lord Jesus."

E.

LAURENCE SAUNDERS, ON THE EVE OF MARTYRDOM.

AND if we lack faith, as we do indeed many times, let us call for it, and we shall have the increase, both of it, and also of any other good grace needful for us: and be merry in God, in whom I am also very merry and joyful. O Lord, what great cause of rejoicing have we, to think upon the kingdom, which he vouchsafeth for his Christ's sake freely to give us, forsaking ourselves and following him! Dear wife, this is truly to follow him, even to take up our cross and follow him; and then as we suffer with him, so we shall reign with him everlastingly. Amen. —*Foxe.*

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THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

LIFE often seems to pass like a dream, from which, as conscious of the illusion, we feel that we can separate our deepest interest. But there are times when the transitory occurrences which touch the outward sense are, too intimately for division, blended with the most profound thoughts of the mind, the keenest emotions of the heart, the most intense consciousness of the soul; when the spirit and its case of clay seem not merely to participate each other's joys and sorrows, but to act with the full force of concentrated energy.

I was abroad when I received the tidings of my sister's short illness and unexpected death. Aware that my father considered it impossible for me to return home in time to attend the funeral, and would not therefore delay it beyond the brief period after death usual in that part of the country, I travelled day and night with unremitting speed, sparing neither horses, men, nor money. During this journey, all the powers of my soul, so lately engaged and interested by many things, were concentrated on one object—that of reaching my father's house before her interment. I seemed to expect and care for nothing else. At times, when bodily exhaustion produced a temporary diminution of restless activity, my spirit could rise to my heavenly Father, in sincere though apathetic acknowledgments of his love,

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his sovereignty, and my entire acquiescence in his will. But, oh! I cannot even now recal without a pang, the poignant grief that visited the dreams of my brief and broken intervals of sleep.

I was more than a mile yet from home, when I heard the tolling of the bell; it was the first sound that, since the news of her death, had given me anything like pleasure; it told me that the grave had not yet hidden her for ever from my sight. When passing the village church-yard I saw the heap of fresh earth near our burying-place, and the thought that the light of my eyes was also dust, struck my heart like a blow, of which the keenness yields to stupefaction of sense. I alighted at the house, calm and self-possessed, almost feeling as if I were walking in a dream.

The bier was in the hall, and tenants dressed in black, and garnished with white ribbons: some of the men wept when they saw me. I went straight to her chamber, but as I put my hand upon the door-lock an agonizing doubt crossed my mind: 'Oh, where does she herself now dwell? Idol of many hearts, did she supremely love the Saviour?' I went in. The undertaker was holding the lid over the coffin, in the act of fixing it on. Some servants stood by, gazing their last at my heart's darling. All stood back for me to look at her. The ghastly paleness of her cheek, the icy coldness of her hand, gave me the first, the horrible realization of the words: "She is dead." After a few moments of overwhelming grief, I looked at her again; at that marble brow whose beautiful inflections so lately expressed all that is brightest and noblest in woman's intellect; at the closed lids of those intelligent eyes

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which never met mine but with looks of kindness; that line of features, so lovely in itself, so fit a medium for the soul's light to shine through; those lips which, even when silent, used to tell of sense and sweetness! I held her hands—I kissed her cheek—I gazed upon her until a strange, wild hope dawned upon me.

With a firm hand I unbound the handkerchief from her head, but dared not, for a few moments, turn my eyes to her face to mark the effect of what I had done. When I did, the blood rushed tumultuously through my veins: I threw aside the flowers, thrust my hand within the shroud, and held it with breathless agitation on her heart. 'Does my own throbbing pulse delude me, or can hers faintly beat?' None answered me: but the nurse came near, and touched her, and I saw that there, indeed, was hope. I lifted the corpse-like girl from her coffin, laid her upon the bed, and threw my cloak around her over the robes of the grave. Restoratives were brought, and long used ineffectually, but at length she revived. I felt her breathing, moving, in my arms, met the fond looks of her sweet eyes, heard her voice bless me, and wept aloud for joy.

Would that this story might, at least, influence you not to bury your dead out of your sight until the commencement of that dreadful change which is the inimitable and unmistakeable seal of death!

VALE.

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SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. II.

WHO can say that religion cramps the intellect, checks the human mind in its lofty aspirings, or brings down imagination from those aerial heights, where it loves to soar in all the power and beauty of genius? And yet what a common mistake is this! How many labour under it—how long did I so myself! Because the path was narrow and strait, and the wayfarers therein enjoined to be simple, lowly, and child-like; because the Bible was a book for the cottage fire-side, and that to the poor and the ignorant the gospel was preached, how did I imagine that mental refinement was incompatible with religion, and that the bright torch of intellect must be utterly quenched upon its altars.

Widely different indeed is the case. How glorious is the pure and heavenly flame with which that torch burns, hallowed and purified by the light which is not of this dim world, even that light which shined in darkness. And imagination, that beautiful but, oh! how dangerous quality, when left to itself, —what a vast field does religion open for its lofty soarings! Alexander wished for new worlds, in his pantings after conquest: intellectual ambition, though differing in its object, is kindred in spirit to that which animated him; and revelation offers to

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the mentally ambitious a world as far above that which has before engrossed them, as the blaze of the noon-day sun surpasses in lustre the spark of the glow-worm. No, never is the human mind so largely exercised, so widened and dilated to the utmost stretch of its powers, as when, passing the narrow bounds of time and sense, it invokes the Holy Spirit of God, and commences its research into the things of eternity.

These reflections are suggested by what has lately been the theme of several Sabbath Musings, and a deep and mysterious theme it is, viz. the agency of angelic beings. While staying at Paris, about a month since, the subject was brought before a Protestant congregation by a clergyman of the Church of England, in a series of sermons; the text Heb. i. 14. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Had these discourses been delivered from the pulpits of Notre Dame or St. Roch, the strange, wild, metaphysical, and, as far as I could venture to judge, totally unscriptural views they contained, might have been accounted for. The several offices of our great High Priest and the Holy Spirit, were distinctly ascribed to the angelic beings; "to minister" was interpreted "to mediate."

But I mean not to censure or to criticize; to complain that those who sought that house of prayer, instead of bread received a stone; or that the hungering and thirsting after spiritual food were sent empty away. On the contrary, I never returned from a place of worship with more delightful feelings, never reflected with such a thrill of heart-felt gratitude, that those things were *not* as the preacher had repre-

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sented them; that an angel was *not* the Rock on which our hopes our founded, *not* the day's-man between poor guilty fallen man and his offended Maker.

We have no sympathy with the angels, comparatively speaking. They did not take upon them our weak nature, burdened with sufferings and infirmities; their visage was not so marred more than any man, or their form more than the sons of men; they were not wounded for our transgressions, or bruised for our iniquities. The iniquity of us all, the chastisetisement of our peace was not laid upon them; by their stripes, their agony and bloody sweat, we were not healed. It was not one of them whom it pleased the Lord to bruise, to put to grief, to make his soul an offering for sin: not one of them who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; or made for us men, and for our salvation—for us who despised and rejected him, who hid, and, alas, alas! do still hide, as it were our faces from him—the bitter acquaintanceship with grief, death, and the grave.

No, it was not an angel that did and suffered all this; with these bright beings sorrowing man knows no such sympathy. No human tears flowed down their cheeks at sight of helpless mortals in their hour of anguish and bereavement; no human head was ever pillowed on their breasts, in all the endearing confidence of friendship. Blessed be God, our Jesus, our Redeemer, took not on him the nature of angels, but was a partaker of flesh and blood, made in all things like unto us his brethren.

Oh, truth fraught with strong and unutterable consolation! Jesus the Son of God, Jesus who ever liveth to make intercession for us, can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He was in all

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points tempted like as we are; the sorrows of childhood, the toils of riper years, hunger, thirst, weariness, poverty, anguish of mind and body, shame, the cross and the sepulchre—he has tasted all. This is why in all our affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved us. In his love and in his pity he redeemed us, and carried us all the days of old. No wonder we should shrink from aught that would substitute an angelic being in the place of such a Saviour as this; no wonder that we should turn to him who has deigned to call himself our Friend and our Brother, with an humble trustful confidence, such as none besides, in earth or heaven, can inspire.

But we must beware of going into the contrary extreme, and disregarding altogether the agency of "ministering spirits." There are unseen wonders about our path and about our bed, invisible to our bodily eyes, which, if we could realize, would be of immense practical benefit. Idle speculations on the deep and mysterious things of God, are a mere waste of time and intellect; they draw off our attention from really useful objects, and, to use the quaint but forcible words of an old writer, keep us 'puzzling our heads when we should be searching our hearts.' But meditation on the influence of angels, cannot be termed an idle speculation. Were we to accustom ourselves to realize their presence, to remember that we are surrounded by hosts of bright spotless beings; could our eyes be opened, as were the eyes of Balaam, and we saw "the angel of the Lord standing in the way," how careful would it make us in our daily walk through life,—how would it animate and enliven us in the praises and thanksgivings we offer

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at the throne of grace, to bear in mind that angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, are joining with their harps and voices in that glad song!

In the awful hour of death—that hour, the penalty of sin, which even the firm believer in Christ cannot contemplate without some natural dread, we are allowed to expect the ministering of angels. Scripture informs us that when the beggar died, his soul was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, and daily experience confirms the truth of this their office to the departing spirit. 'I am convinced,' said Mr. H——t, a devoted minister of the gospel, in a conversation with some Christian friends, not many days since, 'I am convinced that the bed of every dying believer is surrounded by angelic beings, waiting to conduct the happy spirit to the presence of its God.' This is the precious testimony of one whose vocation and circumstances have brought him into daily and hourly contact with the bed of death.

Numerous instances rise into my mind, while I am writing to prove and confirm this delightful truth. One is of a child, the only hope of his parents, who it pleased the Lord should taste of death, while yet the cup of life was full to the brim, and sparkling. His mother sat beside him watching the last faint ebbings of expiring nature, when suddenly the dying boy gathered up his remaining energies, his eyes beamed with delight and animation, and he exclaimed, with a strong glad voice, 'Oh! who—who are those beautiful men and boys that are come to take me away?'

There is nothing so cheering and valuable as such expressions from the dying lips of *children*. Persons

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of riper years may deceive themselves and others. Constitutional causes,—a nervous temperament, for instance, combined with an imaginative and enthusiastic disposition, may produce a false excitement at the hour of death. All that has been read and heard and witnessed of the experience of others in a similar situation, may, perhaps, recur then, and acting on the weakened frame and heated fancy of one ardently straining after the same rapturous emotions, may cause a degree of spurious exultation.

But the unprejudiced, and, (humanly speaking) innocent mind of a child is free from all such previous and received impressions. Upon that 'virgin page' no by-gone memories are traced; no mingled feelings and associations rise to change its sweet simplicity, to force or to restrain its natural and genuine impulses. We feel that we can safely trust in the reality of those heavenly glimpses which it pleases their heavenly Father to grant his dying lambs, for their own support in that awful hour, and the unspeakable consolation of their sorrowing friends.

A few short months ago, that consolation was mercifully vouchsafed to one near and dear to myself; one whose earthly path has been watered with her tears; who, when she has gained her everlasting home, will be of those "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The bitter tears of early widowhood were scarcely dry, when it seemed good to him who chastens those he loves, to deprive her in the same sad week of two lovely children.

The last, his mother's darling, I had almost said her idol, but that her best affections were given long

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since to her divine Redeemer, was the living image of his father; that father, whose remains were mouldering in the grave when he was born into this weeping world to cheer his mother's widowed heart. Dear little H——! how have I seen his sweet eyes dance and sparkle, when they caught a glimpse of that slender, interesting form; how have I seen him weave around it his little arms, and hide his laughing cherub-face in those melancholy weeds! Many an ardent prayer rose from the mother's heart that swelled beneath them, that God would make her child his own. And so he did. The prayer was answered, and she blessed him for it, even in the pangs and agonies of her bereavement.

Bright was the ray of comfort that flashed from the lips of that precious boy as he lay in his mother's arms, expiring. 'Mamma,' he said, turning his dying eyes upon her, 'Mamma, I am going to *such* a beautiful place!'

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness! that goodness which tempers with mercy his severest dispensations. How like was this to the "light" which closes that most touching and heart-rending picture drawn by Pollok of her who 'walks among the tombs at noon of night, in miserable garb of widowhood.'

> 'A light from far illumes her face—a light
> That comes beyond the moon, beyond the sun—
> The light of truth divine, the glorious hope
> Of resurrection at the promised morn,
> And meetings then which ne'er shall part again.'

These are blessed anticipations,—it is sad to be obliged to leave them. It is sad to have to turn from the bright cherubim and seraphim to evil and ma-

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licious beings,—from the white-robed Gabriel to our arch and deadly foe, he who as a roaring lion is going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it, seeking whom he may devour.

And yet this is a contemplation, perhaps even more salutary than the other. It is well to have our minds penetrated with the idea that, in our conflict as soldiers and servants of Christ, we wrestle not merely against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Were this idea present oftener than it is, how carefully should we guard the avenues of our hearts! Were we to regard the vain, and rebellious, and unhallowed thoughts that enter there as the baleful whisperings of a malignant and deceitful spirit, who, in his untiring, and implacable, and restless enmity to our soul's welfare, spreads these, apparently, gossamer snares, to lure them to destruction; could we picture to ourselves the fiendish triumph with which Satan exults over the poor deluded victims he has blinded, how earnestly we would watch and pray lest we enter into temptation; how unceasingly we would look up to Him, who "in that he hath suffered being tempted, is able to succour them that are tempted."

No one that watches closely the workings of his own mind, for but one day, can be ignorant of the wily devices of Satan. The poor, simple peasant, who told his minister he was afraid to repeat his prayers aloud, lest the devil should overhear him, seems to have been better aware of the nature of the dark "principalities and powers," than many a more educated Christian. Who is it that has not felt,

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while on his knees, a sudden coldness steal over his heart, that perhaps a moment before was raised warmly and prayerfully toward the throne of grace? Who has not, at such times, been often startled by a flash of thought, some old long-forgotten memory, perhaps, summoned from the silent cell where it had lain buried, and brought to harass his mind and disturb his devotions, by him who

> '———— *trembles* when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees.'

Oh! let us beware how we give way to these seemingly trifling temptations; they are but the beginnings of sorrows. The downward path is a slippery one, and we are apt to be too secure.

Never can I forget the impression made on me by a fearful tale of one 'sold under sin,' a wretched slave of Satan, who, doubtless, once promised fair for this world and the next. Never before, was I so aware of the sort of communion (if I may use the expression) which evil spirits maintain with those who give themselves up to do their work; how they haunt their miserable victims with ceaseless terrors, surround their dying couches, and give them, at that despairing hour, a foretaste of the dreadful hell to which they are about to drag them!

It was an awful picture! that woman's death-bed scene; but I must not anticipate.

M. F. D.

[We have received from the writer a subsequent note, stating that when the above was written she had not seen the paper of R. H. F. in our last number. We are the better pleased at the coincidence of thought.—Ed.]

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IRISH SCHOOLS IN ST. GILES'.

SEVERAL of our kind contributors having expressed a wish for some information as to the progress of the school which they have so generously patronized, we gladly respond to the call.

These Irish free schools, situated in George-street, St. Giles, were first brought under the notice of our readers in the 'Chapters on Flowers' that recorded the zealous labours of our beloved friend Mr. Donald, in that dark and deserted quarter. The George-street schools were the only institutions of the kind existing in the Irish district, until, some years after their establishment, other excellent schools were opened in connexion with the Irish chapel in West-street, which lies on the other side of Holborn, at a considerable distance from our schools. The George-street institution, however, flourished until it pleased God to call to Himself the honoured instrument of incalculable good in that worst, and most desperate quarter of the place; while most of the young gentlemen who had ardently assisted him in the Sunday school, and who were principally Irish students, keeping their terms at our Inns of court, were removed to the sphere of their professional labours at home.

Every effort was made, by the few who remained, to keep the schools together, and those of the boys and infants were still supported: but that for the

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girls completely failed. The District Visiting Society did their utmost to save it; but their funds were exhausted: and their powerful, energetic pleader, Mr. Howels, had gone to join his beloved friend Donald before the throne of the Lamb.

It was then that we ventured on making our appeal, towards the close of 1835; for the deserted school-room was more than we could bear to look upon, knowing that its hapless inmates were cast into the surrounding desert, reeking with moral pollution in every form. At the very same time, and without any communication or concert whatever, a dear friend of our own, Miss Gordon, came forward in the spirit of love and faith, from a very distant part of the metropolis, opened the door, and assembled twelve girls. She wrote to apprize us of what she had done; and we, in reply, conveyed to her the first fruits of our appeal, just published. The Lord gave a signal blessing; contributions poured in; an excellent mistress was procured, Miss Gordon still vigilantly superintending, and the number increased, in a short time, to ninety girls, regular in their attendance, neat and orderly in their appearance, and improving beyond the most sanguine hope of their anxious friends. The District Visiting Society continued to devote their attention, and to share the general school-fund most liberally, rejoicing over the work: and it is a striking proof of what has been done, that we, having promised to add a penny to every weekly penny regularly deposited by the girls, for decent clothing and bibles, have, far beyond the utmost extent of our calculations, been called on for between five and six pounds for this delightful purpose.

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On the 22d of December, a little treat of milk and bread and butter, was given to our girls, previously to their separating for a short Christmas holiday. We were prevented from attending; but received a letter from an invaluable friend to poor St. Giles', whose time, thought, talents, means, and professional skill have been unreservedly devoted to that miserable district for a long course of years. He writes, 'You would have rejoiced to see the well-regulated and well-taught children Miss Gordon has assembled together: her energies are directed into a happy channel, and the mistress, Miss Pechini, has carried out admirably the system of instruction. There were between 60 and 70 girls; their good behaviour and their cleanly appearance would raise a doubt in the mind of a spectator of their being inhabitants of the wretched district, and yet they are: and when listening to their ready and scriptural answers to the questions proposed, one looked upon them as so many little missionaries or seed-vessels, sent out to carry the word of God into their dark and barren neighbourhood. Our infants and our boys made a goodly show; altogether nearly two hundred children out of the moral cess-pool of the metropolis! The rectors of the two parishes, Mr. Tyler and Mr. Short, were present at the examination, and expressed their satisfaction.'

Now this precious work is really and truly the work of the supporters of the Christian Lady's Magazine, stirred up by the Spirit of God to provide those means which, at the same time, He also stirred up others thus effectually to apply. The part of St. Giles' in which our school opens its inviting doors, is that which few, very few respectable persons ever ven-

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ture into. It is called 'the Rookery,' and lies north of Holborn; George-street, which runs thence to Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, forming the eastern boundary; and it includes about eight streets and lanes, the condition of which almost defies any attempt at description: though we are inclined to give a sketch of it, from constant *personal* observation, in a future number, together with a short narrative of some touching cases occurring within our own immediate knowledge. For the present this will suffice, to prove to the benevolent friends of our interesting school, that their labour has not been in vain in the Lord.

C. E.

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THE AGED WOMAN.

If she be a mother—one of those fond mothers who expect that mere indulgence is to win the lasting regard of their children—what sad thoughts must crowd upon her at every fresh instance of unkindness, and every additional proof that she has fallen away from what she was, both in her own, and others' estimation.

Over the brow that now frowns upon her, she has, perhaps, watched with unutterable tenderness through the long night, when every eye but her's was sleeping. The lips that now speak to her coldly, or answer her with silence when she speaks, she has bathed with the welcome draught when they were parched and burning with contagious fever. The scorn with which her humble pretentions are looked down upon, arises in the hearts of those for whose higher intellectual attainments she has made every sacrifice, and exerted every faculty. And what if she be unlearned in the literature of modern times, she understands deeply and feelingly the springs of affection, and tenderness, and sorrow. She knows, from what source flow the bitterest tears—a thankless child!

She sees the young glad creatures of another generation sporting around her, and her thoughts go back to the playmates of her childhood, some reduced to the lowest state of helplessness or suf-

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fering, some dead, and some forgotten. She hears the reluctant answer when she asks a kindness of one of the merry group, and she thinks of the time when kindness was *more freely granted* her, though *far less needed* than now. She starts at the loud laugh, but cannot understand the jest, and no one explains it to her listening ear. She loses the thread of earnest conversation, and no one restores the clue. She sits within the social circle, but forms no link in the chain of social union. Her thoughts and feelings cannot harmonize with those of her juvenile companions, and she feels, in all its bitterness, that least tolerable portion of human experience—what it is to be desolate in the midst of society—surrounded by kindred and friends, and yet alone.

Let the aged woman be no longer an object of contempt. She is helpless as a child, but as a child she may be learning the last awful lesson of her heavenly Father. Her feeble step is trembling on the brink of the grave, but her hope may be firmly planted on the better shore which lies beyond. Her eye is dim with suffering and tears, but her spiritual vision may be contemplating the gradual unfolding of the gates of eternal rest. Beauty has faded from her form, but angels in the world of light may be weaving a wreath of glory for her brow. Her lip is silent, but it may be waiting only to pour forth celestial strains of gratitude and praise. Lowly, and fallen, and sad, she sits among the living, but exalted, purified and happy, she may arise from the dead.

Then turn, if thou wilt, from the aged woman in her loneliness, but remember *she is not forsaken of her God.*

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ON THE ABUSE OF SUPERFLUITIES.

MADAM,

I HAVE been a reader of your magazine from its commencement. An attentive reader, because it passes from my hands to those of several young females, whose best interests demand my cares. Occasionally I meet with papers that do not exactly accord with the rule, that every one should please his neighbour to his good, for edification; and then I feel bound to point out to my youthful friends the particulars in which we differ, with my own reasons for dissent, leaving them to judge for themselves. I can safely do this, as you have not admitted into your pages anything of a directly dangerous tendency. Your last number, however, contains an article, of which you must pardon me, if I say, that you must either have overlooked its obvious bearing, or else have greatly relaxed in your accustomed watchfulness over the work which seems to be entirely under your control.

I have heard it currently reported, that the lady who signs G. E. M., in your pages, is a writer of considerable eminence in the Christian literary world: but I am unwilling to think that you would give insertion, on the mere strength of a name, to what your conscience disapproved. To me, at least, a name is nothing: I have long since learned to cease from man, who at his best estate is altogether

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vanity. Eternal truth is every thing, in my sight, and in obedience to the dictates of my heart, I for once, intrude into a department, where many may think me ill-qualified to appear. At least, I have this advantage over your more able correspondent, that I have not disdained to read, with attention, what has been written on the subject I presume to handle. In your place, Madam, I should have been almost tempted to draw my pen across a passage, the reverse of kind or respectful towards those who have formerly helped you; but you know best.

In handing to my young friends the paper in question, I directed their attention mainly to one point,—the pre-supposed existence of superfluities, and the use that Christian women might feel justified in putting them to. The term superfluities is vague, and arbitrary in its application. The Apostle says, "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." Taking the expression, "food and raiment" to include whatever is necessary to our bodily comfort in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call us, we have to deal, under the name superfluities, with that portion which we do not require for our own expenditure. And here the question would arise, shall I lay out this money in the purchase of luxuries, the production of which employs many hands that would otherwise be idle, and, perhaps, steal; or shall I bestow it on such as are without any employ, without the means of obtaining employment, and pining in want of actual necessaries? The political economist has much to say in favor of the former; and when people consider themselves left at liberty to choose their own ways, there can be little doubt how the point is decided;

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but the Christian is not so left. The same Apostle already quoted, also gives this direction, "Charge them that are rich in this world.... that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." Setting aside the explanation given of the meaning of these words "rich in good works," where they are applied to Dorcas, it is not possible, I think, for any person to persuade herself that she is fulfilling this command when buying a rich silk, or a costly candelabrum, or any other article that she does not *want*, though it may have been the means of employing many industrious hands. That little emphatic word "give," recurs so constantly, and in such connexion, that we cannot get rid of its plain meaning. "He that giveth to the poor, shall not lack." "Not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." "He hath dispersed abroad, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness remaineth for ever." I need not bring forward injunctions that we are in the habit of hearing read from the Lord's table, whenever we prepare to commemorate his death; and which are alike binding on the Christian at all times. I will only add a very solemn question from St. John, "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Taking the word brother in the limited sense that confines it to the household of faith, I do not fear to assert, that so long as *one* poor member of the Lord Jesus Christ is naked, and destitute of daily food, we are bound to devote our superfluities, great or small, to his immediate relief, without looking for that return of personal gratification which the pur-

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chase of a showy article, for our own use, would bring. I wish I could believe that all those who profess to decry eleemosymary bounty were honest in their application of the principle; but when I find each person following the impulse of her own particular taste and known preference in laying out these superfluities, I cannot but think that the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, were of her privy council.

There is a test worth putting ourselves to: I go to a draper's shop, with a superfluous five pounds in my purse, resolved so to lay it out as to encourage industry among the working classes. On the one side is a pile of elegant silks, out of which I may choose a dress, for the benefit of trade. Say four pounds will cover the cost of all fitting materials, and the fifth may find its way through the dress-maker's hands, to those employed under her. On the other side I behold a variety of coarse cottons, flannels, and other homely fabrics, the sale of which will be just as beneficial to the operatives of our manufacturing towns; and the cost of making them up, a rich prize to some national school, or asylum for poor destitute females; while the articles themselves will clothe and warm the shivering limbs of some among the Lord's poor, and their helpless little ones. I ask you, Madam, and I ask your readers, what in this case would be the right use,—what the selfish abuse, of my superfluities?

The point in debate is not whether we shall give money to the unemployed poor, or circulate it among the industrious, but whether our money's worth should be squandered on ourselves, or dispersed among the necessitous, while the money itself cir-

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culates through the channels your correspondent is so fearful of leaving dry? A Christian lady need not carry her superfluities to a jeweller's shop, lest the hands that dig the diamond from its dark hiding place, and polish it for use, should be thrown out of employ for want of her patronage. The Lord's flock is, alas! too truly a little flock, to make it of importance; and the world, the gay, gorgeous world, will take care to provide for its own. I deprecate, as a most mischievous delusion, that generalizing principle which would set up one standard of utility and expediency alike for the woman professing godliness and the woman despising it. If we are not our own, if we are bought with a price, if we are commanded to glorify God in our bodies and our spirits which are his, surely we are bound to do it in the way that he has pointed out. "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase." I have not yet met with the Christian female, or indeed with any female, who would venture to tell me she was honouring the Lord by decorating her person and her house with superfluous ornaments.

I did not, without positive pain, read the following lines: 'Nobody can show—and for the encouragement of the despisers on the one hand, and the troubling of the tender conscience on the other, I do think it is a pity we should try to show what preference the will of God can have between pinks and browns, between ribbons and flowers, between one arrangement of musical sounds and another, between a measured movement and a careless romp—above all, what objection He can have, or what prohibition extend to the exhibition anywhere of the

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exquisite workmanship of His own wonder-working hand.' Concerning the first part of this passage, I can only say of such distinctions that many a wretched female, perishing in the depths of vice, could give an answer. She could tell that when the lust of the eye sought its gratification in showy colours, and flaunting appendages; when the lust of the flesh gave preference to the light music and wanton words that beguiled the ear: and when the pride of life found its coveted applause in the measured movement of the graceful dance, she found, *too late*, that these things are CONTRARY to God: that the friendship of the world which patronizes them is ENMITY with God; and that even the exhibition of the exquisite workmanship of His wonder-working hand may lead to the pit of ruin. Has G. E. M. forgotten Hezekiah, and the penalty incurred by his inconsiderate display?

But the glorious works of God, as spread above us and around us, and beneath our feet, may be contemplated, and honoured to the uttermost, without any extraordinary outlay of our pecuniary means. Nay, we may make them our own, by a process well-known to our Christian poet.

> Are they not his by a peculiar right,
> And, by an emphasis of interest, *his*,
> Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
> Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
> With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
> That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
> So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man?

I know not, madam, whether you remarked the appeal on behalf of the 'London Female Mission,' stitched up with the last number of your magazine. To me it imparts an interesting lesson on 'the use

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of superfluities.' I am aware you have frequently, of late, advocated the cause of those lost females whom it is the object of this mission to seek and to save; and I am sure you cannot but approve the plan of prevention there laid down, by properly influencing the parents of young girls, and by providing respectable homes for such as might otherwise be betrayed into the worst hands, by their ignorance of London. Here is an opportunity of circulating our superfluous cash, through many unexceptionable channels of industry; while its expediture is to do good to the bodies and souls of our own sex. The world will love its own, and will take care that means shall not be wanting to keep the working classes employed, yea, labouring in the fire for very vanity, on their account. The members of Christ have a duty to fulfil, and an account to furnish of their stewardship, which is not to see that they who carve the fret-work and paint the china, and devise the costly pattern, find a demand in the market commensurate to their powers of supply'; but as they have opportunity, to do good unto all men, especially to the household of faith: to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, care for the poor; and, visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, also to keep themselves unspotted from the world.

I am

AN OBSERVER.

[We are very glad to act upon our correspondent's suggestion, by strongly recommending to our readers the appeal of the London Female Mission, as advertised in our last number. It embodies what appear to be the best features in the various plans proposed

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for the amelioration of a most crying national sin; and it certainly did strike us as being in itself a very excellent treatise 'On the Use of Superfluities.' With regard to the remarks of 'An Observer,' we need only remind her, that the paper of our valued friend G. E. M. was avowedly intended as a matter quite apart from the controversy on dress, which, by the way, we are as far as possible from classing with foolish and unlearned questions, engendering strife. We cannot, indeed, so designate any thing that God has seen fit, again and again, to bring before us, as a momentous duty. We do not agree in the view taken by G. E. M., nor dissent from that of 'An Observer.' And if we did not formally announce that our oft-expressed opinion was still unchanged, it was because we hoped our readers would give us credit for consistency. We think our two friends may safely meet on the ground of the London Female Mission, as embracing their theories, and offering a fair field for reducing both to immediate practice.—ED.]

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Review of Books.

LYRA APOSTOLICA. Mozleys, Derby: Rivingtons, London.

We turned over the pages of this pretty looking little book, with all the serious interest naturally excited on the bosom of an attached member of the church of England by the announcement prefixed to it. The advertisement informs us that the poems were reprinted 'in the humble hope that they may be instrumental in recalling or recommending to the reader important Christian truths, which are at this day in a way to be forgotten.' Always rejoiced when important Christian truths are presented in a striking form to the public eye, we proceeded in quest of them. Justification by faith being 'the hinge on which the whole question turns,' as Luther long ago observed, and the primary doctrine of revealed truth, we sought it first: but, first and last, it is altogether omitted. Redemption by the blood of Christ; regeneration, by the power of the Holy Spirit; sanctification, through his indwelling influences, all alike important as 'Christian truths,' and alike enforced

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in every part of the apostolic writings, are alike passed by in the Lyra Apostolica. The eternal purposes of God towards his chosen people, their effectual calling through the preaching of the word, their final perseverance, "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation," and the riches of the glory laid up for them in Christ Jesus, are also important 'Christian truths,' to which some good men have given a rather exclusive prominence, while a large portion of the church seem disposed to forget or overlook them. But none of these are 'recalled or recommended' by the writers of the Lyra Apostolica.

What then, is it the object of our reverend brethren to revive in the church? We can only guess at it, by a reference to the main subjects and general bearing of their productions. We find, in the first place, a strain of mournful lamentation pervading the volume, as of a church sitting in darkness, divested of her beautiful garments, and deprived of her delegated power. This, we confess, is what we have tremblingly anticipated for the faithful church of Ireland, seeing how fully her foes are set upon it, and how weakly her friends have yielded some important outposts; but the church of England—what has she, as a church, lost? By the help of the Lyra we discover that she has literally lost her candlesticks; and sits in darkness because 'the lighting of lamps' upon saints' days and other festivals is discontinued: that her glory is tarnished, because the beautiful garments, the gold, and gems, and embroidery, the purple and fine linen that once adorned her outward state, are laid aside: and that the ancient power of the keys has been rent away, or suffered to slip from her hands; so that the laity are permitted to think

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that they may go to God, in the name of His Son, and receive remission of their sins, without the aid of auricular confession and priestly absolution. We acknowledge, and with our tuneful brethren we deplore, that the church of England *has* in a culpable degree, departed from the godly rules of discipline which still remain in the rubric, to vindicate her venerable founders from the charge of that laxity, and leave the blame on modern shoulders; but not all the poetical plaints put into the mouth of our mother by these, her zealous sons, would move us to stir one step in the kind office of restoring the lost keys after which she pines, seeing that they most unequivocally are the identical keys forged at ROME; and duly stamped with papal infallibility—a thing alike unknown to the primitive and to the reformed churches of Christ. Indeed, there is a yearning tenderness of feeling manifested towards the 'mother church of Rome,' even when expostulating with her cruel-naturedness, that presents a very curious contrast to the pious horror with which the writers view that unclean thing, Protestant dissent. Popery is called the good Samaritan, and affectionately addressed with a fervent wish that her 'creed were sound.' We wish it were! but being, as it is, the essence of all unsoundness, 'a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit,' as our article rightly stigmatizes it, we confess that we cannot sympathize in the admiration expressed by the Lyrist of her heart-soothing services. Neither, while she stands branded by the finger of GOD Himself as "the Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth," should we dare to call her polluted bosom 'The Saviour's holy home.' We shudder at such profanation.

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But the Lyrist can be severe when he sees occasion: this very same writer, who signs δ, has penned a ditty of deprecation on behalf of the church of Scotland, where, under the semblance of pleading for her sons, the admission is made, that

> Their fathers sinned, and lost the grace
> Which seals the holy apostolic line.

Certainly, they offended 'the good Samaritan' of Rome, whose plan of dispensing her oil and wine was found to be very little accordant with scripture, in any point of view; and very unceremonious, indeed, was the process by which they thrust popery out of their land. But the nature and extent of their sin, and what grace they lost, and how,—are matters that the Lyrist has not fully explained. We rather suspect that he did not wish to appear in the attitude of a direct assailant, where such men as the Rev. Dr. Chalmers or the Rev. Dr. Cooke might have, perchance, taken up the gauntlet. He therefore volunteers a plea of palliation, addressed to some imaginary friends who are railing at our brethren of the north. Who may these railers be? The followers of poor Irving's awful heresy, who, with a strong hand and a faithful heart that noble church cast out of her communion? or the radical holders of the voluntary principle, who are longing to beat down to the ground every church in England, and so far from lighting up our communion tables on saints' days, at noon, vote against allowing the preacher a pair of candles in his pulpit on Sunday evenings? Who rails at the church of Scotland? Who does not honour her, and wish her prosperity in the name of the Lord? Nay, among thinking persons, who can suppress a smile of mingled pity and derision

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on seeing the word SCHISM, in good set capitals, heading the little poem in question, just as 'THE GOOD SAMARITAN' heads the tribute to popish Rome?

It will be an evil day for the church of England when her God gives her over to the judicial delusion of 'recalling' what these erring poets deem 'important Christian truths.' Popery from without will not harm her, so long as she maintains the pure spirit of Protestantism within: but here is popery almost without a mask, beguiling the heads of her divines, and arming their hands with firebrands, to scatter in the very heart of her sanctuary. The 'British Magazine,' which served as a repository for these poems until they were collected in a separate volume, has of late so systematically assailed the vitals of our Protestant faith, as to impress many with the conviction of its being made an unconscious vehicle for circulating productions concocted within the walls of some college of Jesuits. We would far rather believe this to be the case, than that the articles in question were the production of Protestant clergymen. If they are, we must indeed deplore having fallen on evil days; and, in a sense very much opposed to that of our lyrical brethren, lament the threatened subversion of all that has been most glorious in our national church. Already has it been more than hinted, on the same authority, that the holy scriptures ought to be withheld from the laity, save as doled out to them by the priesthood; that clerical celibacy ought once more to be enforced; and, as a natural accompaniment to such restriction, the kindred abomination of nunneries restored. Already has the obligation of joining in the idolatrous service of the *mass* been urged on Protestants, who may, for

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the time, be obliged to choose between that and the worship of such 'schismatical' communions as the church of Scotland. And here we have a volume, containing both poetry and piety, but so intermixed with popery, that it is not possible to separate the mess. These overweening assumptions which heretofore marked the arrival of the Jewish and Romish churches at their most corrupt state, when having lost the life that once invigorated their services, they fell to whitening and garnishing the sepulchres full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness; these overweening assumptions are utterly foreign to the spirit of our reformed national church; they are repudiated by her sound-headed divines, and regretted by the attached laity: but they may possess a dangerous charm for the youths who, being novices, are soon puffed up; and who hail with delight a fantasy that places them on a mysterious cloud-capped eminence above their fellow-men. We do not undervalue the high prerogative of those who are ambassadors for Christ: we would exceedingly magnify the office which Paul delighted to magnify. We hold the Protestant reformed churches, as established by the great leaders of that glorious reformation in the sixteenth century, to be the rightful successors of the apostles, while the church of Rome is equally a schismatic and an apostate, self-condemned, and cast out from the unity of the faith. But as the mystery of iniquity worked its way by the spirit of self-aggrandisement, until the Man of Sin, fully revealed, was found exalting and opposing himself above all that is called God and that is worshipped, ought we not to be vigilant, when the same spirit begins to develope itself in our own church? It is a fearful thing to

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claim for a mere bodily exercise what is the alone work of Deity. Who but the Holy Spirit can cleanse the thoughts of our hearts, and sanctify our affections? Yet we find that power attributed to the popish trick of crossing ourselves.

> Whene'er across this sinful flesh of mine
> I draw the holy sign,
> All good thoughts stir within me, and collect
> Their slumbering strength divine,
> Till there springs up that hope of God's elect,
> My faith shall ne'er be wrecked.

The Church of England is a magnificent structure, built upon the rock of a scriptural confession, her foundation being the prophets and apostles, and Jesus Christ himself the chief corner-stone. The rudest shock that she has ever experienced was in the days when, under Laud, semi-popery like this was making a lodgment within, and had not the Lord, mindful of the prayers of her martyred architects, saved his temple from such pollution, while heavily visiting her iniquity with the iron rod of a very different foe, she would have been utterly destroyed. Now, through the devices of our old enemy, some of the very worst leaven of Romish error has crept into one of our universities, and spreads with alarming rapidity among those who are preparing for the sacred ministry. Again we repeat our deliberate conviction, that individuals belonging to the pernicious society of Jesuits are at work, actively and effectively at work, in the pages of the Oxford Tracts, and in the prose department of the British Magazine; and that their influence breathes through many of the poems in this Lyra Apostolica. That vast sums have been remitted, and agents of the most consummate

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skill, deputed from Rome to this country, is a notorious fact; and are we to suffer the minds of the rising generation to be poisoned by exhalations from the Pontine marshes, for lack of the watchfulness that we are bound to exercise? Far be it from us to bring a charge of intentional mischief against the amiable and highly-gifted authors of these poems, many of which are very beautiful specimens of elegant English composition, and full of lofty feeling and high resolve, worthy of the cause which they conscientiously desire to advance, not to injure. Indeed, one of them deals with Rome as God has foreshown she shall be dealt with; and many a gleam of pure light is struck out from the mystifying clouds that have gathered round the subject of the work. We pray God to clear those clouds away, revealing whence they have arisen; that the minds of our brethren be no more perplexed by such unreal vapours, but that they may exercise their high and holy calling with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of his ransomed church.

SACRED SONGS, *for British Seamen. By the Lady Jane Wilhelmina St. Maur.* Shaw.

THIS is every way pleasing. The effusions of an elegant mind, under the influence of something better than elegance and taste, brought down to the level of capacities necessarily limited, and a sweet volume of sacred poetry placed in the hands of our seamen. We must not quarrel with our noble countryman for resuming the more ancient cognomen of his race; but we confess that to us the name of Seymour car-

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ries with it a greater charm than that of St. Maur, identified as it is with English history, and honoured by being, on the mother's side, the parent stock of our blessed king Edward VI. We hope to give, next month, a specimen of these sacred songs; and we heartily wish that the example thus set by the Lady Jane, may rouse to emulation some of our fair noblesse, to consecrate, as she has done, the talents and acquirements vouchsafed to them.

SPAIN AND BARBARY. *Letters to a Younger Sister, during a visit to Gibraltar, Cadiz, Seville, Tangier, &c. &c.* Hatchards.

A VERY graphic description of scenes which we think the writer must certainly have visited. The letters are supposed to be addressed to a girl of twelve years old, by an elder sister, travelling for the benefit of her health. The book, though not of a spiritual character, is unexceptionable in a moral point of view, and is calculated to lead a youthful student most pleasantly over the maps of the countries described. The style is lively and simple, with a good deal of sensible remark intermixed; and some very pretty sketches illustrate the scenes. We should not hesitate to put it into the hands of our young friends, as conveying both information and amusement.

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THE CHILD'S SACRED YEAR; *or Thoughts in Verse, for the Sundays throughout the Year, and for a few of the Holidays. Written for the use of Children. By the Daughter of a Deceased Clergyman.* 1*s.* 6*d.* **Dartons.**

WITHOUT advancing any pretensions to a high order of poetical composition, where, indeed, it would be superfluous, this small pocket volume contains much pious sentiment, conveyed in easy versification, such as children like, and may readily understand and remember. We have a particular wish to promote the circulation of an unpretending production, of which the object is most excellent, and the execution pleasing. Some of the little poems are of a superior cast, as that for Trinity Sunday; and all are perfectly sound in doctrine. We hope our friends will encourage its sale.

WE have seen a pamphlet, entitled 'The Present State and Claims of London, by Robert Ainslie,' the perusal of which almost petrified us with horror. That such a mass of iniquity should lie basking beneath the sky of Christian England, in the very head-quarters of her government, civil and ecclesiastical, the emporium of wealth and great focus of arts, commerce, and literature, is a fact that, naturally and nationally, we would rather have remained ignorant of. It is too harrowing to the feelings, too alarming to the conscience, to be contemplated without bitter pain: but considering each individual believer as bound to be, whether he or she is pleased to acknow-

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ledge it or not, a good steward of the manifold grace of God, we must do our part to rouse our fellow-Christians from their apathetic state. We therefore tell them, that there are at this moment, in London and its suburbs, 80,000 young females, from the ages of eleven years to twenty-six or twenty-seven, living on the wages of acknowledged crime: while a system complete in its parts, and co-extensive in its operation with the metropolis itself, is at work for entrapping such as come to town to look for situations, or who may, for the time, be out of place: and 400 persons obtain their livelihood entirely by trepanning girls under fifteen. That by a return from forty districts, inhabited by 19,365 families, it appears that 12,200 of those families *totally* neglect public worship; and above 4000 of them have not a page of the bible. It is utterly impossible to enter upon the particulars that are now daily brought to light; but no one can rise from the perusal of these faint hints with a conscience void of offence, unless willing to ask in sincerity, 'What can *I* do?' The Church Pastoral Aid Society is working vigorously, though in its infancy, to shed the light of truth on these dark habitations of crime. The London City Mission is daily breaking up new ground: and the London Female Mission promises to bear with a blessed influence on that portion of the work in which we, as females, ought to take a peculiar interest. The work is begun: help it forward.

SEVERAL interesting sermons have been published on the death of Mr. Simeon, containing what must make the Christian public anxious for that detailed narra-

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tive of his valuable life, which can be better communicated by the press than the pulpit. We cannot cease to give God thanks for the light which that revered individual was so long permitted to shed on the church, and among the world. It is not often that we meet with a man who, having, through grace, in early life first given himself to God, is privileged for half a century to devote his time, his talents, and all his worldly possessions to the service of his Redeemer. His existence during that protracted period, was one long missionary act; he wrought in the vineyard, bearing not only the heat and burden of the day, but the weakness and infirmities attendant on closing eve, with unabated, yea, increasing zeal in his dear Master's service. Oh that such a heart may be given to those who survive him! Of no man, perhaps, since John heard the voice from heaven, proclaiming the blessedness of those who die in the Lord, could it more emphatically be said, that he rests from his LABOURS, AND HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM.

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A COMPARISON BY KING EDWARD VI.

JESUS wore a crown of thorns, and a purple robe was thrown upon him in derision, and all the multitude mocked and spit upon him; but the pope decks himself with a triple crown, and is adored by kings, princes, emperors, and all estates of persons. Jesus washed his disciples' feet, but kings kiss the feet of the pope. Jesus paid tribute, but the pope receives, and pays none. Jesus opened his mouth and taught the people; the pope takes his ease and rest in the castle of St. Angelo. Jesus healed all diseases; the pope rejoices in blood and massacres. Christ bore his cross upon his shoulders; the pope is borne upon the shoulders of men. Christ came with peace and poverty into the world; the pope delights in stirring up war amongst the kings and princes of the earth. Christ came humbly, meekly, and compassionately, setting upon an ass—but the pope rides in all pomp and splendour. Christ was a lamb—the pope is a wolf. Christ was poor—the pope would have all Christian kingdoms under his power and command. Christ drove the money-changers and sellers out of the temple—the pope receives them in. Jesus instituted the sacrament in commemoration of himself—the pope instituted the mass, a master-piece of imposture.

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THE PROTESTANT.

'THIS *will* do indeed!' exclaimed my uncle, with a vehemence of feeling such as I have rarely seen in him of late. On the table beside him lay a newspaper, on which rested one hand, clenched in earnestness of emotion, while with the other he had just removed his spectacles, one glance at which confirmed what his cheek had betrayed, that their brightness was dimmed by some truant drops. There was a high flush on his cheek, rendered somewhat wan by the recent sharp attack of the prevailing Influenza, and all bespoke excitement, intense, and pleasurable.

I looked at the paper, and seeing 'Glasgow' at the head of the column, observed, 'I read the speech, uncle, and thought it a master-piece of elegance and eloquence; full of sound sense, sage counsel, valuable information, in short, a treasury of good things. But I did not suppose you could have so richly enjoyed it, in the total absence of all political allusion.'

'Pho, pho!' exclaimed the old gentleman, 'you are running on about my lord Rector's speech to the students: but here, girl, look here!' and, his hand trembling with emotion, he pointed as he read the memorable words uttered at the Glasgow dinner. 'I MEAN TO SUPPORT THE NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS WHICH CONNECT PROTESTANTISM WITH THE

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STATE IN THE THREE COUNTRIES;' then, passing his finger on, he again stopped at the other pledge, 'THEN AGAIN, I AVOW TO YOU THAT I MEAN TO SUPPORT, IN ITS FULL INTEGRITY, THE AUTHORITY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.'

'Delightful, uncle!'

'Ay, delightful indeed, if you consider all. Here is a man, universally looked up to as the leader of conservatism in the three countries, whose influence is prodigious, and who, by a cautious or vaccillating line of policy, might now have cast an untimely chill on the rising spirit which these bold avowals will kindle into threefold energy of purpose. I have merely shewn you a few words, in a detached form; but read, read for yourself, and for me too, the whole report. Sounds so pleasant have not fallen on my ear this many a day.'

I sat down, commencing with the animated description given of the hall, and its 3300 inmates, and certainly I became as intensely interested as my uncle himself, when once entered on the speech of Sir Robert Peel. A growing conviction impressed my mind, that our God, who works by means, was really fitting an instrument for some great achievement on behalf of our menaced institutions; and as one after another of those manly declarations deliberately made, and backed with arguments alike sound and convincing passed through my lips, I could not but echo the joyous exclamations of my delighted uncle, and enter fully into the hopes that animated his looks and voice, while he triumphantly ejaculated, 'He is pledged: he cannot, he will not retract. Our ranks will be marshalled and led on by one who is ready to the combat. Oh, no more

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surrender, no more compromise! Enough, and too much of that. He has taken his ground, and that ground is the spot where a blessing from on high awaits us. Let it me read it again, dear child,' and he eagerly sought out the passage and read; "I do feel, and I trust you feel along with me, that it is right the state should pay that homage to Christianity which is implied by a religious establishment. Is it possible to be deluded by the analogies which are drawn from the theories of supply and demand in the articles of consumption and merchandize? Is it not perfectly clear that the demand for religious instruction may not only not be in the direct ratio of its necessity. but absolutely may be in the inverse ratio, and that those who stand the most in need of religious instruction are not the first, but the last, who will make a voluntary effort to attain it? I say, too, that it is right that the minister who is to speak with authority, who is to rebuke indifference, who is to endeavour to conciliate towards religious feeling,—who is to be the censor over presumptuous vice—that man ought not to depend upon the precarious benevolence of those whom he is to counsel, to admonish, or rebuke."

'The man who spoke that,' I exclaimed, 'cannot give up the church of Ireland.'

'No, no, not he. I confess I have had many painful misgivings, lest, through the increasing weight of O'Connell's poisonous influence in the Irish elections, our friends should be induced to resign the cause of that persecuted church, in despair. But, here,' and he vehemently struck his hand on the paragraph, 'here is a pledge to which thousands will add their own: and, united under a head, given

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us, I humbly trust, for this emergency, we shall gather bulk, strength, condensation, as we proceed; while, in the enemies' camp, nothing is heard of but mutual mistrust, bickerings, and recriminations, boding a fatal breach.'

'The mere worldly politician,' I remarked, 'may find encouragement, when a man so temperate and cautious as Sir R. Peel, feels justified in committing himself as he has done. He must calculate on extensive support, surely, or he would not do so, just on the eve of his being called on to make good his pledge.'

'And the Christian politician, my dear, will recognize a higher hand in thus moulding the hearts of men at a juncture so critical. But come, give us Dr. M'Leod's speech.'

'Dear Dr. M'Leod!' said I, as I resumed the paper, 'How delightful it is to see one whom we personally love and honor coming forward on such an occasion. Look, uncle, at this precious little volume, the fruit of so much labour, anxiety, and expence on the part of that good man. Here is every Psalm of David, correctly rendered into metre, and beautifully printed in the old Irish type. Next after the Bible itself, this is the most precious gift poor Ireland has ever received; and this is the work of Norman M'Leod, Moderator of the church of Scotland.'

'O rail not at our brethren of the north!' said my uncle in a deprecatory tone.

'Uncle, uncle, do be quiet; I am not in a mood to bear that quotation just now. The solemn absurdity of the thing often forces me to smile; but with this book beside me, this speech in my hand, and this

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noble demonstration of high Protestant feeling before my eyes, I cannot trust myself to think for a moment of the wretched bigotry—'

'Sheer folly—nonsense run mad,' interrupted my uncle. 'No Christian man in his right senses could ever dream such stuff. Come, give us the Moderator's speech.'

I read it, and rapturously did my uncle respond to the glowing language of the speaker: 'I shall not subscribe to the maxim that religion has nothing to do with politics. What, sir, subscribe to a maxim which, in my opinion goes to overturn the only secure basis on which the edifice of social order rests! Political relations are those in which the most fearful and sweeping desolation may be committed; and, therefore, they are those of all others in which every reflecting man will most imperiously feel his responsibility to the highest of all tribunals. I believe that an irreligious and depraved population, however otherwise enlightened, is the teeming source of all moral and political disorder; and if not controlled by the only power that can do so, must at all times lead to sweeping anarchy and national overthrow. Our ancestors seem to have understood this, for I find that religion has been interwoven with the British constitution from its earliest days. I find that our government, our laws, our schools, our universities—all our institutions have been based, every one of them, on religious Protestant principle; and in this fact, sir, we find the secret of all our strength and all our greatness: hence that moral power by which Britain, though but a speck on the face of the waters, has swayed the destinies of the civilized world. She was a Christian nation—she was a Pre-

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testant nation—religion was upheld, fostered, and established; hence she has enjoyed more rational liberty, civil and religious, than any country which has ever existed. She has risen to wealth and power unparalleled; she has won to herself a name of mightiest renown; her fleets are on every sea, her fame on every shore, and in spite of the grumbling discontent of some of her spoiled children at home, and the jealousy of her rivals abroad, she still sits, as for centuries she has done, the very queen among the nations.'

'Bravo, bravo! McLeod!' exclaimed my uncle in a rapture.

I went on, until arriving at another passage which pleased him mightily. Our friend had carried on his indignant refutation of the maxim that clergymen should have nothing to say to political discussion, and proceeded thus, after adverting to the recent measures of the government, and their avowed plans, 'while such language is held, and such measures proposed, measures which we honestly believe to be palpably calculated to papalize Ireland, and crush the Protestant faith in that unhappy land, and when we hear it declared by their confidential supporters that Ireland can never be tranquillized till the episcopal church is put down, is it for the ministers of Protestant establishments to remain silent? Would Knox, would Melville, those great and true reformers of Scotland, those dauntless friends of civil and religious liberty, would they have done so? Would they have kept aloof? No, sir, these were men of lofty bearing and fearless courage; in defence of the truth they withstood persecution, and in the presence of princes and nobles, and all the people, they spoke

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out on matters of civil politics. And thank heaven they did so! for by the boldness of their eloquence, and fearless maintenance of Protestant principle, they reared those towers of strength and beauty, under the shade of which our country has for centuries rested in security and peace.''

'Pretty well,' exclaimed my uncle, rubbing his hands, 'Pretty well—for,

> A self-formed priesthood, and the church cast forth
> To the chill mountain air!'[1]

'Nay, uncle, I do wonder how you can endure to revert to that wretched specimen of narrow-minded prejudice, doubly disgracing us, as it does, when placed in juxtaposition with the noble efforts of the Scottish church, and her devoted ministers, to prop our own Establishment, in this day of assault and depression. Look at Dr. Cooke, in the Synod of Ulster, and see in how right Christian a spirit he has stepped forth, the fearless and successful champion of the church of England. You grieve me by alluding now to those effusions.'

'My dear, it is to avoid their disgracing us, that I allude to them; expressing, as I hope I do, the utmost abhorrence of such unchristian dogma. If our learned divines, following the examples cited by Dr. McLeod, would busy themselves in rendering such help as well they might, to the cause of our endangered ark, they would not be deluded into chimerical schemes of building up again what our wiser fathers destroyed, and entangling us once more in a yoke of bondage from which, by mercy, we are free. Considering the part taken by Scotland, in

[1] Lyra Apostolica.

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the fore-front of the approaching battle, who can wonder that our crafty foe seeks to sow dissension in the camp, whose unity is the galling pledge of his ultimate defeat.'

'Now, uncle, as we are on this topic, I wish you would explain to me the exact purpose of that Protestant Association, of which you are such a diligent upholder.'

'Why, its purpose is just what its name imports, and nothing else. We have learned by sore experience that Protestantism, pure, simple Protestantism, is the only cement that can bind together the party opposed to the utter destruction of all that we prize, in church and state. You well know what ensued, when that cement was dispensed with, by a section of those who certainly did not wish to overthrow the monarchy, undermine the church, and displace the constitution from its base. They waived the high principle of Protestant ascendancy, and opened the doors to that fierce faction who are now menacing our very existence as a Protestant nation.'

'Too true, indeed.'

'Well, experience has taught a lesson, though at a price that may yet issue in our bankruptcy. We must, however, make what we can of our dear-bought instruction; and though it may be dubious whether our old principles revived can now fully save us, yet one fact is plain, that nothing else will. The object of the Protestant Association is to collect and to disseminate such information as shall most directly bear upon the great interests of the community: to concentrate and embody the dispersed spirit of Protestantism, now warming many an honest heart, and pervading many a peaceful home,

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but from its isolated situation, not producing its legitimate effects on the general body. We form, in London, a nucleus, whence information, direction, and aid, can be furnished to remote quarters; and thereby the great truth enforced, that every man who has the right principle alive in his heart, may find a sphere wherein to exercise it, for extensive good. The benefits of such a plan are so obvious, that I only marvel how any man who loves his religion and country can withhold from us his co-operation.'

'I have heard it objected, uncle, that you are supposed to be too exclusive in your political tests, and church principles; so that, for instance, a whig, or a dissenter, who may have the Protestant cause equally at heart with yourselves, is prevented from giving you the benefit of his help.'

My uncle smiled: 'I am not aware that any such test exists, nor that any such exclusiveness marks our body. If a whig or a dissenter come to us, stating his hearty desire to assist in maintaining the present institutions of the country, though, perhaps, we might consider him a rare exception to a too general rule, we should not discourage his junction with us. Have you forgotten, neice, that a dissenting minister did actually and eloquently plead the cause at our great meeting last year, in Exeter-Hall?'

'Indeed, I had forgotten it.'

'Let those who wish well to the cause, instead of hesitating on this point, and doubting on that, and smothering such doubts in their own bosoms, let them come and inquire into what they are but imperfectly informed of, and then decide. I long to

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see more straightforwardness among Christian men, in their social dealings; at such a time as this particularly. We remark how readily the movers of sedition and mischief can merge all minor points of difference in the one great object of acting in concert, where the success of their pernicious schemes is involved, and the result we also both see and feel. Now if any man, solicitous for the promotion of our righteous cause,—a matter where the future welfare of his children is awfully concerned—comes or writes to us, declaring his willingness to co-operate, should our plans and regulations meet his approval, we can at once lay them before him; willing to listen to suggestions of improvement, should such be made. He would find that the Protestant Association is no factious clique of prejudiced men, assembled in a corner, to foster their own narrow sentiments; but a noble engine, fitted to achieve a mighty and a glorious work, and only requiring from its supporters what the most scrupulous Christian may conscientiously, yea, joyfully yield, a willing mind for the use of strictly lawful and constitutional means to uphold those laws, and to preserve that constitution, from utter, irremediable ruin.'

'Are you really going, uncle, to attend the Protestant meeting in Dublin?'

'Surely, I hope: and then you will have a full, true, and particular account on my return.'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1837.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

If I were required to decide what, in the kingdom of God's visible creation, commonly called nature, is the most heart-cheering spectacle, I should be inclined to say, the first demonstration of awakening life among the vegetable tribes, that have been slumbering in death-like torpor and naked desolation, through the wintry season. Sure, at least, I am, that when, as is often the case, the eye which last looked abroad upon a dreary landscape of spreading snow and leafless sticks, escapes the confinement of a sick room to take its next survey where, under the warm, bright beam of a clear sky, the little buds are perceptibly swelling into magnitude against a sunny wall, while here and there perhaps a bold leaflet ventures to hold up its green mantle to the ray, and closely bedded in their circlet of crisp, pale leaves, the primrose and polyanthus peep forth, without yet

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venturing to rise upon their stems,—sure I am that the sensation which thrills through my frame, is more pleasurable than the same objects in any other stage of their wonderful existence have power to impart. Always delightful, in all their associations, are the sweet children of the garden, the hedge-row, and the grove: but nothing is so touching as the first pledge of the approaching spring. It leads the mind at once, and with affecting power, to that sure word, which, if the promise of God *could* be made of none effect, our sins—my sins—would have provoked the withdrawal of: that seed-time, and summer, and harvest, equally with winter, shall not fail. Though every man be a liar, God is true: though we daily deny him, he continueth faithful, and cannot deny himself. The cloud, the storm, and the snow-drift; the inundated path, the black unsightly soil, the withered skeletons of shrub and tree, these are what we may receive as our portion, and be thankful that the bursting torrent, the rending earth, and volcanic fire are not super-added, to requite our obstinate rebellion. But while we go on to sin, to forget all his benefits, and neglect his commands, the Lord is not to be turned from his purposes of mercy. "He hath said, and shall he not make it good?" The appointed season comes, and the mighty work that has been progressing unseen, begins to manifest itself in the gradual change of gloom to sunshine, torpor to animation, sterility to luxuriance, and the swarthy aspect of an uncultivated expanse to the endless variegations of vivid green, bedecked with every tint of glowing beauty.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!

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What a miracle of madness is that which characterizes evil man—"God is not in all his thoughts." None of us can plead exemption from the charge: our admiration of these exquisite creatures is often, very often, unmixed with a reference to the Creator. Science will examine their wonderful mechanism, without giving instant and continual glory to the wisdom that devised it, and taste will revel in their exquisite tints, independently of the skill that pencilled them. Even those who, by grace, are enabled to see God in every thing, and love to retain him in their minds, have many omissions to deplore. I have, at least; and how poor, how unsatisfying is the gratification enjoyed at such oblivious seasons, compared with that which fills the heart, when viewing all as a type and a promise of what the same Almighty Being who forms, and nourishes, and clothes the flower of the field, will do for me!

In earliest spring, when—

> Awakening nature hears
> The new-creating word, and steals to life,

there is a family of great extent and diversity, ever among the first to spring up, the most eager to occupy the ground, and the most tenacious to retain possession of it. I have often mused at the quiet alacrity with which the humblest of this lowly tribe, the Daisy of the fields, lifts up its little face to smile at the sun; and often when the scythe has passed over the lawn, and left no vestige of the merry-looking crew, I have exulted in the speedy appearance of another reinforcement taking the field, as numerously and as resolutely as their predecessors.

There is a singular beauty in this flower, even as it grows wild among the grasses, not to men-

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tion the high degree of diversified elegance, to which the cultivated species will attain. I admire them all; but constantly prefer the play-things of my infancy, which, seated on the grassy hillock in front of my father's parlour window, I was wont to gather into my lap, as they grew profusely around me, and to string in garlands to adorn my doll's bonnet, or my own neck, or to entangle the dimpled hands of my smiling brother. Perhaps this association is the most universally admitted of any that we can connect with the vegetable world. Who, as a child, has not filled a little bib or basket with these inexhaustible treasures—and who that has, can refuse a smile and a sigh to those sun-shiny hours of unclouded and unfettered enjoyment?

No one denies the symmetrical beauty of the Daisy; and its radii of pure white, from a centre of rich gold, often tipped with a shadowy tint of purple, may challenge comparison with most flowers. The character assigned to it, by general consent, is that of humility, modesty, and sprightliness: to these I would add, constancy, perseverance, and a habit of looking upward, that cannot be overcome. No sooner does the sun's first beam touch the verge of its domain, than the daisy's eye is opened wide, and instantly fixed on the regions of light, until, in needful repose, it is shut for a time, but never averted. The daisy turns not earthward: though not a beam be in the sky, thitherward its aspect is fixed; and the earliest ray of morning streams fall into its joyous bosom. It is not often that we find a character, among God's children, worthy to be classed with this flower; but such I have known: and one of them I will record, though the daisy may be identified with her in

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these pages, before one has had time to unfold upon the grave where her venerable and beloved head now sweetly rests until the resurrection day. A month has not passed since she was dwelling on these little chapters, because the happy old man remembered there, as the purple crocus, was one whom she well knew, and had often encouraged in the Lord; little did she, or we, anticipate that just when the crocus should begin to rear its head above the rugged soil, her soul would be in that kingdom whither our dear brother's had taken its flight just twelve months previously. This mysterious visitation that has recently fallen so heavily on the aged and infirm, bore a summons to her gentle spirit, for which it had long placidly waited; and four days sufficed for her passage from comparative health and vigour, through the painful stages of acute disease, into the never-ending felicity of her heavenly inheritance.

I know not when, or by what means, this gentle flower was first brought into the Lord's garden. My abode was fixed in her neighbourhood some years ago, and she was pointed out to me, as one who peculiarly delighted in the shining of the Sun of Righteousness, by the husbandman then carefully tending that part of the vineyard. I found her all that I had been led to expect: and often, very often, was my own weary spirit refreshed by even exchanging a few short words with her; while a dear friend whose custom it was to pay a regular weekly visit to the old lady, assured me that next after the ordinances of God's own house, she found the greatest spiritual comfort and encouragement in the society of Mrs. S——. Aged, and so infirm, in one respect, as to be unable to swallow a particle of solid food,

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her only sustenance was a small quantity of milk; and perhaps this diet had produced some effect on her appearance; but however that may be, a creature more delicately soft and fair I never beheld. There seemed an atmosphere of purity around her, independent of the exquisite neatness of her person and apparel; and often, when I have met her on the way to the house of prayer, the joyous cast of her happy countenance, together with the peculiarity that I have just named, gave her little delicate figure the very character of a modest daisy, smiling back to the skies the sunshine that they gave. It was my delight to run and proffer my arm, though she never lacked the careful attendance of some affectionate relative; and when I left her at the little side-door of the church, at which she preferred to enter, I was overpaid by some expression that dwelt on my mind long after. The last that I remember was, as she fervently clasped her hands and looked up, 'His house—Oh, what an honour!' And she entered it as one who indeed esteemed a day there better than a thousand elsewhere.

Mrs. S—— never lost that happy mark of a satisfied soul—cheerfulness. She was ardently affectionate to all whom she numbered among God's children; and never happier than when encouraging them to trust, and not be afraid. Her zeal for the conversion of others was unbounded, deep, fervent, serious. She not only knew that out of the fold of Christ is neither joy nor peace, but that within it is the abundance of both. "Quietness, and assurance for ever," she saw written on its doors; and much did she long to see the whole human race entering thereat. In station she was most respectable, the

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mother of several sons, all prospering in their callings, and fondly beloved by them and their offspring, for whom I well know that she unceasingly wrestled in prayer with God: rejoicing with joy unspeakable, when an answer was sent, and any of the family brought to lay hold on eternal life, by faith in Christ Jesus. Humility was, however, so strikingly interwoven in her character, that she evidently esteemed herself the least of all, and servant to all, who loved her Lord. Yet she could reprove, and that most effectually; and when her zeal for God's holy cause, and affection for those whom she loved for his sake, were roused together, her faithful rebukes were calculated to make the stoutest wince. She was full of energy and animation: "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might," and among scriptural characters I should have classed her with the Apostle John, a Boanerges, but full of love. A sweet observation of hers has been related to me by another aged pilgrim, who delighted in her. This lady going to visit Mrs. S. found her, as usual, busily engaged with her bible; and on remarking the happiness of her employment, received this reply: 'Yes, I have a sweet flower-garden to refresh myself in: I have only to pass from border to border to cull new beauties. And what makes it so very charming is, that the sweet flowers are always fresh and vigorous.' Her parting salutation was, 'If we meet no more on earth, may it be our happy privilege to meet in heaven—and oh, what a re-union that will be!' On earth they were indeed to meet no more: but, sisters in the like precious faith, the eternal re-union will be theirs. A very few hours under the severe visitation of the influenza sufficed to prostrate her

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delicate frame beyond the hope of its being again raised in this life: and her dying testimony was given, after she had been in a state of insensibility that seemed to preclude any farther speech. Her friend, whose cherished weekly refreshment was to be no more enjoyed, had read a few verses to her from John xvii. her darling study, and observing 'These are precious words of our blessed Lord;' 'Yes,' answered the dying believer, clasping her weak hands together, 'Yes, Christ is my only hope: he is my all in all.'

And thus she passed away from us. It has been my lot to close the eyes of only three among the cherished objects recorded in these little chapters. Perhaps this circumstance increases the interest imparted by the chosen type; but it is a precious privilege to witness the believer's departure, full of the hope which maketh not ashamed. Poor, however, is any consolation, under the bereavement of objects dearly loved, compared with that afforded by the inspired apostle, who bids us "comfort one another with these words." And what words are they? That they who sleep in Jesus shall the Lord bring with him, when he descends from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God—that all his people, caught up together in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, shall be FOR EVER with the Lord. It is the sure and certain hope of that eternal reunion that makes each succeeding meditation on departed servants of Christ more delightful than the preceding; because another portion of time has elapsed, since last we thought on them, and by so much is eternity the nearer. Oh, the blessedness of making our own calling and elec-

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tion sure! What are the dearest forms of earth, but a crop of smiling daisies, about to fall before the mower's scythe? It is true that as 'friend after friend departs,' the Lord, in compassion to human infirmity, gives us others, to gladden by their love and sympathy the otherwise desolate path; but cold and forgetful is the heart that clings not to individual recollections, hovering over each solitary grave, and realizing David's sorrow, "He shall not return to me." No, the beloved form shall never more appear on earth; the endeared features shall not again smile affection on us, or the well-remembered voice utter tones of encouragement. "But I shall go to him," rejoins faith, and sorrow is turned into holy joy. Those who are with Christ—surely it is sweet to go to them, and to join in their song of praise. Surely we may well bide the pelting of a few storms on earth, though our way may be lonely, and our path dark, in the assured prospect of a rest where neither storm, nor darkness, nor sorrow can enter; where the former things shall have passed away, and all be created new; gloriously new, and everlastingly glorious.

C. E.

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THE BYSTANDER.

No. IX.

IT is an old adage that 'religious declension begins in the closet.' Perhaps it is more correct to say, that there it is first manifested, and may there be first detected; the original cause of this defection in private devotion being usually something in our intercourse with the world. But whatever may first produce such defection, it soon becomes itself the cause of all spiritual maladies. The spiritual frame does not at once recover its elasticity, when the weight which pressed upon it is removed, but continues loose and disordered, throwing all the movements of the soul into confusion.

There are few Christians who do not, by sad experience, know something of such declensions; but though, alas! too common, they are not on that account the less dangerous. Young Christians should beware of viewing backsliding as a light matter; nor should professors of religion, of any age, comfort themselves under its continuance by an unauthorized use of the doctrine that God's decrees are immutable. True it is, that "His counsel shall stand, and He will do all his pleasure;" but we are no where instructed in Scripture to make the doctrine of election a substitute for habitual communion with God, nor a comfort under the continuance of a cold and careless

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walk. Let us not be high-minded, but fear. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

My visit to Mr. Montague's family became every week more painful to me, from the sad change in the conduct of my poor Louisa. She so studiously avoided being left alone with me,-that I saw no hope of a private interview without formally demanding one; and this I delayed from day to day, still hoping the desired opportunity might be providentially brought about. I did not, however, omit throwing out such hints, when occasion offered, as I knew would be well understood; these sometimes raised a blush on the cheek of Louisa, or a look of embarrassment; but she never took any notice of them.

I was soon made aware that the change in Louisa had not escaped the notice of her sisters. One day I entered the drawing-room hastily, wishing to inquire of her the address of a person in whose behalf I had, at her request, promised to write to a friend. Not finding her there, I inquired if she was in her room. Letitia, whose marked enmity to real religion often distressed me, laughed sarcastically, and said, 'O aunt Patty, I assure you Louisa has found a cure for her love of solitude; there are no closetings in her own apartment by the hour, now, as there used to be some time since.'

'Louisa does happen to be in her own room at present,' said Emma; 'but I fear aunt Patty will not think her so well employed as formerly, as she is trying on a new dress.'

At this the sisters and Maria Compton burst into a simultaneous, and, in my opinion, somewhat rude fit of laughter; while I retired, pained and mortified, not at Louisa trying on a new dress, but because it

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was evident that her altered conduct was, by her companions, both marked and attributed to its true cause.

How little professors of religion seem to be aware of the nice tact by which children of this world perceive their spiritual aberrations! Not only can they detect outward inconsistencies, but they instinctively feel when the spirituality of the Christian's mind is lowered, and more nearly approaches their own standard; and then the language of their heart is, "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?"

The difficulty I felt in speaking to Louisa as I wished, was much increased from having nothing tangible to find fault with. She was naturally of a grave and reflecting character, and her manners still retained the sweet composure that always distinguished them. I had reason to fear she was remiss and formal in her private devotions; but of this I could not accuse her, merely on my own supposition. Her cousin's presence was given as the reason for many changes I ventured to notice; such as, the increased interest she appeared to take in the news of the neighbourhood, and in the trifling literature of the day; together with the total banishment of good old Owen, Flavel, and Shaw, from the precincts of the drawing-room. 'You know well, aunt Patty,' said Louisa, 'that Maria Compton not only has no sympathy with such subjects as you allude to, but is rather given to turn them into ridicule; is it not therefore better to avoid bringing them in her way?'

'But I fear, Louisa, you have more sympathy with her than you ought to have.'

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'You judge me uncharitably, aunt Patty; I trust I can talk of trifling matters without having my mind much occupied by them.'

Where the spirit of self-justification reigns, it is impossible to bring home, or, at least to produce an acknowledgment of error; so I met with nothing but disappointment in all my efforts.

We went one day to the green-house at Elmwood, to see a splendid and rare flower, just then in full beauty, which attracted most of the florists in the neighbourhood to see it. Next morning, to our surprise, Mr. Romilly entered with it in his hand. We all exclaimed against him for pulling it. 'Miss Montague expressed a wish to copy it,' said he, 'and I found, on consulting the gardener, that it would be both difficult and hazardous to convey the whole plant here.'

Letitia and Maria Compton continued to scold him. 'I think I do it the highest honour,' said he, 'instead of leaving it to wither on its stem, I give it to be immortalized by Miss Montague's pencil.' In saying this, he bowed with much gallantry to Louisa, presented the flower to her, and then left the room with the rest of the party, to ride on the lawn and fields with Letitia and Emma, who were, at present, his pupils in the equestrian exercise.

Louisa stood for a few minutes gazing at the flower, apparently unconscious of my presence. I approached her, and looking at her with earnestness, said: 'Dear Louisa! ask your own heart whether Christ is now the "chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." You are contemplating his beautiful workmanship; are your thoughts rising to Him without whom "was not any thing made that was

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made?"' She blushed deeply, muttered something unintelligible, and hastened out of the room. I flattered myself that she was more grave and pensive at dinner that day; but in the evening the music seemed to revive her spirits, and the temporary cloud passed away.

I am fond of music; it is not man's invention, but God's creation; the wonderful sympathy established between it and the human frame, is an appointment of Him who made all things very good. But through the corruption of our nature we pervert His best gifts; and sure I am, that music, as it is used in the present day, is one of Satan's most powerful instruments. Even when he does not employ it to the full amount of its fascinating power, it does him good service, in withdrawing men's minds from the awful realities of an eternal state, and filling up those intervals that might have been given to serious reflection. I allude, however, only to the abuse of it; it may be used, like other worldly things, "as not abusing it," by those who maintain a habitual recollection that "the fashion of this world passeth away."

I resolved on terminating my visit to the Montague's sooner than usual; but was determined to make one bold attempt before my departure. The day after I had come to this resolution, the long desired opportunity was, unexpectedly, afforded me. On that day, Maria Compton's brother came of age, and a *fête champêtre* was to be given on the occasion, by his mother, who resided about ten miles from Mr. Montague's. Mr. Romilly was to have made one of the party, but was called to London on business the day before; and on the morning of the day, Louisa

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was reported to have a bad head-ache, and to be, in consequence, unable to accompany the others.

I had previously declined the invitation, so remained at home. I made various efforts to see Louisa in the course of the day, but was always told she wished to be perfectly quiet. At length she was probably ashamed of the repeated denials, and sent to say she would be glad to see me at tea, in the dressing-room. This room had formerly been the scene of many pleasant interviews; but during this visit I had scarcely entered it. At the appointed hour I tapped gently at the door two or three times; but receiving no answer, I supposed Louisa had fallen asleep, and quietly opened it. She was reclining on a sofa, with her face turned from the door, so she did not immediately perceive me. Her head rested on one hand, while the other held an open book which lay on her knee; her eyes were turned upwards, and there was something in the animated and happy expression of her countenance, that reminded me of former days. But alas! her aspect was not that of prayer, and I know too well who was e object of her pleasant meditations.

She coloured on perceiving me, and attempted to rise, but I sat down by her; and, scarcely knowing what I did, took the book from her hand. It was a volume of Metastasio, and was open at the words of the duet which Mr. Romilly and Emma had sung the evening before his departure for London.

'Louisa,' said I solemnly, 'your closet companions were of a different character last time I was here.'

She blushed, and muttered something about her father's wishing that she should not forget her Italian.

'My dear child,' said I, 'trifle not thus with the

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concerns of your immortal soul. This apartment has been often the scene of your intercourse with God, of your meditation on his holy word, and of your uttered and recorded resolutions to live to his service and glory. See how every thing now testifies against you!' As I said this, I lifted her portfolio from the table, and shewed her, in the centre of a wreath of painted flowers, the verse she had written in beautiful characters:

'More of thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.'

'It would be mockery,' I continued, 'to ask if this is *now* your prayer; you have voluntarily dethroned the living God, and exalted an idol to his place in your affections.'

Louisa became much agitated; she endeavoured for a time to deny that she entertained more than common friendship for Mr. Romilly; but to this I would not for a moment listen; and appealed to her for the truth of my assertion, with a solemnity she could not evade. She then resorted to the false common-places usually uttered on such occasions, about the great probability of leading a person so amiable, into all that is good and right. 'During the short time you have known him, Louisa,' said I, 'he has led you, not only from the enjoyment, but even from the profession of spiritual religion; and do you expect that matters will be exactly reversed when you are his wife? No, my poor girl, now is your time to escape from this fatal snare: life and death are now before you; the friendship of God, or that friendship of the world, which is

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enmity with God; a life of splendour, and, it may be, a death-bed of doubt,—or a life hidden with Christ, and a hope full of immortality. Choose you this day, whom you will serve.'

Louisa wept bitterly, but said nothing. I said much more to her in the same strain: telling her, among other things, of a lady well known in the gay world, who had in early life made a religious profession, but who had gone from step to step, till she had become immersed in all the follies of fashionable life, and who, being suddenly called into eternity by a severe illness, which left her to the last in possession of her senses, experienced on her death-bed nothing but a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation; and who died, repeating in harrowing accents the most fearful denunciations of scripture against the wicked.

Louisa appeared subdued; she wept on my shoulder, and faintly said, 'What, O what can I do?'

'Fly, without delay, from this scene of temptation,' said I, 'come home with me for a time, and seek in the calm of retirement that peace which you have lost. We will again commune with our God, and with one another; and you will return hither, if not altogether a conqueror over this unhappy passion, at least strengthened for future conflict.'

She made me no reply to this; but saying she felt quite unable for any farther conversation, bade me good night, and retired into her bed-room.

MARTHA MARKWELL.

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IMPARTIAL TRUTH.

WHILST the Romanist distorts and corrupts the whole body of Christianity, by inculcating the monstrous absurdity of the merit of works, let us examine if, in our just detestation of such a fatal heresy, we have not gone off to the other extreme, and displaced works from the position that has been assigned them by Christ himself.

It is the privilege of a Christian to know that he has an all-sufficient Saviour; that he is redeemed and justified freely by grace; that he is safe for eternity, being kept and garrisoned by the power of God; that he is complete in Christ, united to him, and fully pardoned; and that he is enjoined to rejoice that his name is written in heaven.

Many will heartily agree to this, and so far well—but yet will hesitate and fear as legal, to declare fully in all its bearings, that "Christ will reward every man *according* to his works," Matt. xvi. 27; that he is their Master, King, and Lawgiver, as well as their Saviour, Surety, and Brother. With *equal* respect we must attend to every revelation of God, and while scripture condemns that statement of "good works" which would assign to them any expiatory value, any atoning efficacy, any meritorious quality, it still affirms, most unequivocally and clearly throughout the whole word of God, that Christ will come quickly, and his reward with him

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—to give to every man *according* as his work shall be," Rev. xxii. 12. He has left us commands to obey, and talents to improve, Matt. xxv. 28, 29; and has promised his Holy Spirit to enable us to do so, and to reward our obedience to his will. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake, for great is your *reward* in heaven," Matt. v. 11, 12. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no *reward*," vi. 1. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his *reward*," x. 42. "Love your enemies.... and your *reward* shall be great," Luke vi. 35. "Every one shall receive his own *reward*, *according* to his labour," 1 Cor. iii. 8. "Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of *reward*," Heb. x. 35; and numerous other passages could be quoted to prove the truth of this doctrine. Merit is altogether out of the question; we can have none, for what have we that we do not receive? Reward must be freely of grace. When rightly understood, it leads us far from a self-righteous spirit, for he that works most for his Lord and Master must live in closer communion with him; and the nearer our fellowship, and the clearer our discoveries of his love and holiness, the greater must be our humility and gratitude. He who enjoys free, full, complete salvation, and has most of his Saviour's presence, who knows that his best righteousness is as filthy rags, can never boast, either now in the anticipation of the reward that is promised him, or hereafter, when that reward is assigned him.

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Nor let it be feared that his obedience would be mercenary. St. Paul looked forward to future rewards: when speaking of the Christian warfare, illustrated by the Grecian gymnastics, he adds, "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." Moses had "respect unto the recompense of reward," Heb. xi. 24—26; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than Egyptian treasures. Nor can it bring us into bondage, or infringe the liberty of the gospel; it preserves us from lukewarmness, directing us to the promise for support and supply, to the cross for confidence and hope, to the precept for direction, and to the judgment-seat for reward. That Christ himself shall be our Judge, speaks blessed comfort to a saint, and terror to a sinner. What the word of God declares, cannot be dangerous in its tendency; and fearing as legal the consequences of using the term "*reward*," we faithlessly apprehend what God has seen right to use for our encouragement. The prospect of reward, a recompense free as unmerited, given by the bounty and mercy of our heavenly Father, is continually stated, to animate our flagging zeal. "Them that honour me I will honour;" and "to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward." There is an especial blessing promised to him who labours for the souls of others. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament," Dan. xii. 3; and, "they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Likewise to kindness for his sake, that is done in secret, Matt. vi. 3, 4. To benevolence—"Love your enemies, and do good, and your reward shall be great," Luke vi. 35. and Matt. x. 41, 42. St. Paul desires fruit of the Philippians,

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"that should abound to their account," iv. 14—19. There must needs be a difference of rewards and punishments—degrees of glory. "The servant that knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes; but he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For to whom much is given of him shall be much required," Luke xii. 47, 48. We are not judged by the works of Christ, but by our own deeds; judged to be rewarded, not to decide our state, for we are received into heaven solely by grace, through the atonement of Christ, yet are rewarded there "*according* to our works."

It is a most humiliating fact, that many who hear continually what are called high doctrines (quite scriptural in themselves) who see in them a beautiful harmony, and cordially entertain them, yet stop here. They confine themselves to a partial system, neglecting those parts of the inspired volume that do not accord especially with their sentiments, and favour their views, and thus lose sight of their responsibility, of the submitting their judgment to the *whole* of its statements, and of its daily practical use in their Christian course. There is a wide difference between knowing God and acknowledging him; and this may account for the indolence and supineness of many professors, many who, it is to be feared, are *doing* nothing for Christ, and are offended by being urged to present duty. It is true they *may* be in a safe state of salvation, they *may* be built on the right foundation, but surely there is a lamentable deficiency here, chastisement and trial may in mercy be sent to convince them that in their true character

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they must stand before the judgment of their King and Lawgiver, to render up an account of the deeds done in the body. In Matthew xxv. 37, and following verses, six acts of Christian benevolence are enumerated as pledges of acceptance into the kingdom of glory, and that Christ requires such expressions of our love to Him; doctrines may be inert in the head, but true faith, producing love, cannot be wholly passive, "faith worketh by love;" and "good works" are fruits of a renewed nature, the fructification of a seed sown by himself. Let the Christian professor beware how he trifles with God's word: "to him who knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, *to him it is sin*," James iv. 17, he is "charged to be rich in good works," 1 Tim. vi. 18, and to make his calling and election *sure* by a diligent influential application of doctrine; there is a barren faith, but principles cultivated by *action* will form the character: and it is the growth of the Christian character in all the fruits of the Spirit which places us in a capacity for the joys of our heavenly inheritance; our happiness must be in proportion to our capacity for that happiness; and though our title to heaven be founded on God's free grace, through redemption in Christ Jesus, and his imputed righteousness, yet a *fitness* for glory stands in the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart; consequently a low standard of Christian attainment constitutes in itself a bar of exclusion from the full enjoyment of his kingdom. Holiness is happiness, it forms the atmosphere of heaven; its essential blessedness consists in the possession and activity of a purified nature, rescued from the tyranny of sin, and brought back to the enjoyment of all the benign affections. Nothing but an experimental

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influential knowledge of Christ can give us true peace; it is not to be found but by faith in a complete Saviour; merit we have none, for merit we must be independent for life and salvation; his word speaks much of reward, never of merit—"for it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure." Phil. ii. 13.

E.

HUMAN LIFE.

AIR—'*My lodging is on the cold ground.*'

I THOUGHT of life, of human life,
The fleeting years of man;
I thought of all the cares and strife
That waste our little span;
I thought of life, of human life, and shed a silent tear:
Oh, why should souls immortal stoop, to seek a treasure here?

I thought how sweet our life appears
In lovely infant form;
But in the bud of opening years,
I found a fatal worm:
I thought of life, of human life, and shed a silent tear,
For oh! I thought, 'twas sad to see a little infant's bier.

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I thought of life in childhood's day,
And counted o'er its joys;
How swiftly do they pass away,
How soon each pleasure cloys!
I thought of life, of human life, and still a tear would fall,
To think that childhood has its pangs, its bitterness and gall.

I thought of life in female charms,
In loveliness arrayed,
I looked, and lo! in Death's cold arms
The beauteous form was laid.
I thought of life, and while I thought, a bitter tea was shed;
For memory told me of the loved, the lovely, and the dead.

I thought of life in manhood's pride,
In wealth, and pomp, and power;
It seemed a dream of even-tide,
The phantom of an hour.
I thought of life, and wept to see its glory vanished soon.
The flower, that opened with the day, lay withering at noon!

I thought of life, when feeble age
Bent tottering o'er the grave;
When pleasure could no more engage
Their former wretched slave.
I thought of life, and sighed to see that years so short and few
Are spent in joys that cannot last when Death appears in view.

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I thought of life, when I beheld
The Christian's dying bed,
And saw his soul with rapture filled
When life's poor joys were fled.
I thought of life, and asked if earth could ever yield such bliss?
Oh, may his happy death be mine, and my last end like his!

I thought of life in endless day
In realms of light and love,
And much I longed to flee away,
And join the choirs above.
I thought of life where sighs and tears, can never more annoy,
The peaceful, holy, happy life of everlasting joy.

Brixton. J. J. C.

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HUMAN REASON NO GUIDE TO THE ATTAINMENT OF DIVINE TRUTH.

It is a singular, and yet an incontrovertible fact, that the omnipotency of human reason is most strongly asserted by those who have the best opportunities for knowing and detecting her fallacies. That an ignorant peasant should conceive it possible to arrive at a knowledge of divine truth by means of talents and attainments far beyond his own, is not surprising; but that the philosopher, to whom the intricacies of error must be better known, who finds in every drop of water, and in every blade of grass, mysteries too deep for him to unravel,—that one who is obliged to confess his ignorance at every step that he takes among these the lower works of the Almighty, should yet declare that his own wisdom and his own researches are sufficient to bring him acquainted with their Great Author, is an assertion which of itself sufficiently proves the darkness and perversion of the human understanding.

God, in commanding us to love him with all our mind, as well as with all our heart, surely intimates that so far from being self-constituted judges of what is true, there is no one opinion, thought, or conception, that should not be subjected to his guidance and control. It is only by this entire subjection to the Father of Spirits that human reason possesses any

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real freedom in judgment or deliberation; it is a spark proceeding originally from the Almighty mind: how then can its lustre be preserved inviolate, but by continual emanations from the same pure and sacred source?

But if reason is to be our guide in religious matters, whence comes it that persons whose natural abilities seem equal, are led by it to such very opposite conclusions? It cannot be denied that an Indian, Brahmin, or a Turkish dervise, possesses this faculty in common with ourselves, and employs it in the investigation and diffusion of what he esteems to be religious truth. Those errors in his creed which we look upon as absurd, are so endeared to him by antiquity, custom, or some other national prejudice, as to escape his detection altogether.

And who is there that has not experienced the influence of these very things in a thousand instances? Surely we need not go to Judea and Turkey for examples of the effect of prejudice in blinding the reasoning powers. We may perceive around us continual proofs of its influence. How many inconsistencies are observable, even in those whose understandings are confessedly the soundest, and whose judgments, when compared with those of other persons, seem clear and perspicuous. Truth is indeed attainable in the mathematics, or upon merely speculative subjects; but in religion, where our interest and happiness are involved, the passions, and, consequently the prejudices of corrupt nature, come into play; opinions are therefore viewed, not in the mirror of truth, but through the distorted medium of individual prejudice, taste, and feeling. Hence arise the various creeds and religious notions to be

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met with in the world, which are almost as numerous as the shades of character amongst men.

It is this general contrariety, which has led even the advocates for the all-sufficiency of reason to assert the inutility of adopting any determinate notions, on a subject so universally contested. Such is the inconsistency of opinions founded upon error! The very faculty which is, at one moment, erected into an infallible judge in the weightiest of all causes, is at another degraded below the rank even of a witness.

A state of indifferenee to religious knowledge is frequently justified, on the ground that persons of acknowledged talent and excellence have adhered to different sides of the question—it is, therefore, asked, how can I pretend to arbitrate between opinions so various and so well supported? If truth, indeed, could be elicited from the incongruities of human reasoning, or if the mind of a fallible mortal might be erected as its standard, such an argument would be satisfactory; but while the word of God especially commands us to cease from man, in our researches after wisdom, it also repeatedly directs us to him alone for its bestowment, in the use of his appointed means. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him." James i. 5. And again, "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God—for the Lord giveth wisdom, out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding." Prov. xi. 3—6. Surely there is nothing in language like this to justify a state of

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apathetic indifference to religious truth, still less blind adherence to the side of error.

Does the mathematician perplex himself in his researches with all the fallacies which ignorance and folly may have thrown in his way? In becoming familiarized with their deceptions he would inevitably fail to arrive at any just conclusions. Human nature must be differently constituted before we can expect unanimity in religious opinion, but as error is naturally opposed to truth, it is impossible, if it were even safe, to remain neutral; and therefore, not to be thoroughly and reasonably persuaded that we are in the right, is to be, according to all law and judgment, most essentially and introvertibly in the wrong.

What, after all, makes truth, on any subject, so difficult of attainment, but a natural predilection for error in the human understanding? Were it beautifully constituted, the intricacies of learning would be unnecessary, and that which is now the dry result of a study, from which feeling is confessedly excluded, would be self-evident to the mind. The philosopher has cause to blush that his heart cannot assist his hand, where intellectual beauty and propriety are concerned; the labour he bestows upon his researches, far from affording matter for exultation, serves rather to prove the extent of his own natural folly, ignorance, and error.

How strange and melancholy a thing it is that too many are willing to borrow illumination from some earthly glow-worm, whilst they obstinately refuse it at His hands who said, when all was dark and void, "Let there be light, and there was light." Still does wisdom cry, and understanding lift up her voice, but

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the sound is lost in the shouts of folly, and the tumults of business and vanity. And the conclusion, who will hear it? "Because I have called, and they refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at their calamity, I will mock when their fear cometh; when their fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish come upon them." Prov. i. 24, 26, 27.

J. D.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

I HAVE read with much pleasure in your number for November last, the letter of your correspondent, M. A. S. addressed to a young lady, on the subject of poetry. The remarks it contains are exceedingly valuable, and appear calculated to be very useful to young persons of an imaginative turn of mind. From what the writer states at the commencement of her letter, I was led to suppose that she cannot have seen a work, published some time since, in which the subject of her remarks has been treated at a considerable length. The work to which I refer is 'An Estimate of the Human Mind,' &c. in two octavo volumes, by the Rev. John Davies, author of 'First Impressions,' a work not very long since favourably noticed in your pages. The author discusses what your correspondent justly represents as having hitherto been almost entirely overlooked by divines and moralists—'The Use and Abuse of the Imagination,' in connection with the subject of religion. From the general tenor of your excellent correspondent's observations, I am inclined to think that the lengthened dissertation contained in this work would, in some degree, meet her views on the very important and interesting department of literature, to which her remarks are directed.

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Some parts of the work, which I have mentioned, may appear rather too deep and metaphysical for our sex; but as the general style of the volumes is popular and attractive, I think the majority of your readers would find no difficulty in entering into its spirit. It was noticed in terms of high approbation by most of the religious periodicals, on its first appearance, but whether it has met with that extent of circulation to which its intrinsic merits would seem to entitle it, I am not aware. At all events I think it is very much the sort of work which your valuable correspondent, M. A. S., seemed to consider as wanted in the present state of reading among young persons. As such, therefore, I have taken the liberty, with your permission, of directing her attention, and that of your numerous readers to its contents, and beg to remain what I have long been, your

CONSTANT READER.

[We have not seen the work alluded to; but, on the strength of its author's name, we are willing to insert the above recommendation.—ED.]

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VISITS TO ST. GILES'.

No. I.

It is now some years, since, a sum of money having been entrusted to my care for the relief of some among the starving hundreds of poor Irish people in St. Giles', I was led to make inquiry of a most actively benevolent physician, conspicuous for his devoted attention to those who "cannot recompense" their helpers, as to the best plan of proceeding. I had given a promise to superintend its distribution; but, though then a temporary resident in the immediate vicinity of the spot, I had not ventured to explore its dark recesses. Dr. P. told me that to give money was worse than useless: that I ought to ascertain some of the most destitute cases of helplessness and disease; and warily to administer relief in the form of such nourishment as the cases might require; and by removing, in some instances, the sick from the dreadful dens in which I might find them, to lodgings comparatively wholesome. He then furnished me with a list of those whom he knew to be in great need; and commended me to the guidance of Him who careth for the poor.

The first case noted by the doctor, he had marked as one of actual starvation: I sent forthwith a jug of fresh milk, and a quartern loaf, by a messenger ready enough to the work, the sister of that dumb

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Irish boy, whose last prayer had been breathed for 'Jack's poor Ireland.' She returned deeply affected; telling me that the young man, his wife, and child, had been subsisting on six pounds of potatoes from the Saturday morning to that, Tuesday, evening; that they were nearly fainting with hunger, and received the supply with eager joy. Her account of the place and the people moved me so much, that I resolved immediately to commence personally visiting among them; and this, by the Lord's mercy, I was enabled to do, for several hours every day, during four months.

To describe the region in question, is scarcely possible: it seems as though the great enemy of souls had here entrenched his throne behind every barrier that would be deemed most insurmountable by those who sought to snatch the victims from his grasp. Often, when I had become most ardently engaged in my work, did my heart quail, and my knees tremble, as the moment approached for commencing my daily round. Not from any apprehension of violence or insult—no: in justice to the people I must acknowledge, and I do assert, that *never* did even a look or a gesture of discourtesy meet my eye, even when declaring to them what must have been unwelcome truths. I knew too well the passport to their hearts—the open look, the cheerful smile, the cordial greeting, with an allusion to dear Ireland as a land well known, and fondly loved—these, under the divine blessing ardently besought, made clear my way throughout the length and breadth—the height and depth, I may well add—of that fearful place. I love the Irish people; I suffer that love to appear, and this is enough. What appalled me

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was the prospect of witnessing such spectacles of wretchedness, in the dens of hardened crime ; but I had been clearly called to that work, and who was I, that I should refuse to go? No sooner, however, was my bonnet fairly on, my secret ejaculation for help sent up, and the street-door in my hand, than every uneasy feeling vanished: and actual impatience ensued, until the wilderness should have shut me in.

The scene of my operations was the northern division of St. Giles', including Bainbridge, Buckeridge, Church, Ivy, Carrier, and Maynard Streets; with Church Lane, and Ivy Court. One description will apply to all: the streets are very narrow, and so clogged with every possible accumulation of filth, that the transit from one end to the other, to say nothing of crossing, requires no little degree of skill. On either side, the scanty edging of flagstones is encroached upon by the open entrance into the cellars, an almost perpendicular flight of steep steps, more like a ladder than a staircase, leading into that dreary apartment, which has neither door nor window, save the above-mentioned entrance ; and this being closed at night, all ventilation is precluded. There is usually an inner recess, which, of course, is extremely dark, even at noon-day. The very low roof, floor saturated with damp, and utter want of cleanliness, are sad aggravations of the misery that makes itself felt on stepping beyond the stairs. In close file we behold a range of bedsteads, turned up by day, and resting against the wall; at night they must completely occupy the room. Here, almost within touch, repose whole families, with chance lodgers, frequently to the number of fifteen or six-

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teen individuals in one very small room; including the healthy and the sick; the drunken and the dying; the bed-ridden grandsire and the new-born babe. Fumes of tobacco and gin, mingled with every imaginable effluvia, circle round the low and fast-shut den. Here measles and small-pox, typhus, and deadly consumption, are inhaled by the comparatively healthful lungs of those who have earned or begged the two-pence that will secure a night's lodging in this subterranean pest-house. I had often thrown a hasty and shrinking glance downwards as I passed the mouths of the dungeons; but soon, I thank God, I learnt to descend with alacrity into the cellars, in quest of my sick patients, or inquiring penitents. Many and many a blessed hour have I there passed, while the light from the stair-head fell on the book of inspiration, and the poor inmates listened with delight to the words of invitation, breathed in the language of their own beloved Erin, from the lips of some poor countryman whom I had engaged to accompany me for that purpose. The chair, or stool, was wiped, and placed for me with alacrity; and I can tell those who have experienced Irish hospitality and Irish courtesy in the beautiful glens of that fair island, that they may ensure a repetition of it any day, in the dark cellars of St. Giles', if they go with anything like Irish cordiality in their own looks. Dislike, suspicion, or disgust, once betrayed by the countenance, would probably break the charm: but of this I cannot speak from experience. The people knew that I loved them: and nothing but mutual kindness passed between us.

To ascend from the cellar—the ground floor of these houses is by so much better than the basement,

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that it admits more freely the light and air; but the latter is so foul from the state of the streets, that the more there is of it the worse; and the former reveals much of that filth and wretchedness over which the gloom of the cellar casts a softening veil. These steep, dark, winding, and broken staircases lead to the upper stories, each door as it is passed revealing some new variety of want, disease, and vice. The number of children is incredible; and their handsome, intelligent little faces, disguised by dirt, their limbs disfigured rather than clad by the rags that flutter about them, and the wild, untamed character prevailing, would repel one who was not kept mindful by God the Spirit, that Jesus Christ had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Will the disciple dare to shun those whom his Lord invites? No, he will yearn over the ungathered lambs, longing to lead them to the open arms of the Good Shepherd.

Besides the regular rows of houses that skirt the street, there are others, approached by narrow passages, and very far exceeding the former in the squalid misery that invests them. Vice is rampant here in all its forms; and by far the hardest trial to endure in passing along, is the hearing of blasphemy and bad language. The prevalence of the Irish tongue is, in this respect, a benefit to the English visitor.

I feel that my sketch is inadequate to convey a clear idea either of the place or its inhabitants: so much must be superadded of crumbling walls, broken roofs, boards giving way beneath the tread, beds composed of a few shavings, or a little rotten straw, sometimes covered with a no less rotten bit of sack-

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ing, or a rag of filthy carpetting—tattered clothes, besmeared with dirt; uncombed, dishevelled hair; and fierce disputes ending in desperate affrays—such a combination of horrors does the scene present, that well might a dear friend, whom I prevailed on to walk with me through two or three streets, implore me, with tears, to take her away: and when I did so, assuring her at the same time that there was no danger, reply, 'I do not fear them, poor perishing creatures! but I fear that the vengeance of God must fall upon my country, when the very centre of her metropolis presents such a scene as this.' I rarely took any companion, but an interpreter from among themselves. The appearance of ornament, or of elegant attire, seemed to rouse a bitter feeling among the women; and even the involuntary movement that would betray a natural anxiety to avoid the heaps of filthy rubbish in our path, or to escape the suffocating effluvia of the place, does not pass unnoticed by that always proud and irascible race—the poorer Irish. I knew full well its origin, in the doctrine so carefully inculcated by priests and demagogues, that they are robbed of their natural inheritance by Saxon intruders, and starved out of their own land to perish beneath the sneer of English dislike and contempt. I knew, and could allow for all this prejudice; and, viewing them as immortal beings, whom, howsoever I might shrink from them here, I must meet at the judgment-seat of Christ, I became Irish to the outcasts of dear Ireland: certainly without much effort.

My first expedition was made the morning after the resolution had been formed: I wrote out a number of tickets, for bread, milk, meal, soup, coals, and

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potatoes, having previously arranged with the respective dealers to honour them when presented; and, accompanied by that indefatigable helper of his poor countrymen, David Murphy, clerk of the Irish church, I entered the ground floor of a house in Buckeridge-street. Gratefully do I record that in the very first instance of a personal inquiry, I found a subsequent cause of rejoicing—I hope, for eternity.

Dennis M—— was the man whom I sought. He was in an apartment rather large; but so thickly inhabited, and so dreadfully heated by the fumes of cooking, of tobacco, and spirituous liquor, while the landlady was messing her lodgers, that I could scarcely breathe in it. Reduced to the last stage of decline, the poor fellow was seated on a narrow projection of the wall, which formed his only support, in a position most painfully upright. With a deep hectic on his hollow cheek, eyes glaring in the dazzling light of his disease, and chest labouring for breath, or convulsed by the frequent cough; his tall gaunt figure presented such a spectacle that it haunts me to this day. I gave him a ticket for bread, and another to a neighbour, not so far gone; and then, having consulted Dr. P—— and the active agent of the District Visiting Society, I engaged a better lodging: the society paying rent, while I was to support the poor men. Next day, I saw them comfortably settled in an airy room, where M—— could constantly lie down; his companion preferring to sit up; and so well did the latter thrive at a soup diet, that he was soon able to pursue his way homeward. I took the minister of the Irish church, who preached salvation by Christ crucified, in the Irish language, to which M—— was greatly attached;

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while several other Christian gentlemen visited him also: and I, when no better teacher was there, endeavoured to help forward the work. He exhibited increasing eagerness to hear the scriptures in his own loved language, and to join in prayer with those who used it; his tears flowing frequently when so engaged. Nor did he appear much less delighted when I seated myself beside his pillow, with the English Bible in my hand. He sank very rapidly; and was soon near death; and having always been a strict follower of the church of Rome, his landlady sent for the priest to administer the last delusive rites of popery. Meantime, Murphy came, as usual, to visit the poor fellow; and the priest found him in the act of reading God's word to him. In extreme wrath, he reviled the heretic, and vehemently demanded of the sick man whether he chose 'that fellow and his book,' or him, his priest, with the holy rites of the 'Catholic' church. Dennis meekly replied, that the words spoken by that man were very good, and the book contained nothing but what was true: finally, though still very gently, he declined to confess, or to receive the rites on which every papist is taught to believe that the salvation of his soul depends. The priest went out in a rage, anathematizing him and menacing the people of the house with the church's vengeance, if they suffered us any longer to visit there. Unconscious of what had passed, I went in just after; and though I perceived some cloudy looks among the rest, I scarcely noticed them, so surprised and delighted was I at the heavenly expression of peace and comfort on poor Dennis' pale countenance. He put his wasted hand into mine, inviting me to read, which I did; bearing a faithful

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witness against the deadly nature of that delusion which looks to aught but the blood of Christ for pardon and salvation. All this the people heard, and with complacency too: but next morning I received a message, that if I went there again, the women must break my head: the priest was so angry. I knew how much depended on my standing my ground; I also knew who I had to deal with. Accordingly, I said to the urchin who conveyed the hint, 'Go, give my love to the women at No. ——, tell them I shall be there in half an hour; and if they do break my head, I must go to the doctor to put on a plaster, and be back again in no time.' Away he went, laughing; and in half an hour I followed him: the women merrily returned the laugh with which I greeted them at the door; and I paid my visit to the dying man, unmolested. The next day I discovered that the landlady was privately arranging to have him carried to the work-house, where none but the priest would have access. This plan I quietly circumvented; and before night he was settled in another lodging, under the care of a family whom I well knew to be shamming Protestantism in order to conciliate me. I saw the deception, but winked at it for the double purpose of keeping Dennis safe, and of retaining them under the teaching of the truth, in hope that the Lord might touch their consciences. Here Dennis evinced a rapid growth in faith, and confidence. To one friend he said, with great energy, 'Sir, if the blood of Jesus Christ is not able to take away my sins, this I am sure of—nothing else is able.' I was obliged to leave town for two days; on the first, M—— became delirious, and called for a priest; but immediately

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contradicted himself. That whole night he passed in prayer, making no mention of virgin or saint, but of Christ alone, and incessantly. In the morning Murphy visited him, and hearing what had passed, asked if he would like to see a priest. 'No,' was the emphatic answer: and soon afterwards, his countenance assuming a very happy and joyous aspect, he smiled, whispering to himself, 'I don't want a priest now.' He died soon after Murphy left him. I was subsequently told by a young lad who was within hearing, that the people about him had urged him greatly, in the night, to admit a priest, but he steadily refused. His case was a very satisfactory one: he had stood idle long, *because no man had hired him.* At last the call came, he obeyed it, though at the eleventh hour, gave testimony of a simple faith in Christ, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

The next instance was more affecting: but that I must reserve for a future number, if spared to record it.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

THE well-known character of your magazine, as essentially Protestant, and long may it glory in such a reputation! induces me to obtrude a few remarks upon a subject which deservedly occupies the thoughts of many Christians,—I mean the bold front that popery has of late years assumed in this land, and her openly entering the lists, not as a tolerated system, not even as the rival of Protestant principles, but as the authoritative assertor of exclusive right upon an inalienable title to 'the uppermost seats,' among a Protestant people.

If we look at the strides that Rome is now making, and compare them with the cautious, stealthy, unperceived rate at which formerly she, 'like a wounded snake, dragged her slow length along,' we must be struck with the difference.

Formerly if she did venture to move forward, she first cast a furtive and anxious glance around, to ascertain if that vigilance which her own aggressions had excited, was still unwearied; then, shrinking immediately from observation, she again resumed her apparently inert position. Now, though scarcely eight years have elapsed since she was invited from her obscurity, she has advanced farther than in any preceding fifty years, hastening on to the goal of

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absolute power, hurling defiance at those whose liberty she aims to subvert: reminding one of the hedgehog in the well-known fable, which in a half-dead condition prevailed upon a snake to receive him into her abode, 'He was no sooner entered,' says Æsop, 'than his prickles began to make his companion very uneasy, upon which he was requested to remove, as she found upon trial, the apartment was not large enough to accommodate both.' I need not state the intruder's reply; all know, that, well satisfied with his quarters, of which he meant to retain possession, he not very courteously proposed that his benefactor should evacuate!

Who cannot remember when the Roman Catholic places for public worship were usually in such obscure corners and by-paths, that they were almost *private*, scarcely known except to the initiated? And in number, they were so 'few and far between,' that even in our larger towns, the absence of such edifices was much more general than their existence; in fact, they were more frequently attached to, and formed part of some old family seat, than separate structures. But now, no site is too conspicuous, no style too magnificent, no decorations too gorgeous, no appearance, in short, too attractive, for modern Roman chapels. Again, go to our beautiful sister island, look at the priests as they are, and as they were, within the memory of many upon whose head the snows of age have not even begun to fall. Did they not generally keep within the limits of their own line of duty, at least did they not apparently wish to be regarded as loyal, orderly men, exerting their influence only for the quiet maintenance of their own faith; the more turbulent among them, whose love of excitement and

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troubled waters (I abstain from harsh terms) led them into unconstitutional, ungentlemanly, unchristian conduct, were glad to conceal themselves from the watchful eye, which they felt, rather than knew, might be upon them, behind the integrity of their more consistent brethren. Now those very men, throwing aside the veil, come forth unblushingly, breaking faith, scorning peace, preaching dissension, nay, recommending, urging it even to the death, between subjects of the same king, children of the same soil. Fain would the church of Rome sap the very foundations of the throne, and spirit away the sceptre from the monarch who holds it; which, blended with the symbol of spiritual tyranny, she would place in the hands of him who wears the triple crown, while she would insolently demand of us, her dupes and victims, 'Give this man place!'

Oh, unhappy Ireland! how art thou made the prey of those to whom thy sons and daughters look as the dispensers of the bread of life! What hast thou not suffered from the party-spirit, the jealousy, the deadly hatred, of those to whom thy children, with a confidence and an affection thoroughly national, commit their everlasting interest! Irishmen seeking the blood of Irishmen, with unnatural insatiate fury; inhabitants of the same lovely, and once peaceful village, living in mortal enmity, ready to revenge, at the bidding of 'his reverence,' whose very hint is a command, any difference of creed, religious or political, by hurrying the unfortunate delinquent into eternity! These are some of the consequences of increased liberal and popish influence. These are some of the fruits, by which the tree is too well known, for any disinterested person to deny its cha-

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racter. Maynooth has deluged Ireland with more misery than any other single cause whatever.

The difference between the present and past being so manifest, may I, without even wishing to make your pages a vehicle for political acumen, be permitted to state a few facts, which strike me as some of the causes?

The progressive steps, from the concealed inactive hatred of Rome, to the more open display of the cloven foot, may be traced back to about fifty years since, when the removal of certain penal disabilities, was brought before the British parliament. The disastrous riots of 1780, which succeeded the concession, proved, if such guilty, senseless, injurious ebullitions may be allowed to prove anything, that 'the people,' as they are styled, were then Protestant.

Many of the older individuals of that period, if they could not themselves actually remember the cruelties perpetrated by the Romish church, yet were the sons of those who had witnessed the efforts made, the blood shed, and shared in the fearful struggle for religious liberty, against the attempts of a popish king once more to bring this nation under the papal yoke. These again were descended from fathers, whose sires had religiously handed down to them, as cautionary warning, histories of suffering, and horror, and persecution. 'Death or recantations,' imprisonment, torture, rack, fire, faggot, were household words of awful truth and meaning.

But to return; when the subject above alluded to, was beginning to be openly discussed in our senate, a Protestant king sat upon the British throne, one who 'by the grace of God' was a true 'defender of the

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faith;' one who, in the integrity of his heart, gallantly declared, that, if his people wished, he could retire into obscurity, he could even lay his head upon a block, but he had not courage to break the solemn oath that fatal experience had taught Britons to administer at coronation. Secure in such a pledge, which never was forfeited, (for it is worthy of remark, that the evil came not to pass in his days,) we rested upon our oars, we relaxed in our vigilance, we forgot that the vine and the fig-tree, under which we sat without fear, had yielded no shade to our fathers! is it too figurative to say that they had furnished only the stake and the faggot to which they were bound, and by which they were consumed, for having dared to seek shelter beneath its branches? We forgot that while we thought this vine, and this fig-tree were overshadowing the whole realm, a work of destruction might be carrying on at its root!

But England's foes and, what is worse, the foes of England's faith, have aroused us from this lethargy to a sense of our danger. Deeply humbled for past unfaithfulness, we will, if needs be, again contend earnestly for "the faith once delivered to the saints." We will have recourse to our fathers' weapons—they are not carnal but spiritual; we will buckle on their armour,—laid aside though it may have been, its temper is unchanged, it has accumulated no rust. The shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the sword of the Spirit, are still proof against all attacks. Our fathers' God on our side, his word in our hands, what need we fear? We shall either achieve a victory, or, if He see fit, swell the ranks of the noble army of martyrs. But I am not anticipating evil, we hope better things;

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we have, thank God! a Protestant king upon the throne, a Protestant succession to look to; our bibles are our own, and our cause is the Lord's.

With you I hail the restoration to light of the dust-covered annals of Foxe, as a proof that the Protestant feeling that calls him forth, (at the bidding, as it were, of Rome,) has only slept in our land. We will read his Acts and Monuments, we will read what those, who have been forgotten in our security, have suffered; we will read, and, by God's blessing, we will understand, *for* what they suffered; and surely the determination of each heart will, in God's strength, be 'Britons never will be slaves' again to the Pope of Rome!

Christian mothers! are you alive to your responsibility? Train up your infant charge as Protestant subjects. The earliest period cannot be fixed, at which the young mind is capable of receiving a bias, right or wrong. To you is necessarily entrusted the important task of sowing the first seed. Look that it be good. Be not behind those who openly boast that their children imbibe, even in the nursery, the *liberal* principles of the age. Teach them betimes the history of their country, and especially from the period when the light of the Reformation gilds its pages. Teach them to draw from our national deliverances the same inference that Manoah's wife drew from her experience of God's dealings with her. And may the divine blessing rest upon your instructions!

A PROTESTANT.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

I WAS somewhat startled on reading a paper in your December number, entitled 'China, India, and the East;' and as the soundness of the views contained in the latter part of it appears to me very questionable, I venture to transmit to you the following remarks on the subject. It is with some hesitation that I differ from one who is so evidently actuated by zeal for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom; but on consulting the only infallible guide, the word of God, I cannot see any ground for supposing that the work of an 'evangelist,' (that is, a professed teacher of the gospel,) is in any manner suited to a female. The whole tenor of scripture leads me to believe that woman's path, with very few exceptions, is intended to be a retiring, unobtrusive one, and that, when unsupported by a husband's countenance, missionary labours are out of her sphere of duty. I am very far from asserting that single as well as married women ought not zealously to do their utmost to win souls to Christ, but then it must be in a *private*, not a *public* capacity, in their own neighbourhood, among the poor and ignorant, who are, alas! but too numerous in every corner of even our highly-favoured country. Because ours is nominally a Christian land, is there therefore nothing to be done among our own

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countrywomen? Do not facts too painfully prove that the great majority are, in truth, but baptized heathens, having nothing of Christian but the name and fearful responsibility? (see Matt. xi. 21—24.) Were each of my Christian sisters to do what lay in her power, to proclaim "the unsearchable riches of Christ" to her poor neighbours, I believe she would be acting more in accordance with the precepts of the gospel, than were she to throw off that "shamefacedness" which ought to adorn her, and sally forth *alone* to distant lands, as a missionary; thereby shocking the deep-rooted prejudices of those she most wishes to conciliate. I think the *prayerful* consideration of the following and similar texts of scripture, will in general lead to a view of the subject such as I have taken. 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35. 1 Tim. ii. 9—12. Titus ii. 4, 5. 1 Pet. iii. 1, 2, 5. These passages, it may be said, are spoken chiefly with reference to the duty of wives towards their husbands; they are, however, quite conclusive, to my mind, with regard to the place which women in general ought to occupy in the church.

There have been, and still are, "Mothers in Israel," who, like Deborah of old, are honoured as instruments of public usefulness in the great Redeemer's hand; but these appear to me *exceptions*, not the general rule; and I cannot but think that an exhortation to women, to cast off the retiring modesty of their sex, and to put themselves forward even in so good a cause as the conversion of the heathen, is likely to prove anything but beneficial to them.

It is the opinion of one "whose praise is in all the churches," and whose name would carry much weight with it, did I feel at liberty to mention it,

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that women in the present day take much too prominent a part in religious societies, &c.

If you are kind enough, Madam, to give the above remarks a place in your useful periodical, you will much oblige,

G. H. G.

THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH *visible*, in the enlarged sense. All the people on earth who are called out of the world to the worship of the true God; as the Israelitish church in the wilderness, Acts vii. 38; and in Judea till the coming of Messiah, Psalm cxiv. 2.

THE CHURCH *visible*, in the restricted sense. Congregations of people who assemble to worship God according to a prescribed form, and under certain rules of church government; as the Episcopal Church, of which the Roman is a corrupted branch, the Presbyterian, Lutheran, Calvinistic, Independent, Secession, Baptist, and Methodist churches.

THE CHURCH *invisible*, in the enlarged sense. The church militant here upon earth, and the church triumphant in glory.

THE CHURCH *militant* comprises that nation, of which Christ is the King; that flock, of which Christ is the Shepherd; that body, of which Christ is the Head; that army, of which Christ is the Captain; those children, of whom Christ is the Father; those servants of whom Christ is the Lord and Master; those branches, of which Christ is the Living Vine.

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They are called the elect of God, the children of God, the Israel of God, the people of God, a spiritual house, the temple of God, a holy nation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, a holy seed, &c. &c.

THE Church *triumphant*, comprises all the above after their departure out of this life, and it is called the bride, the Lamb's wife; and the city in which they dwell, the New Jerusalem.

In each of the above *visible* churches there are three classes of outward worshippers.

1. The elect of God who are born of the Spirit. John iii. 5; 1 Peter i. 23.

2. The elect of God not yet born of the Spirit. John x. 14.

3. The children of Satan who have not yet gone to their own place. Acts i. 25.

To the two first the Gospel of Salvation is sent; to the third it is preached as a witness. To the former who are saved, the Gospel is a savour of life unto life; to the latter, who perish, it is a savour of death unto death. 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your ownselves." 2 Cor. xiii. 5.

[If by saying that the gospel is preached to the third class as a witness, the writer means to imply that it is not also sent as an invitation, we beg leave to dissent from his view.—ED.]

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THE LAW OF CONSIDERATION.

'She (Hannah More) sometimes regretted that she had not followed up her own serious intention of writing a little treatise expressly on the law of consideration, which was so continually and heedlessly violated, in the innumerable little circumstances and situations of life. To particularize a few cases—with respect to tradesmen, to avoid taking long credit, which causes them so much anxiety and distress, and not unfrequently ruin; and not to change them capriciously, or for one fault: with respect to servants, not to give them trouble wantonly, because we will not condescend to think it of any consequence: toward those who are subject to us in any way, to avoid those little inconsiderate acts which point out to them in a painful manner their inferiority: with respect to lodging-houses, to be scrupulously careful not to injure the furniture of them.'—*Roberts's Memoirs of Hannah More*, vol. iv. p. 186.

THERE are some persons whose minds like to have the gold of truth in the lump, and find healthful exercise in hammering and beating it out for themselves. To such, the above brief hints may prove even more useful than the treatise which their admirable authoress intended to have written. But as the most popular didactic writers of our day have accustomed us to receive the metal wire-drawn, it may not perhaps be a useless work to open and enlarge upon the subject suggested by Mrs. H. More.

'The law of consideration,' in the sense attached to the phrase in the above passage, is but one of the many ramifications of that golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If we have never for one whole week of our lives made the exact observance of that rule an

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especial and principal object, though our hearts may be brought under its general influence, we cannot have detected the daily and hourly violations of it of which we are guilty, both by omission and commission, even towards those persons who are the nearest and dearest to us.

This law of consideration is the opposite and negative of selfishness. It is the unaffected politeness of a polished mind, guided by a kind heart, and under the supreme command of that cordial love to others which is the essence of Christian courtesy.

The law of consideration should extend to all the intercourse of social life. Some persons have a natural refinement of thought and delicacy of feeling, which give an intuitive knowledge of what is proper and kind under certain circumstances; to others, the attainment of an inferior degree of such discernment is a work requiring constant attention and long practice. The power of Christian love really felt, will act upon the heart and conduct, like sunbeams on the frost of the Alps, when dissolving the snow of years, and opening the course of many a fertilizing stream.

We are continually in need of forbearance and forgiveness from each other; let us individually prove our humiliating sense of our own aptness to offend, by the exercise of considerate kindness towards all, especially our inferiors and dependants.

Everybody whose feelings are not absolutely obtuse, is naturally inclined to imagine that they are unusually acute; and would fain exact for them peculiar indulgence from his companions, while making of them an excuse for peevish or passionate disregard of their own.

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Have you sensitive feelings? If the idol 'selfishness' be indeed dethroned in your heart, your exquisite perception of the painful and the pleasant will be shown, not in the demand made upon your associates and dependants for indulgence in sinning against them; not in the extortion of tenderness and sympathy; but in bringing into subjection every thought, imagination, and feeling, to the obedience of Christ; and offering to others, with that quickness of observation excited by fellow-feeling, the balm of love and kindness, in the amphora of Christian courtesy.

The probability is, that many persons feel more acutely than yourself; that some possess a morbid sensibility too delicate for you even to appreciate. And hearts thus constituted may beat in the breasts of persons who fill inferior stations in life—in the breasts of your dependants and servants. Is it not cruel causelessly to pain them? Is not that inconsideration sinful, which renders you careless of doing so? A neglected act of courtesy may wound, a trivial attention may gratify. Will you, in a world so full of sorrow, despise so cheap a mode of giving pleasure?

The cold look which casts down the light of a cheerful countenance, the contemptuous stare, the uplifted brow, the altered tone of voice, the hand withheld, or indifferently given, a gesture expressing dislike or scorn, may, by the doer, be forgotten with the petty occasion which provoked it, but by the sufferer may be felt keenly, and often, and long.

Perhaps some of your dependants are morally and mentally your superiors. They acknowledge the subordination of civil order; they cannot but feel

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your superiority—oh, do not make them feel it painfully! even by a slight omission of courtesy, which, though to an equal it might seem but negligence, to an inferior expresses contempt.

If in all things alike, they are your inferiors, still they are your fellow-creatures, your fellow-sinners; and either are, or may some day, become your fellow-Christians.

There is a supercilious air assumed by some heads of families towards their domestics, which has the power of an enchanter's wand, to call up in their breasts the demon of ill humour. There is a tone of voice which chills their growing goodwill, like the east wind of spring-time. There is a disregard, at least a carelessness of their comfort, which hardens their hearts against real acts of benevolence. The hasty pull, sounding both bell and wire, and the rapid repetition of the peal, speaks as plainly to their ears as words could do, of impatience and haughty superiority. Would that all masters and mistresses had experimentally learned the compatibility of authority with kindness! This harshness does not always proceed from pride, though too frequently it does, and pride is "inordinate and unreasonable self-esteem," and self-esteem is the topmost bough of the deeply-rooted tree of selfishness. If your inconsideration be indeed a symptom that all is not right within your own heart, be not content to alter your practice, but diligently examine also your principles of action.

As concerns the discharge of wages and tradesmen's bills, there is a certain period when by custom or agreement, they strictly speaking, become due; and beyond that time payment cannot in justice be

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delayed. It is not an act of favour, but of common honesty to pay them, and it were most selfish and unkind to satisfy some fancied want or inclination, by the expenditure of that money which indeed belongs to others, though they fear to give offence by asking for it. And supposing that you pay your bills once a year, if the tradesmen be obliged to pay their's twice, or four times during that period, you may cause them serious inconvenience, and much more so if your payments be unfixed or irregular.

With regard to the exercise of patience towards the faults of our dependants, it will be rendered easy by the habit of meekly considering our own. Probe to the quick, and "do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Ever have regard to the offence itself, rather than to the vexatiousness of its consequences. Many an act of carelessness inflicts its own chastisement. Where serious offences require punishment, let not justice be untempered with mercy, nor embittered by malice.

There is another class of persons peculiarly liable to suffer from the inconsideration which is so prevalent, the keepers of lodging-houses. What sojourner is as careful of warping and scratching the tables and chairs of other people as he would be of his own? Are not many scrambling children and dirty boots allowed upon the lodging-house sofa which dare not approach one at home? Who watches the accumulating grease spots on the baize table-cover, or the ink splashes on the table itself, or the water drops on the sideboard with any anxiety, or notices whether the sunblind shades the carpet and curtains or not?

Yet almost everybody has a sort of affection for

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his articles of furniture, apart from their intrinsic value, and feels a sorrow at seeing they have sustained an injury, independently of pounds, shillings, and pence; therefore there is something unkind as well as dishonest in not taking care of them.

The hired horse or vehicle ought not to be worse treated than our own of a similar kind. The hired or club book should not be carelessly thrown about, the cover warped by the fire, the leaves creased into dog's-ears, or the binding split by laying it open upon its face.

In truth the Law of Consideration is of universal application, and the more it is practically illustrated the stronger will be the testimony of the increasing influence of the law of love upon the heart, of the progressive subjection of every thought and feeling to the obedience of Christ.

The ancient mode of warfare is aptly likened to a game of chess; perhaps in that complicated game might also be found no inappropriate similitude for human life. At least in this the analogy is striking, "no move is indifferent," none unattended by consequences, none without some bearing upon the final issue.

Christians, despise not the Law of Consideration! Oh think of Hannah More; be kind, be honest in these little things.

L. O.

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CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE.

EVEN in regard of the friends with whom we may have been privileged by a kind providence, how infrequent is that communion on which the heart and mind can repose with full satisfaction! The necessary occupations and businesses of life restrict the personal intercourse of friends within but narrow limits. And, when obtained, not seldom something arises to cause the heart disappointment in it. Some jarring of temper is felt, however slight; some clashing of worldly interests, some difference of taste or sentiment, which, though no preventive to mutual esteem and good will, may yet operate to prevent the delightful reciprocation of the out-flowings of affection. Indeed there are not a few who seem constitutionally incapable of such out-flowings, even towards their friends. Again, even where all is affection and cordiality, still how frequently is there felt the intellectual poverty of the intercourse! Whether from the limited powers and furniture of the mind, or the want of colloquial ability, conversation is insipid. There is little in it of what is interesting, instructive, noble, heart-stirring. The memory, as it reflects upon it afterwards, finds little that it would wish to retain. Such, in no small measure, is the intercourse of friends in this world; seldom, if ever, fully satisfying either to the intellect or the heart; seldom at all answering to that ideal

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model of the communion of friendship which we yet cannot but fancy as possible, and look and long for its realization. It is obvious that in friendship, as in every other pure source of enjoyment, religion gives real Christians an incomparable advantage over all others. For supposing other qualifications the same, how greatly must selfish feeling be repressed by the influence of the good Spirit from above, how greatly love quickened, and confidence increased! And, then, among the subjects of Christian conversation, there will be some as much higher than other objects as heaven is than the earth, and the things of God than those of man. Still even sincere Christians continue creatures full of imperfection; and hindrances, such as have been hinted, operate with them to an extent greater than might beforehand have been anticipated, to render their communion with those they love not only infrequent but often unsatisfying and poor. So disappointment meets us even in our friendships in this world. But the believer will not always be disappointed in them. There is something better for him to come.....
The idea of conversing with the holy men of other times, with Adam, and Enoch, and Noah; with Abraham and Moses, with the patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, and whole company of the redeemed out of every age, and tongue, and nation; this must, even to the natural man, appear an association most desirable, from its promise of gratification to the curiosity and the understanding. But it is the enjoying God in it, that is here the saint's fondest anticipation of the society of heaven, and will be there to his mind its chief zest and joy. Thus will their whole communion be hallowed. And oh! what a

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blessedness will attach to it! What a reflection will each then present to the saints that commune with him of the glory of Jesus! a reflection brighter than that of Moses when he came down from Mount Sinai, for we shall be then perfectly like him, seeing him as he is! What outflowings of love will there be, as under the full influence of him who is love! What subjects of converse! the mysteries of the universal creation, and, still deeper, the mysteries of redemption; the general, the particular providences through which, as each will tell to his enraptured hearers, that wonder of wonders has been accomplished, that he has himself been brought safe to heaven; the perfections of God, the love of Jesus; the beauty of the celestial mansions; the prospects of eternity,—its visions of glory beyond glory, opening before them in endless perspectives; in all these things, I say, what subjects of converse! And what powers of converse, also, when an angel's tongue shall have been given them, and they shall talk on heaven's themes in heaven's own language!

REV. E. B. ELLIOTT.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

IT is with Christians as with burning coals; if these are scattered far apart, one after the other is easily extinguished; but when collected together, the fire of the one preserves that of the other, and the glowing coals often ignite others that lie near.—*Frankè.*

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EDWARD VI.

At his coronation, when the three swords, for the three kingdoms, were brought to be carried before him, he observed, that there was one yet wanting, and called for the bible: 'That,' said he, 'is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing; we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day; we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength.' Child as he was, so well had he been trained, and so excellent was his moral and intellectual nature, that he was capable of thus thinking, and thus expressing himself. One, who was about his person, says of him, 'If ye knew the towardness of that young prince, your hearts would melt to hear him named: the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun; the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world.' 'No pen,' says Fuller, 'passeth by him without praising him, though none praising him to his full deserts.'

There is a beautiful anecdote of this excellent prince, who, of all men that history has recorded,

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seems, in moral feeling, to have advanced the far thest beyond his age. Ridley had preached before him, and with that faithfulness which his preachers were encouraged to use, dwelt upon the pitiable condition of the poor, and the duty of those who were in authority to provide effectual means for their relief. As soon as the service was over, the king sent him a message, desiring him not to depart till he had spoken with him; and calling for him into a gallery, where no other person was present, made him there sit down, and be covered, and gave him hearty thanks for his sermon and his exhortation concerning the poor. 'My Lord,' said he, 'ye willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof, and to devise some good order for their relief; wherein I think you mean me, for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein.' Declaring then that he was, before all things, most willing to travail that way, he asked Ridley to direct him as to what measures might best be taken. Ridley, though well acquainted with the king's virtuous disposition, was nevertheless surprised, as well as affected, by the earnestness and sincere desire of doing his duty, which he now expressed. He advised him to direct letters to the lord mayor, requiring him, with such assistants as he should think meet, to consult on the matter. Edward would not let him depart till the letter was written, and then charged him to deliver it himself, and signify his special request and express commandment, that no time might be lost in proposing what was convenient, and apprizing him of their proceedings. The work was zealously undertaken, Ridley himself engaging in it;

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and the result was, that, by their advice, he founded Christ's Hospital, for the education of poor children; St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomew's, for the relief of the sick, and Bridewell, for the correction and amendment of the vagabond and lewd; provision also being made, that the decayed housekeeper should receive weekly parochial relief. The king endowed these hospitals, and, moreover, granted a licence, that they might take in mortmain lands, to the yearly value of four thousand marks, fixing that sum himself, and inserting it with his own hand when he signed the patent, at a time when he had scarcely strength to guide the pen. 'Lord God,' said he, 'I yield thee most hearty thanks, that thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of thy name!' That innocent and most exemplary life was drawing rapidly to its close, and in a few days he rendered up his spirit to his Creator, praying God to defend the realm from Papistry.

The foregoing is extracted from Southey's 'Book of the Church,' where ample justice is done to the exquisite moral beauty of young Edward's character, who, at the time of his coronation, was not ten years old, nor at his death sixteen. But the deep root of these fair outward blossoms was fixed beyond the sight of mortal man. Edward was spiritually-minded in a high degree: his Protestantism was drawn from the bible, which he loved; nourished by a life of faith and prayer; and continually stretching forth to overshadow the kingdom committed to his youthful charge.

We have before us, at this moment, a fine original likeness of Edward, for which he sat to Holbein, and never did canvas more eloquently pourtray the lineaments of a countenance speakingly corroborative of

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what history has recorded of an individual. At once noble and delicate, thoughtful and earnest, gentle and decided, it bears an impression of character so touchingly fine, that even without a suspicion of its representing a person of known celebrity, no observant eye can be hastily withdrawn from contemplating it. The small velvet cap, with its diamond loop, and short curled ostrich plume, placed negligently on one side of the head increase, the evident resemblance of his father; while the softened beauty of every feature disclaims participation in the ruder traits of Henry's vicious character. There is a placid majesty in the finely arched brow, and a contemplative meaning in the full, dark blue eye, scarcely bearing the stamp of that which "is of the earth, earthy:" and, indeed, allowing for the action of nearly three hundred years upon the tints, there is a palpable fading away, a decaying of the outward man, that tells of a near approach to things unseen, and eternal. This picture yields as full a testimony as portraiture can give to the fond description of his attached attendant, 'The beautifullest, the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world.'

But Edward possessed no small portion of that determination which, apart from fierce and selfish qualities, would have formed a fine point in his father's character. Of this he gave abundant proof, particularly in his firm, though gentle and brotherly, resistance of his sister Mary's incessant attempts to force upon the king and council the toleration of her mass-worship. In opposing this concession, Edward stood perfectly alone, until he had so wrought on the consciences of his chief counsellors as to ob-

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tain their concurrence in his godly scruples. Nor was he less decided in maintaining the privileges of the church that he so dearly loved. A memorable instance is recorded, when his uncle, the lord high admiral, wishing to get possession of ecclesiastical property, suggested to Edward that bishops ought not to be troubled with temporal concerns; and that it would be right to make them surrender all their royalties and temporalities to his majesty, and receive an honest pension of money yearly allowed to them, for hospitality. The youthful monarch saw the drift of this advice, and gave him a noble rebuke, telling him he knew his purpose: 'You have had among you,' said he, 'the commodities of the Abbeys, which you have consumed, some with superfluous apparel, some at dice and cards, and other ungracious rule. And now you would have the bishops' lands and revenues to abuse likewise! Set your hearts at rest: there shall no such alteration be made while I live!'

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THE COURSE AND THE COMPASS.

No. II.—Class I.

TEXT II.

There is one Mediator between God and man, even the man Christ Jesus.—(1 Tim. ii. 5.)

ILLUSTRATION—THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHRISTIAN.

'Popery,' (I quote the words of an eminent metropolitan preacher,) 'Popery is the great scourge of the Western churches, as Mahometanism was of the Eastern.' And in such an infinite number of points does this scourge, this "mystery of iniquity" contradict and overpass the testimony of holy writ,—so many instances of her treacherous dealing with Scripture press on the memory at once, that in truth I am at a loss where to commence the delineation.

Might I not have quoted that express command, ancient as the days of Moses, and "given by inspiration of" Jehovah, "Thou shalt worship THE LORD THY GOD, and him ONLY shalt thou serve," (Matt. iv. 10); and then have shewn forth the 'adoration of the pope,' regularly performed at his election, when, placed on the high altar of St. Peter's, in the place of the host, he is '*adored* successively by the cardinals, the bishops, and the people;'[1] while (as if the inten-

[1] Fleury, Eccles. Hist. Tom. 15. B. 3.

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tion of such a ceremony should never be misconstrued to be any thing short of divine worship,) the following are the terms used in speaking of, or to the pontiffs ;— '*our Lord God the Pope?*' This is one of their most usual titles; and Leo X. allowed Father Antony Pucci, A. D. 1514, to address him as 'your *divine* majesty,' in presence of the whole Lateran council, and to declare that '*all* power, in *heaven* and earth,' was given to him *only*, while the same identical expression was used of him by Stephen, archbishop of Patrus, before the same council, A. D. 1515. Farther, pope Nicholas, in his epistle to the Emperor Michael,[1] says, that the pope 'can neither be bound nor released by the secular authorities; for it is manifest that *God* cannot be judged by *man*.' How well said the wise Lord Bacon, that 'if the apostle Paul's description of "the man of sin" were put into the hue and cry, the most ignorant man in the country would arrest the bishop of Rome'!

Or might I not have set forth that inspired declaration of Solomon, "Neither have they (the dead) *any more* a portion *for ever* in *any thing* that is done under the sun," (Eccl. ix. 6); and have therewith contrasted the masses for the souls in purgatory, and the 'commemoration of the dead,' in which it is prayed that they may have 'a place of refreshment, light, and peace,' and farther that they may have, through the masses and prayers of those yet living, 'eternal rest'?

Or again, might I not have quoted that command of our blessed Lord, "Search the scriptures," (John v. 39), which scriptures, the Holy Spirit, by St. Paul,

1 Given in Gratian's Decretals, 1st Part, Distinction 96.

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declares to be "able to make men wise unto salvation," (2 Tim. iii. 15), and have then brought forward the celebrated bull Unigenitus, which declares it an 'infamous, blasphemous' proposition, 'reprobated,' 'seditious,' 'false, captious,' 'scandalous, pernicious,' 'temerarious,' &c. &c. that 'the reading of the Holy Scriptures is for all men'?

Nay, purgatory, image-worship, confession, indulgences, burning of heretics, and a thousand other false and horrible dogmas, follow each other so rapidly into sight, when we glance at Rome's apostacy, that volumes would scarce suffice to expose and refute them all.

The text which stands at the beginning of this section reminds us of that part of the popish system which ought, more than any other, to rouse the spirit of a Protestant, inasmuch as it peculiarly intrudes upon the honours of that Saviour to whom he is bound by every obligation of gratitude and love. "Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory" (James ii. 1.) is, by the impious hand of popery, stripped of his mediatorial office, shorn of his own special attributes, and degraded, as one intercessor among many, to the level of an ordinary human being, perhaps even below that of some canonized hypocrite or blasphemously-adored villain; for such were many of Rome's *saints*.

Shall I speak of the image-worship so universal among Romanists, and the relic-adoration so general in their mass-houses?—the holy honours paid to wooden idols, whom the juggling priests have caused to bend the knee, or bow the head, or move the lip, as best suited their own nefarious purposes; from whose superhuman eyes they have made to stream

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miraculous tears, and down whose divine countenances they have poured holy perspirations, until 'not only the virgin's veil, but also cloths applied by the faithful, were completely moistened by the same;'[1] with the fervent prayers for rain, for plenty, for health, nay, for salvation, put up before the jewelled shrine, the flaming taper, and the garlanded image?

Or shall I provoke an irrepressible smile of pity and contempt on the face of my reader by rehearsing the 'blessed relics' of St. Edmondsbury—even 'the parings of St. Edmond's toes,' 'St. Thomas a' Becket's penknife and boots,' part of the coals that roasted St. Lawrence, and as much true-cross wood as would have constructed the true cross itself? Precious inventories! excellently were they ridiculed, centuries back, by the witty and wicked mind of Boccaccio, when he added to their contents "a vial full of the sound of the bells of Solomon's temple.'

Let me rather turn to the avowed, printed and published devotion-books of the Romish church, and thence produce the errors which she has mingled with that undoubted truth that Mary, the virgin, was "blessed among women.' (Luke i. 28.) The 'Devotion of the Sacred Heart of Mary,' contains this impious and idolatrous prayer, to be used by 'the faithful;' 'O sacred Virgin Mary! I do bless and praise you infinitely; for that you are the *great mediatrix* between God and man, *obtaining* for sinners *all* they can ask and demand of the blessed Trinity.' (page 293.) The title of 'great mediatrix between God and man' is not sufficient: she is, moreover,

[1] Laity's Directory for 1835. Miracle at Torricello, in the diocese of Taranto. A, D. 1796.

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styled 'Empress of the Universe,' and 'Queen of Heaven,' which last name, be it observed, makes of her an Ashtoreth at once, and shews that this modern Babylon possesses a female deity, of which scarcely any heathen nation has been destitute.

If any farther proof be wanting, let the canon of the mass, (contained in the missal for the laity) speak for itself. Here is the prayer which accompanies the offering of 'the bloodless sacrifice,' as the priests of Rome delight to call their idolatrous service.

'May the oblation of this divine sacrament, we beseech thee, O Lord, both cleanse and defend us; and *by the* INTERCESSION *of the* BLESSED MARY, *the virgin mother of God, of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, of blessed N. and of* ALL *the* SAINTS, *free us* from *all sin, and deliver* us from *all adversity.*'

Is not this enough? O, Rome, Rome! Thou corrupter of truth! thou perverter of Scripture! thou "Mother of harlots and abominations of the earth!" thou "woman, drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus!" How great shall one day be thy fall! 'thy plagues shall come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine.' (Rev. xviii. 8.) Even now is the voice heard, "Come out of her, my people!" "be not ye partakers of her sins;" (v. 4.) but be ready to answer to that call, "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her." (v. 29.)

But be it remembered that while we thus rejoice over the downfall of the mystic Babylon, it is over the *system*, and not over its unhappy victims, that we triumph. The Alleluias of the whole heavens, the glad "voice of the great multitude, as the voice of

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many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings," (Rev. xix. 6.) will be no contemptuous or vindictive jubilee over the hapless followers of the woman sitting on the beast: not one of those myriads of millions who shall then utter that exulting song in eternity, but would have willingly saved them all, during time, had it been thus ordained in the unsearchable counsels of heaven.

Let us ever remember this, and strive, in much love, to be the means, if it be possible, of saving some out of the toils of popery's strong and far-extended net; and while her priests, like the hypocrites of old, "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," (Matt. xxiii. 15,) whom they make "tenfold more the child of hell than" themselves, let Protestants redouble their efforts to win over popish souls from idolatry to the Saviour, and to make them excel others in meetness for heaven.

X. Q.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH CLERGYMAN.

No. IV.

MISS MILLAR.

It has often been remarked, that in Ireland there is no middle class. It is true, commoners of moderate fortune frequently speak of themselves as such, but this is a misnomer. If society be divided into three classes, as the term 'middle class' implies, one extreme is filled by those who earn their bread solely by manual labour, the other by the possessors of independent property, and those who earn their bread by intellectual exertion, while the middle class is filled by those who, as shopkeepers and wealthy farmers, bring a small portion of capital, or as teachers, &c. bring a small portion of intellectual attainment, to aid the labour of their hands. Of these there are but few in Ireland, (and hence, as has been most justly observed, the link between the higher and lower orders is broken, and the numberless evils that spring from this source is obvious,) it is not however strictly true that such a class does not exist here as in other free countries; but the fact is, they do not choose to acknowledge their existence. Every man who can ride in boots and spurs is a gentleman; and every woman who can go to church or chapel on her own

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jaunting car, is a lady: or even when these prerequisites cannot be commanded, if a connection can be traced, or a past acquaintance found with any one of undoubted gentility, the claims are still held, though perhaps not universally acknowledged; and families will go on from generation to generation suffering all the pangs—the real as well as fancied miseries, which are of necessity endured by a tenderly reared individual cast into another lot.

If, however, the evil were confined to themselves, it would be a comparatively small matter; but it is not. Instead of presenting to those below them the encouraging and attractive spectacle of an industrious, thriving, contented middle class, partaking of the industry of the lower, with the education and comforts of the higher orders, and shewing what, not by unsuspected events, by chances or revolutions, but by sobriety and industry the honest may without any violent transition become,—they generally exhibit all the faults and vices of the aristocracy, without the circumstances which shade, the graces which adorn, or the virtues which exalt them. To rescue this order from their present condition should be, and indeed is, one of the first objects with the lovers of Ireland; but if we desire to benefit them we must not shock their prejudices or wound their feelings. I have heard it said by pious ladies, that it is necessary to teach these persons their places, and this is most true—but how? What makes them forget their place? Pride; and we shall not teach them the sin and folly of this pride by what they deem an exhibition of our own. I have often heard well grounded complaints of the overbearing manners of the half-gentry, which make it impossible to as-

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sociate with them. But why is this? Because the manners of the superior make them feel themselves called on to assert the place to which they think they are entitled: an act, which requires the utmost breeding to accomplish with grace or dignity, and in which they invariably fail. But lay aside your own pride, and the spiritual pride which would teach you to trample on all earthly distinctions—meet them as equals, but with a little more observance than those who are really so, and they feel themselves called on to shew their gentility, not by rudeness, but by courtesy. The Irish are a courteous, and, (except in mirth or anger, down almost to the lowest,) a polished people; you will find your intercourse easy and even pleasant, and your message will be listened to, if not for its own sake, for yours.

It was to this class Miss Millar belonged. Her father was a respectable farmer, in comfortable circumstances: he held his own plough, stacked and thatched his own corn, while his wife and daughter attended to all household concerns, made the butter, fed the poultry, and did all which could not be properly entrusted to a bare-legged girl, ignorant of every art save that of waiting on the potatoe from the day the seed is cut, until the day when it makes its final appearance on the table of its lord—milking cows and managing flax: and, as she was often in the fields engaged in the above-mentioned employments, her mistress enjoyed no sinecure. The English reader may ask, perhaps, what pretensions a young person reared in these circumstances had to call herself a lady? I know not whether they will be satisfied, but every Irish reader will, when I

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reply—There was a parlour in which there was not a bed, and in which the family always sat when not called away by business, and in which they took their meals apart from the servant; the parents, brother and sister, each had a separate sleeping apartment, and they had sufficient means to procure comfortable food and comfortable clothing; but above all (and this would have sufficed in the absence of every decency) they were of *good family*: Mr. Millar's family I do not know, but Mrs. Millar's brother was a justice of the peace; a circumstance sufficient, in the eyes of too many of my countrymen, to have justified drunkenness in the men, idleness in the ladies, and the endless multiplication of dirt and debt; tawdry finery on great occasions, and raggedness and disorder in ordinary.

It is not easy for those who live in another social and moral atmosphere to estimate the temptations to which a vain and uneducated girl is exposed, where industry is regarded as disgraceful, while untidiness and extravagance are not: and I have, therefore, entered thus fully on this state of society, because it is necessary, in some degree, to exhibit it, before the character which grace formed in the subject of this memorial, can stand out in full relief.

I knew her for four years: during that time I never saw her house in disorder, or her dress untidy or in the smallest degree approaching to fine. This is more than I can say for any other woman in her rank of life I ever met; and she held her slippery situation with an ease, I had almost said a grace, that made me never recollect she had a place to hold; till now that writing on the subject I am reminded that there must have been something within, that made her

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never encroach on her superiors, or her inferiors on her. When I first went to the parish of B—— I anxiously looked round for persons who might assist in my Sunday School: three had presented themselves before I thought of the humble and unpretending girl, whom I had seen, but scarcely noticed. I did, however, request her assistance, and she expressed concisely, but with perfect freedom from any thing like affectation, her full sense of her unfitness for the office, and her readiness to undertake it if I thought her qualified. I pressed on her the duty of endeavouring to exert herself, when there were numbers scattered about as "sheep having no shepherd," and reminded her there was no better way of obtaining instruction, than communicating what we possess, according to the scripture which says "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth." She agreed to do 'what she could.' I gave her a class, and from that day till she left the parish I do not think she ever missed a Sunday: and she taught so that, though she had the worst class in the school, consisting of tall boys and girls, who were too dull or too idle to join those of their own age in the first class, they soon improved; their attendance became regular, and they entered with the deepest attention into all she set before them. She did not *lecture* them, but endeavoured, by questions, to draw out what they did know, to set that knowledge in the right place, and to lead them on to more. Nor did her care for her children end here. Although most of them lived at the opposite end of the parish, nearly four miles from her house, and though she had not means to ensure a welcome by bringing presents, she never failed to visit every straggler, and to see each child in its

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home, so as to form an acquaintance with its real state. After she had continued teaching in this way long enough to know precisely what she could do, she found that, as it was impossible for her to walk to evening service, she had leisure, in the Sunday evenings, which might be turned to some account; and she proposed to me to endeavour to collect such children about her as were too young to go to church, and also some Roman Catholics, who might learn from her at her home, though they would not attend my school.

I advised her to go on in the Lord's name. She began with five children, and, in a short time, her school increased to twenty: this continued for about a year, when a school-house was built, a mile from her house, and it was proposed to her to remove there; but this she refused, as involving too much publicity, unless I would undertake to manage the school myself. I had hitherto lectured every alternate Sunday evening, at her father's house, and the lecture was now removed to the school-house; and, considering that these people lived at a distance from the church, and there were many Presbyterians who never entered it, I agreed to attend the school, and lecture every Sunday evening, she taking the second class, and relieving me from all but nominal superintendence. The Sunday school was thus established by her, and soon became as numerous and interesting as that at the church, scarcely withdrawing one child from the latter. It continued to improve, and I left it one of the most interesting spots in my parish. Her Sunday there was thus spent. She was in church, between three and four miles from home, at eleven, never late; she taught, after service, till three;

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walked home, dined, and walked to the school-house by five; taught there till seven, when lecture commenced; and returned home about half-past eight. I do not hold her up as an example; her Sabbath was an exception—not a rule; it was spent thus in public services and active duties, not from choice, not from love of truth, but because there was a strong "necessity laid upon her." If she hung back from exertion, there was no one to fill its place; she must spend that day without retirement, other than what she redeemed from the morning's or evening's rest; or the children, thirsting for instruction, must remain in untaught idleness. But I believe that nevertheless more hours of that day were spent by her in retirement and private devotion, than by many professors who are always lamenting the slightest interruption, and concentrating, with a kind of pious selfishness, every religious exercise on themselves. She rose early, and neither spent hours at her toilet, nor loitered minutes till they amounted to hours; and all she could snatch from the active service of her Beloved was devoted to communion with him. In the week, as I have mentioned, she visited, as occasion required, even the most distant of her Sunday school children. And she collected, in halfpence and pence, a considerable sum for the Church Missionary Society: when she went away, she left her list with another, and the amount soon dwindled down to an eighth.

H. B.

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Review of Books.

THE NEW IRISH PULPIT, *or Gospel Preacher. Vol.* 1. Robertson, Dublin; Nisbet, London.

If our English friends desire to know in what manner the clergy of Ireland have been enabled so to hold forth the word of truth as to gather multitudes into the Lord's fold, and to provoke against themselves the fiercest persecution, from the combined forces of the papal antichrist and the corrupt men of an evil world, marshalled together under the banners of Satan—let them peruse this volume. To begin with the outside, which in our day is of no small moment—a label printed on white paper often deciding the exclusion of a book from modern shelves—we must state that 'The New Irish Pulpit' is remarkably neat in externals; its back handsomely lettered in gold, the bible and crown surmounting all. The volume comprises upwards of sixty sermons, of which a few are by the Rev. Messrs. Bickersteth, Noel, Montgomery, and others: the rest by Irish clergymen. We plead guilty to a measure of

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partiality for the beloved and honoured church now chosen so conspicuously to bear her Lord's cross, and to fight her Lord's battles: but apart from such consideration, we must accord to this collection the praise of being eminently scriptural, faithful, earnest, affectionate, and awakening. We desire to shew no preference; but as an example of fervent pleading we would point to the two farewell sermons of the Rev. Fielding Ould. When we consider the great revival that has taken place, within twenty years, both among the ministry and laity of the Irish church, we cannot but expect to find some indication of the powerful help vouchsafed to those who were preparing to glorify God in the fires of a fierce and cruel persecution. In this expectation we are not disappointed, while conning the instructive pages of the New Irish Pulpit; and we hope that many will shew the privilege we have experienced in so doing.

THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS HERMAN FRANKE, *professor of divinity, and founder of the orphan-house, in Hallé. Translated from the German of Henry Ernest Ferdinand Guerike, Licentiate, and private teacher of divinity, in Hallé; by Samuel Jackson. With an introductory Preface by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts.* Seeley and Burnside.

THE history of the orphan-house at Hallé is one of the most animating displays of God's faithfulness in answering the believing prayer which He alone inspires, that we ever met with. This sketch of Franké's life, Christian experience, and devotional writings is

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of surpassing interest, not less important than engaging. It is delightful to fall in with such a character. Most heinous wrong is done to the Lord of heaven and earth, by our cold, calculating unbelief. Faith, as a principle, may be found in many: they believe in the Lord Jesus, and believing they have life through his name: but rarely do we recognize, seldom indeed do we behold that principle worked out in acts of simple, undoubting, child-like dependence on "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Franké was a deep divine: his views of scripture, particularly of the doctrines of free grace, justification by faith, and righteousness imputed to the sinner, were very strong and clear: no man was farther removed from the borders of legality; yet such a practical believer as Franké rarely crosses our path. That the book will become very popular, we cannot doubt: and if every reader rises from its perusal, as much encouraged and strengthened as we, through the mercy of God, have been by its contents, it will also prove a great and extensive blessing.

SERMONS *doctrinal and practical, by the Rev. E. B. Elliott, M. A. vicar of Tuxford, and late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.* Turvey, Retford.

On opening this volume, the first thing that greeted our view was an announcement that its profits were devoted to charitable purposes; two hundred copies being especially set apart for the benefit of the Clergy Daughter's Asylum, just established by the author's brother, the Rev. H. V. Elliott, at Brighton. In the prosperity of this establishment we are

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warmly interested; we know it to be founded on pure Christian principles, and conducted most admirably. We have seen its doors thrown open, to receive, with a welcome, not only of Christian kindness, but of the tenderest sympathy, an orphan from the deserted home of a persecuted Irish clergyman; and that when faith no less than love was necessarily called into exercise by so doing. We know against what difficulties its pious founder has had to contend; and how, when all was smoothly proceeding, his patience and faith were tried by the extensive damage inflicted during that tremendous gale of last October, which involved the proprietors in a most unlooked-for expense of several hundred pounds. Thus interested, we certainly wished to find the volume such as we could conscientiously recommend to our readers; and gladly do we acknowledge that, apart from all consideration of this its secondary object, we should have been constrained to speak of it as one among the most excellent, when, blessed be God! many truly excellent works of the kind present themselves. The sermons form a kind of sequence, though not necessarily taken in connexion; they contain many striking displays of pure doctrine, many powerful enforcements to holy and consistent walking, and many beautiful illustrations of scripture character. They are weighty, earnest, and affectionate. There is a frequent allusion to what, in neglect alike of scriptural authority and apostolic example, the divines of our day almost seem inclined to exclude from their teaching: we mean the power and subtlety of the spirit who worketh in the children of disobedience, and whose insidious temptations abound within the church. Mr. Elliott does not force this subject for-

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ward, but he does not lose sight of it. The sermon on Saul's history is awfully searching; that on the Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax most touchingly encouraging; and Christian patriotism is not forgotten. We read many books, and put them by, anxious only to recommend what we can speak of in terms of unmixed approval; and under any circumstances Mr. Elliott's sermons would have been secure of ranking among the latter class.

THE JUDGES OF ISRAEL; *or a History of the the Jews, from the death of Joshua to the death of Samuel, including an account of the reign of Saul.* Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a companion to those popular little works—'The Manners and Customs of the Jews,' and 'The Journies of the Children of Israel,' which have been found very useful among the young, combining general information with Scripture history, and not neglecting spiritually to apply the subjects discussed. Whatever tends to familiarize the youthful student with the Old Testament, we consider valuable, when carried on with a reference to the gospel; there lying under a transparent veil, inviting the inspection which it richly rewards. We are fond of these books, and are well pleased when we see them occupying that space in a juvenile library which is too often usurped by the specious but most pernicious writings of a very different school, of which, whatever the object may be, the effect is not to display the divine beauty of Christianity, but to bury it under a mass of tinsel, manufactured out of the miserable stores of unenlightened and unsanctified taste.

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CHRISTIAN TRIALS. *A Narrative from Real Life. By the Author of 'The Bread of Deceit,' 'The Way of Peace,' 'The First Lent Lilies,' &c.* Seeley and Burnside.

THIS story of a poor fisherman, who was enabled to suffer the loss of all things for conscience' sake, is both interesting and profitable. It may do good among all ranks. Perhaps the language is somewhat too refined for that class to whom we should much like to recommend it—the labouring portion of the community; but this is a defect observable in almost all the tracts, and other valuable productions, which are circulated. It should be borne in mind, that the humblest phrase, (by which we of course do not mean vulgarity,) is perfectly comprehensible to the better informed; while such language as we employ among ourselves, will often rise beyond their reach. The other day, in some court of law, a respectable witness deposed on oath as to the veracity of a party concerned: but, on cross-examination, it appeared that he understood *veracity* to mean, giving to the poor. We do not accuse the estimable author of the work before us of preferring hard words; but we do wish that in all writings intended for the humbler classes, the language was brought down, or rather up, to the exquisite model supplied by the translators of our bible. The same remark applies with greater force to preaching.

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HOURS OF SORROW; *or, Thoughts in Verse, chiefly adapted to seasons of Sickness, Depression, and Bereavement.* Nisbet and Co.

FEELING, deep, tender, and truly pious feeling, characterizes this little volume of short poems. We believe that it is set apart to aid the funds of the excellent institution adverted to in the preceding notice of Mr. Elliott's sermons. It is delightful to see intellectual gifts thus consecrated, first to the cause of spiritual religion, and farther to that of pure philanthropy. A female hand is evident in these pages: we wish them abundant success, in the twofold object of comforting them that mourn, and to assist in yielding a harvest of temporal good to the children of those who have sown unto us spiritual things.

A small pamphlet has lately been published by Nisbet, entitled 'A Defence of the Eightieth Article of the Church of Ireland, respecting the Pope, "the man of sin," of the New Testament: by the Rev. W. Digby,' which places in a strong light the delineations and denunciations of Scripture respecting the great antichristian power. The author's object is to explain and to defend the opinion generally held by our reformers on this momentous subject—now of daily increasing interest and importance to us, both as a church and a nation. We wish to bring this little tract before our friends. There is much in its pages calculated to throw light on matters of vast moment at all times—never more so than now. Let them read and judge.

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THE PROTESTANT.

So many stirring events have occurred since the Dublin meeting, that even my uncle acknowledges it must not occupy much space. He regards it as the onset of a battle where our all—our very existence is staked on the event. The recent exaggerated rumour of an unpardonable insult offered to the British flag by Russia, furnished him with materials for a long, and to me very interesting disquisition, over the tea-table. 'Let the enemies of good order but prevail,' said he, 'to throw these islands into anarchy and confusion, and, even politically speaking, what an easy prey would be offered to any foreign power that should think fit to force a quarrel upon us! How much more, when we consider the sure word, that "every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation;" and that the promoters of such division among us, act in direct defiance of a command, "My son, fear thou the Lord and the king, and meddle not with them that are given to change!" The present struggle is two-fold: first to throw down the houses of God in the land, and secondly to reverse that order of society, established by divine wisdom. Under-plots there are, of great diversity and extent; each partizan secretly calculating that his own sect will be found uppermost at the termination of the scuffle: but at present they unite in 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,' to drag

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down the grand obstacles so inconveniently placed in their way, namely the old-fashioned fabrics of church and constitution.

When the report of those famous debates of the 7th and 8th of February reached our breakfast table, my uncle's delight was unbounded. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'how has the wisdom of the serpent failed him, divorced as it is from the harmlessness of the dove! Did ever a man in his right mind run his head into such a palpable noose, as this Lord John has done?'

'To what do you attribute it, uncle?'

'Indeed, I cannot tell. That he was duped by the Irish executive, I can hardly imagine: that he deliberately provoked his opponents to the proof of what they came over prepared to substantiate, is equally improbable: it appears rather like the irritated petulance of a man who, finding himself in the presence of those who have thwarted his favourite scheme, cannot bridle his chafed feelings, but merges all prudent considerations in the one point of personal annoyance. Whatever the error sprang from, it has been overruled to the benefit of our cause, beyond what our most sanguine hopes could have anticipated.'

'What a display of eloquence these Irishmen make!' said I.

'Eloquence, child, is not the word: a man may eloquently descant on a dull point of law; or expatiate on the respective merits of two rival railway lines. But these Irishmen—oh, you should have stood, as I did, jammed in a dense mass of humanity, for nine hours together, insensible alike to the lapse of time, the inconvenience of such pressure, the fa-

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tigue consequent on a rapid journey and rough passage, and, last not least, the debilitating effects of a recent sharp attack of influenza—listening to their spirit-stirring tones, gazing on their animated countenances, fixed as they were in high resolve, and unflinching devotion to the cause we love—you should have done all this, and then I would allow you to find, or empower you to coin, some term expressive of what, for want of a better, we are forced to call their eloquence.'

'Lord John has elicited no contemptible specimen,' I observed. 'He seems to have invited a repetition of what delighted you so much in Dublin.'

'Ay, but it lacked the interesting associations connected with that display. There we beheld a band of fearless patriots, about to quit their own loved isle on a mission, the success or failure of which would plant the olive of peace beside their cherished homes, or leave them tenantless—the prey of the spoiler: while every country-gentleman who attended the meeting, incurred a brand to direct the knife of the assassin to his throat—the torch of the incendiary to his domestic roof. Oh, you cannot tell'—and my uncle's eyes glistened as he spoke—'you cannot tell the force of that amor patriæ, which clings round the heart of the Irish Protestant; the tenderness that yearns over that fair but desecrated land—the sorrow that secretly weeps day and night, for the slain of the daughter of his people. The noisy declamation of her mendicant demagogue, going out of feigned lips, is to it but as the sputtering froth of the ocean to the deep and mighty wave that rolls from its inmost recesses, impelling, with every movement, a navy manned with true and gallant hearts.'

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'How dreadful is the language, how atrocious the sentiments of that evil man, as exposed in the documents produced by Mr. Shaw!'

'The days of his dominion are numbered,' said my uncle, a strong expression of disgust marking his countenance, 'let him go. We, my dear child, have helped, by prayer, the cause that we never deemed hopeless; and with this spectacle held up to the discernment of the whole nation, through the unaccountable folly of those whose interest it was to thrust it back, we may build an Ebenezer, thank God, and take courage.'

Keenly alive has my dear uncle been to every succeeding event: and nothing has disheartened him, save the unexpected check given to his darling 'Pastoral Aid Society.' No man is more attached to episcopacy than he; in former days he might have been called a high churchman, so stoutly does he battle for the sacredness of that order, and the accordance of our ecclesiastical institutions with scripture and sound sense. Our modern high church would, however, doubtless repudiate him; for I never heard him utter a depreciating remark against any other branch of Christ's family: or place the church of Scotland on lower ground than that of a faithful fellow-witness for the truth of God. An established form of worship he considers as a vital organ in the body politic; a wound inflicted on it menacing the whole frame with dissolution; but civil and religious liberty, to the uttermost bound of safe toleration, is a principle dear to him as his existence. When challenged to defend his opinions—I might almost say his faith, on the subject of the national church, he generally prefers to cite the arguments

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of Owen, or some other conscientious non-conformist of former days; and to shew that these who assail it dissent no less from their pious predecessors than from us. With all this, my uncle has taken greatly to heart the threatened schism in the Pastoral Aid Society, exceedingly blaming the act, while he justifies the intention, of those who, by eliciting the opinions of the prelates, have placed both parties in a dilemma easily to have been avoided, but very difficult to escape, when once forced between its horns. It is clear which part he will espouse, if part they must; for he has had long experience, even in his own person, of the blessed effects resulting from lay-agency. As a district visitor, I know him to have been indefatigable, and many a seal has been given to his faithful ministry in the highways and hedges of rural life: in the lanes and hovels of a city population. His conviction is that the bishops, or at least a great majority of the best men among them, would most readily have winked at, and in their hearts have bid God speed, a work which, when formally brought before them in their official character, they may entertain a scruple against expressly sanctioning. The Home Mission of Ireland is a case in point: there, though all its members are legally ordained ministers of the established church, a point of strict discipline is involved; and if each diocesan was called on to give his ultimatum on their principle of action, no small stir would arise. He, however, must be a bold man who would venture to place a bar in their way—there might be more than a 'haply' as to his being found, in a matter infinitely more important than human laws, "to fight against God."

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Of a mixed and painful nature were my dear uncle's feelings, during an anxious attendance on the proceedings of the Pastoral Aid Society: and a cloud rested on his open countenance. To my great delight, he burst into my study, all sunshine and glee, after a brisk drive from Freemason's Hall, on the 18th. His greeting was, 'Samaria has done wonders to day.'

'How so, uncle?'

'Oh, that fine fellow Cumming, of the Scottish church, has stood forth in a spirit worthy of our best days, and rolled the thunder of his eloquence from our steeple-tops over the motley hosts of assailants: not sparing such flashes as penetrated to their centre, laying open the most secret conclave of a design which numbers, at least, as many dupes as deceivers in its ranks.'

'How provokingly figurative you are, sir! Give me a little plain statement if you please.'

'Well, don't be cross, girl. You know, we have had a grand meeting to day, convened to petition parliament against that meditated assault on our established religion—the abolition of Church-rates. Often have I lamented the blindness of churchmen, who could not see the fatal tendency of a measure which, under colour of removing the burden of maintaining our places of worship from those who do not choose to attend them, really aims a blow at the very existence of the national religion. Often have I bewailed the infatuation of many dissenters, in not seeing the drift of their pretended friends, in urging them on to an unholy warfare of which they in turn, if successful, must become the objects, as they are now the agents: but the ex-

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position that will, by means of the press, go forth throughout the land, in the report of this day's meeting, must either undeceive both, or leave them inexcusable in obstinate error. Well did Mr. Cumming describe the actual association as being that of popery and infidelity—its aim the overthrow of Christian truth. Solemnly did he warn the good dissenters, that so soon as this association with which they have linked themselves shall have effected their purpose of destroying the parish church, they will quickly ride rough-shod over the meeting-house. As soon as the church is destroyed, the dissenter may rely upon it he will follow in the wake; with this consolation only to rejoice in, that he, like Ulysses of old, will be set apart as the last to be devoured.'

'That was always your opinion, uncle.'

'It was; and it is confirmed tenfold. I never judged our orthodox nonconforming brethren, as a body, to be otherwise than the unconscious tools of a power equally opposed to us and to them. It was in seeking that very thing which they so severely condemn in the Church of England, political weight, and temporal authority, that they fell into the snare, and were seduced into an agency of which they little dreamed. Many, very many among them abjure and lament these proceedings; they discern the consequences in the decay of spiritual life, and growth of evil passions among their more turbulent brethren. Souls are perishing for lack of knowledge, before whom an open door is set by the Church of England, and into it they may yet enter, and find pasture; but the political dissenter, professing to follow the same Lord, and to preach the same gospel, would close up

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that door, and leave those souls to die, rather than tread in the steps of his fathers, who would have widened the porch, and enlarged the building, and from their inmost soul rejoiced that therein Christ was set forth a propitiation for the sins of the world.'

'Well, dear uncle, we will turn from this painful picture to one far more cheering: I want to interest you in the success of an institution, where the objects to be benefitted are happily incapable of being so deluded.'

'What institution, my dear? The cloud seems passing away from the precious Pastoral Aid Society, and I hope to continue my feeble co-operation there, in the midst of harmony and love. However, let me hear your appeal.'

'It is for the future race of men and women; the little ones who are now beginning to totter alone in the difficult path of human life. The Home and Colonial Infant School Society has taken a great hold on my affections.'

'They could hardly find a worthier object,' said my uncle, warmly; 'I love to see the female mind busied in behalf of that most helpless, most engaging class of immortals.'

'There is something too, uncle, that bears on the subject of our church. Among the applications made for teachers in infant schools, a great number are for persons in her communion; but of these the supply by no means equals the demand. We need two things to encourage us in this truly protestant work: first, a larger proportion from among our own congregations of persons willing and competent to enter on the regular course of preliminary instruction, in order to become teachers; and secondly, the

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great agent without which the machinery cannot go on—money.'

'The first,' observed my uncle, 'may soon be supplied, if each of your readers will be on the alert, to bring the subject before such young persons as may appear to her suited to the task; and a general contribution of small sums, easily spared, could not fail to pour in, if the immense importance of such a scriptural foundation for the character, were laid in early infancy. When we look abroad and witness the fearful perversion of good things, the avidity of Satan's vilest instruments in seizing the press—that tremendous engine for good or ill among an educated population—as a means of poisoning the youthful mind, we ought to spring forward and anticipate the enemy; to sow every spot of ground with good seed, ere the tares can be scattered. Oh, what scenes will the infants of our day witness in after years! What daring rebellion against the Most High; what fierce and powerful struggles of antichrist, against the God of heaven! Be our views of coming events, as shadowed forth in prophecy, what they may, the signs of the times are too striking to leave any one undisturbed, in a dream of continued tranquillity for the earth, now comparatively at rest. To those who look for a peaceable and gradual overspread of divine knowledge, let us point out the little helpless beings, and say, Behold the seed-time of a glorious harvest. To such as expect the approach of great tribulation—a gathering of the nations to battle against the Lord, and a series of fiery judgments consuming the adversaries, let us exclaim, Have pity on the souls of these unconscious babes: bring, oh, bring them now into the ranks of your own Great

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Leader, the Captain of your salvation; clothe them betimes in the whole armour of God, that they may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand—a rescued and a faithful host, prepared to stand before their Lord, when he cometh to shake mightily the earth, and to reap the harvest of six thousand years!'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1837.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

AMONG the hardy flowers that scarcely need more than a passing gleam of watery sunshine to tempt them forth, is one of which from early childhood most of us have taken notice. For me, it bears a charm in it, composed of such varied ingredients that I hardly know how to define it. I never cast my eye upon the Wall-flower, but a long chain of indistinct recollections and half-formed associations seems to awaken, or, more properly speaking, to lull me into a sort of dream, understood by those, and perhaps those alone, whose early haunts have been among the crumbling relics of remote national antiquity, and their chosen contemplation the stirring events of England's former days. Of all the vegetable world, I have found this common flower my pleasantest companion in such scenes; and the readiest to unlock those stores of fancy which, although in my estimation

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they have yielded to more important things, will yet, subordinately, but sweetly, harmonize with holier themes. I am not, I never was, and devoutly hope that I never shall be, one of those who decry as narrow-minded or illiberal, the burning glow of patriotic feeling; or who would own no national preference in spiritual things. Foreign languages, manners and fashions have greatly tended to deteriorate the good old English spirit that once prevailed among us: and as for our twin-sister, poor Ireland, we are compelled to give heed to her present claims, and to turn an anxious eye to her disordered shores, because we have given our ancient enemy such a vantage ground there as to keep us in a state of restless observation, surveying their manœuvres; but of her old chronicles, the thrilling tales connected with her stately castles, her decaying fortresses and mysterious towers, we are still deplorably ignorant. Whence comes this deadened feeling in what regards our island domain? I know not: I only know that my nationality is very strong, and that I rarely meet with any one who seems thoroughly to sympathise in it: who will grasp as a treasure an old coin, however defaced by the handling of many succeeding generations, which bears the stamp of England, of Ireland, or of Scotland, and find a volume within its narrow compass; or who will pace like me the site of some ancient palace or dilapidated hall, touched by emotions that the mighty ruins of Rome herself could not call forth.

But I am rarely alone in imagination, which, at such times, is all but a reality; for I generally find the Wall-flower there, striking its tenacious root into any narrow crevice, and waving its streaked flag above

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the ruins. There is, particularly in the single, wild sort, a character so bold and free, so lively and determined, that, combined with the delight it seems to take in breathing perfume round the old forsaken ruin, whose gray brow it decorates with a wreath of green and gold, the flower alone would suffice for a companion, seeming to say, as it meets my look, 'Let who will pass them by, we love the wrecks of our dear country's olden time: let who may forget, we cherish the remembrance of her gallant struggles, her mighty deliverances, and all that her God hath done in her, for his own glory, and her preparation as a chosen lamp to shed the light of truth over a darkened world.' There was a time when the chivalry of England alone engrossed my thoughts: her magnificence at home, and her puissance abroad: her charter, grasped by mailed hands at Runnymede, her bannered lion, borne upon the plain of Cressy or of Agincourt; the outgoings of her naval armaments, to prepare the way for planting her forests of commercial masts in every distant port: and even her domestic wars, her castles stormed by kindred hands, when the wild clamour of feudal strife was heard amid her shires, and the private bickerings of rival barons could be stilled but in the death-cries of their faithful serfs.

And all this is well remembered yet: but all appears one mighty march, by slow, and painful, and circuitous steps, towards the summit of her true glory: all wrought, though the actors knew it not, nor desired, nor dreamed it—all wrought to make her what she still is, Protestant—the land of the bible.

But has the Wall-flower no individual reference

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like any other sweet companion of the garden? Indeed it has: intimately is it connected with the remembrance of one who has long lain entombed beneath the towering walls of as stately, as superb, and interesting a relic of our very early architecture, as could well be found in England. She it was, who certainly instilled into my infant mind the first principle of patriotic feeling. It glowed within her own breast, with an ardour that neither age could chill, nor the indifference of others discourage. I love to recal the hours when, having perhaps brought from my father's extensive garden a sprig of the Wall-flower—I knew it was her favourite shrub—to replenish the little jar of sweets that she loved to arrange, I leaned my elbows on her knee, and caught from her lips the clear and animated chaunt with which she gave forth the famous ballad of Chevy Chase. There was a lovely one beside me—never were he and I found apart; and we together joined our little voices to that of our delighted instructress; whose colour, always high, would be ruddier, her uncommonly bright hazle eyes assume an additional sparkle, and her neck rise more perpendicularly from the old-fashioned boddice that supported it, when she took up the stanza,

> The first that did him answer make
> Was noble Percy, he,
> Who said, 'We list not to declare,
> Nor show whose men we be.'

In fact, the dear old lady prided herself not a little on a direct descent, by the female side, from that redoutable earl; while, collaterally, she could

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claim kith and kin with not a few of England's gallant 'squires; and, dwelling in a cottage, contented with the simplest fare, utterly indifferent to all that others decreed so tempting of this world's pomp and pleasure, she rejoiced in her pedigree, and did her best to infuse her genuine patriotism into the second generation of her children, as successfully as, in some instances, she had done into the first.

But this was not all; there was more, which then I understood not, nor could any around me have done so. She had a dearer feeling than her patriotism; a richer treasure than her pedigree. Seldom, if ever, did I visit her little abode, without finding her engrossed with a study that seemed the abiding joy of her heart. An old bible was constantly on her lap; and many things she said to us, concerning its blessed truths, of which I do not retain one distinct recollection: but I know that some of the most sublime, awakening, and deeply spiritual passages of God's book were first pointed out to me by her aged finger, enforced by a remark which was little heeded by us, for we wanted what we thought better amusement. For some years, before childhood was passed, the place of our abode was changed, and we could rarely see her, as the distance was several miles: but again we were brought within a nearer proximity; and at times I felt a growing interest in the theme that I now am sure was nearest to her heart. But I did not freely express this; and she, accustomed to be perfectly alone, if not openly opposed, in these matters, was timid in bringing them forward. It was not long ere her grave was dug within the noble quadrangle of the cathedral where

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she loved to worship: and so, in death, as in her life, the remembrance of this venerable relative is interwoven with those thoughts wherein the wild sweet Wall-flower seems so fully to sympathize, that it is part and parcel of the whole.

Often have I considered the touching case of those aged pilgrims who, towards the close of a long day, first perceive a beam of light on their weary road. It does happen, often, that the eyes of all belonging to such a one being yet sealed in impenetrable darkness, the avowals made, as to that gladdening beam, are received with derision, or, at best, with a pitying incredulity that tends painfully to repel the overflowings of a joyful heart, and to close the lip of praise, so far as man is concerned. But more frequently, in our day of very flourishing head-knowledge, it is the lot of the simple, trusting soul, that has just learned to lay hold on eternal life by faith in Christ Jesus, to be perplexed, and harrassed, and cast down by the high assumptions of some who are ready, if not to despise the day of small things, at least to add a great deal to the plain and sweet assurance, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." It is often required of those who are resting on this word, and rejoicing in a hope that maketh not ashamed, that they should receive a certain set of doctrines, and attain to a certain degree of what is considered maturity in faith, before they are allowed to feel themselves in the haven of spiritual rest. I have often grieved, bitterly grieved, to witness this idle, and I will say unscriptural teasing of the minds and consciences of others: but never so much as when the party, thus held at bay, is an aged traveller, whose shadow is

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fast lengthening, and whose trembling limbs demand a strong prop, as they approach the precipice. My dearest study, my most delightful and invigorating exercise, (after communion with God in his word, and by prayer,) has been among the records of our English confessors and martyrs; and although I find, here and there, a divine who had searched into the deep mysteries of God, yet I recognize, in by far the greater number of his glorified ones, the most simple, single reliance on God as a Father, on Christ as a Redeemer, and on the Holy Spirit as a Teacher and Comforter, without an attempt to proceed further than this, and the great test of a renewed heart—holiness of life. We are now splitting daily into new parties: each one hath a doctrine, hath an interpretation; and makes his own notions the standard of his neighbours' faith. It was not so, when the militant church had external, visible foes to contend with: these are intestine commotions, arising from too much ease, and fulness of bread, and a superabundance of spiritual pride. I withdraw from them in pain and disgust; and with the little sprightly Wall-flower unfolding its blossoms in the garden beside me, I follow, in thought, the course of its many-featured family, until my mind rests on the inhabitant of some deserted ruin, garnishing the wall where tapestry once spread its gorgeous surface; breathing its fragrance silently, where music often filled the now roofless space, and costly perfume loaded the confined air: but where perhaps some heart beat high in holy resolve to brave the loudest of Rome's thunder, and the fiercest of her murderous fires, strong in the faith that is in Christ Jesus; knowing, and desiring to know only Him, and Him crucified;

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and leaving all the subtle points of disputation to others.

There is one thing that Satan especially hates, he hates to see us working, when we have ceased from attaching the slightest meritorious value to what we do. He raises a shout of legality, and tries to frighten us into the shades of inert contemplation. He cannot hinder the Lord from lighting our candle; but he often contrives to clap a bushel over it, woven, perchance of scripture-texts, which were given for a very different purpose. Oh that we were less ignorant of his devices; more guarded when he transforms himself into an angel of light!

I am not wandering from the Wall-flower and its associations: I am thinking of some who could have warned, have taught, have strengthened me, by the word of timely exhortation, had they not been too selfishly wrapped up in individual enjoyment of that which God never gave to be enjoyed alone. Many a stroke of the rod might then have been spared, which fell most heavily upon the uninstructed wanderer: and the case is by no means a singular one. I do not here cast a reproach on that venerable individual, who lives in a warm, though somewhat dusky recess of my heart: she, I know, did what she could; and she had her own cross to bear, as a poor hungry sheep, who looked up and was not fed by man's hand. Egypt was not darker during its days of supernatural visitation, than was the place of her abode in a spiritual sense. She had the beautiful, the rich, and the divinely scriptural liturgy of our church, and dearly did she love it: she had the abundant portions of God's word, contained in its daily services, and devoutly did she listen to them

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under the vaulted roof of that noble pile: but from its pulpit, though supplied by a constant variety of teachers, she heard not the glad tidings of salvation by the blood of Christ. No social meeting, for prayer and mutual edification, supplied the lack of public preaching: no kindred spirit was found, as I think, to cheer her quiet home with the voice of individual faith and love: but she had her bible, she read it, she loved it, she prayed over it; and, lonely mariner as she was, on a wide and perplexing sea, that chart was her guide to the blessed haven of eternal life. I doubt not this.

It is very affecting to behold the generations of mankind ripened, then decaying, and silently dropping away into an unseen world. There are very many of whom I can say

> How are they blotted from the things that be!
> How few, all weak and withered in their force,
> Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
> Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
> To sweep them from our sight!

It is a dying world: a world of such incessant change, that as well might I set my affections on the tints of the gathered flower, now fading and shrivelling in my hand, as on any thing that draws mortal breath. A scythe, invisible to us, is moving in its appointed circuit, and we know not how many of our own choicest blossoms lie within that doomed space. It is never idle; day and night, summer and winter, on the snows of Lapland, and beneath the burning Zone—in the glittering court, amid the festive party, through the low and peaceful cottage, and over the wide waves of the mighty main—it moves, it ever moves, slaying in ten thousands as it

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goes. I have seen, not its movement, for that is visible only to God—but its effects. I have seen the flowers that best I loved, that adorned my own little spot of home, in the morning green and growing up, and in the evening cut down, dried up, and withered. Yea, in a literal morning and evening; while, far and near, among kinsfolk, friends and acquaintance, the living are out-numbered by the dead.

It is an awful contemplation; and the voice that comes from a multitude of swelling mounds is not to be disregarded. It speaks of what remains above earth's surface, and cries "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity." It utters the word of admonition, "What is your life? is it not a vapour that passeth away?" It tells of hope and triumph to the believer, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die—this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It pleads for the living, to whom this hope is yet unknown: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

Surely the Wall-flower that overtops the crumbling ruin of what was once magnificent in beauty, and all but impregnable in strength, may sweetly typify the assured hope of glory, fixing its roots in the very corruption of that which it adorns, and blooming there because all else has ceased to shine. Natural strength has departed, original beauty is for ever gone: but the wind blowing where it listed has wafted a seed to the spot, and God has nourished

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it with many a soft and silent fall of dew. It succeeds all other glories, and surpasses them all; for the former things which have passed away were man's poor workmanship, and were dead in the season of their loftiest pride; whereas the lovely visitant that has occupied their place, has an excellency never known to them—it lives, it grows; for it was planted by the Lord.

C. E.

It is the devil's grand object to draw us off from our only place of safety, the foot of the cross. This enemy of souls knows well that it is Christ, and Christ alone, who can conquer him, and therefore, if by any means he can divert the eye of faith from simply resting upon Jesus, Satan has gained much. Whether it be curious questions relating to the millennium, the personal reign, to forms and ceremonies; whether it be Calvinism, Arminianism, Irvingism, or any other ism; if such speculations obscure the cross of Christ, 'the child of God loses, and the devil wins.'—*Dr. Fearon.*

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THE BYSTANDER.

No. X.

WHEN I retired to my apartment after the interesting conversation with Louisa, of which I have given the substance, I tried to indulge a hope that this unfortunate atachment might be overcome, and that my dear young friend would again enter on the path of life and peace. But I could not; I felt that she was conquered, but not subdued; she could not resist the truth, when set before her; but I feared she would not regulate her conduct by it.

My forebodings were soon verified. I received a note from her next morning, saying, that it was impossible for her to leave home at present; that she would give due consideration to the advice I had kindly given her; and requested that I would not again allude to the subject of last night's conversation. She remained in her room all day, her cousin, Maria Compton, (who to my surprise and annoyance, returned from her brother's along with the rest of the party,) keeping her company the greater part of the morning. At dinner she was declared to be convalescent, and intending to join the family in the evening; and accordingly, she made her appearance in the drawing-room soon after the arrival of Mr. Romilly, who had just returned from London.

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Next morning I announced my intention of leaving them the day following. This resolution was opposed by all, except Louisa and Maria Compton, who said nothing. While we were discussing the subject, Mr. Romilly entered. When appealed to, whether it was not very wrong in Aunt Patty to go away before the usual time, he replied: 'Miss Markwell must not think of going away for a week at least; for I hope next week to lay the foundation stone of the school-house I mean to build; and I wish to give the children a dinner on the lawn, and to present each of them with a bible; and I must beg Miss Markwell's assistance in all these matters, as she has much more experience in them than I have.'

Though this sort of *fête* is the only kind in which I have either pleasure or interest, it would not on this occasion have tempted me to postpone my departure had not Mr. Montague decidedly expressed a wish that I should remain to accompany his daughters and niece to Elmwood. I accordingly agreed to do so. The intervening time was chiefly occupied in making and talking about arrangements for this *fête*; to procure the requisite number of bibles was my appointed task; Letitia and Emma suggested the *programme* of the day's proceedings; while Louisa and Maria held a consultation as to who ought, and who ought not, to be invited on the occasion.

I shall not describe the festivities of that remarkable day; to me it was chiefly marked by an event productive of consequences never to be forgotten 'while memory holds her seat.' The morning was ushered in by gentle showers; but by the time of our meeting it was one of those exquisite days in which the brilliant sun and the balmy gale seem to infuse

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new life and vigour into all creation. It seemed to exhilarate all the party; smiles and congratulations abounded everywhere; and many who were little used to bestow their courtesy on 'dirty village children,' were now assiduous in going from table to table, to see that all their wants were supplied.

All the neighbouring gentry who composed this gay and numerous party, paid the most distinguished attention to the Montague family, as if it were generally understood they had more than a common interest in all connected with Elmwood. Letitia and Maria Compton were in high spirits, moving about from group to group, appearing to feel themselves very much at home; and I thought I perceived an air of conscious importance, superadded to the usual quiet dignity of Louisa's deportment.

When the children's repast was ended, the party dispersed in different directions over the pleasure grounds, until the more sumptuous refreshments were arranged for them. The scene was one of fairy enchantment. The park in which Elmwood-hall stands, is a gentle slope of great extent; so that from almost every point, its diversified features of grove, lawn, and lake, are distinctly seen. A small river that runs through it, has been left here and there to murmur over its pebbly bed; has been expanded into the broad and glassy lake, and raised into the sparkling fountain; while in the centre, the splendid Grecian mansion stands proudly, thrown out in fine relief by the dark wood which covers the rising ground behind it. The sun now brightly gilded its classic porticos, and I gazed on the lovely scene with a heavy heart, for I viewed it as part of the price offered for my dear Louisa's happiness. As these thoughts passed

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through my mind, I looked up, and saw her standing near me, surveying the varied landscape with an air of exultation; her eye beaming with the pride of life, and her whole demeanour reminding me of the haughty king when he viewed the great Babylon he had built.

'Louisa,' said I, solemnly, '"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"'

She answered me only by a cold and haughty look, such as I had never before seen her countenance assume, and moved away to join the nearest group. I earnestly longed for the hour of departure, for the festive scene ill accorded with my feelings. I entered a shady walk, which led into a thick plantation, and felt some relief when the gay party was entirely shut out from my view. After walking a little way, I sat down in a bower composed of woodbine and clematis, and was soon lost in melancholy reflections and sad anticipations. I had not sat long, when the sound of approaching footsteps warned me the solitude was not so profound as I had expected. As the sounds, however, evidently proceeded from a path I had observed to diverge from the one I entered, I knew that if it were a party returning from the park, they would reach it without passing my retreat. I therefore gave little heed, until, as the voices drew nearer, I could not help being struck by the earnest and impassioned tone in which one of the individuals was speaking. A curve in the pathway, brought them a short distance behind the bower; and a few words, in a well-known voice, which I could not avoid hearing, plainly disclosed the nature of the conversation. I looked, in breathless agita-

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tion, through the leafy screen which concealed me; and; and, in a few moments, an opening in the trees gave to my view the figures of—Mr. Romilly and Emma Montague!

My feelings at this sight somewhat resembled those I should have endured, had I seen some one plunge a dagger into the bosom of my dear Louisa. I was at first inclined to brand Mr. Romilly as a deceiver; but when I looked back on his conduct, I saw more reason to be surprised at my own blindness, and that of others. True, he was always attentively polite to Louisa, but he spent much more of his time with the younger girls; and I now clearly perceived that his attentions to her were simply paid to the mistress of the mansion, and eldest sister.

At first I felt at a loss how I ought to act. Had my plans not been fixed, I would certainly have remained some time longer, that I might be with my dear Louisa, when this death-blow to her earthly hopes should be first disclosed to her; but as every thing was arranged for my departure on the following morning, I judged it, on the whole, more expedient for me to go.

I set off at an early hour, without seeing any of the family except Mr. Montague, having taken a hasty leave of the others the previous evening. I had many sad thoughts about poor Louisa; I tried to hope it might ultimately tend to her spiritual benefit; but I greatly dreaded the immediate effects of the disappointment.

I had been at home about a fortnight, when I received a letter from Letitia, announcing the intended marriage of Emma and Mr. Romilly. She stated that Mr. Montague had wished it to be delayed for

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some months; but that Emma being very desirous to have a peep at the continent, and Mr. Romilly anxious to be settled at home before Christmas, the only way to accomplish the wishes of both, was by celebrating the joyful event without delay, as the season was already far advanced; it was therefore to take place in the course of three weeks at latest; and I was desired to hold myself in readiness for a summons to the wedding, as soon as all the necessary preparations should be finished.' This letter was concluded by a postscript, which Letitia kindly meant should relieve my anxiety about Louisa. After mentioning that she knew I, in common with others, believed that her elder sister was the object of his attention, she said: 'I have reason to think dear Louisa herself laboured under the same mistake; but she has borne the trial most sweetly: scarcely any one could discover that she suffered, when the truth was disclosed; but I, who know her every look so well, was aware that she did so, most acutely. However, I trust she will soon get over it; and fortunately, she has at present so much to do, that she has no time to think of any thing but the business in hand. The apartments allotted for Emma's use at Elmwood are to be entirely new-furnished; one of the drawing-rooms is to be converted into a music-room, and various other changes are to take place, besides some twenty servants to engage; and all this burden falls upon Louisa, whose whole time is occupied in talking to upholsterers, decorators, men-servants, and maidens; as the lovers give themselves very little trouble about any of these matters, and Maria Compton and I find the wedding-clothes occupation enough for our slender business capacities.'

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I could not decide whether I should write to Louisa or not; and while I hesitated, time slipped on, and the wedding-day drew near. A few days before it, I received a note from Letitia, to say, that they expected some relatives from a distance, to be present at the ceremony, who would occupy all their spare rooms the night previous to the marriage; so they had arranged that I should stop at Mrs. Compton's on my way, remain there the preceding evening, and accompany the party to church; but as their friends above-mentioned would leave them in the afternoon, they could then receive me for as long a time as I could make it convenient to stay.

There was certainly nothing extraordinary in all this, but I could not help suspecting in it a desire on the part of Louisa to avoid seeing me till the marriage had actually taken place. When I arrived at Mrs. Compton's, I anxiously inquired after Louisa's health. 'She looked very ill last time I saw her,' said her aunt, 'the poor girl has worked herself to death, preparing for this hasty wedding.'

Although thus prepared to see my dear young friend looking ill, I was, nevertheless, inexpressibly shocked by her appearance; she was not only pale and thin, but the whole expression of her countenance was altered. I did not get near her until after we returned from church: as her eye first caught mine, a sudden flush overspread her pallid face, and her whole frame shuddered with emotion; but apparently by a strong effort, she instantly recovered herself, and her features resumed the rigid and marble appearance I had before alluded to.

I earnestly longed for a private interview with her; and hoped I might have been alone with her for a

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short time, after the *déjuné* was over, and the young couple had taken their departure; but in this I was disappointed. Some of the visitors who remained, wished to spend the afternoon in visiting a celebrated cavern and water-fall at some distance, and Louisa accompanied them. A large dinner-party succeeded; and before she was released from attendance on her guests, I retired to my room, sorrowful and fatigued. On reviewing the scenes of the day, and recalling the deportment of my dear Louisa, I could not clearly picture to myself the probable state of her mind. It was evident she had suffered much, and was still suffering; but she was composed, and went through her various duties with the most rigid exactness, even to every minute point of attention and etiquette; yet her appearance was not like that of calm resignation to the will of God; and all her movements had somewhat of the lifeless air of an automaton. I feared that she had pent up her grief too long, not seeking any sympathy, human or divine; and that now, when the strong call for exertion, which for many weeks had almost precluded her from giving way to her feelings, was over, she would yield to them with a violence which her frame might be unable to sustain.

Next morning, before I had left my room, Louisa's maid came to me, much agitated, and begged I would go to her mistress, who, she feared was very ill. I hastily accompanied her, and saw Louisa lying on her back, apparently without life or motion, her eyes gazing vacantly on the top of the bed. I spoke to her, but she seemed unconscious of my presence. One hand lay on the bed-clothes. 'Louisa, dearest Louisa!' said I, and took it softly between mine.

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The moment I touched her hand, she started up, sat bolt upright in bed, stared at me, and uttered a yell that made the room reverberate; then, putting her hands on her sides, she burst into a peal of horrid laughter, which was repeated again and again, and continued to break on my ear, long after, trembling and affrighted, I had taken refuge in my own apartment.

For many weeks Louisa was a raving maniac. This violent paroxysm was succeeded by a speechless fatuity, which continued for nearly a year. While in this state, she was brought from the place to which she had been at first removed, and placed with an attendant, at a farm-house within a few miles of her father's. While here, she caught the infection of scarlet fever, with which the farmer's children had been attacked. For some days she was so ill that her life was despaired of; but she recovered, and as she gained strength, gave many pleasing indications of returning sanity. She was perfectly composed, and asked for whatever she wanted. When restored to bodily health, she amused herself with needle-work; and though she never entered into conversation, was able to give short but coherent answers, to any question put to her. In this state she has continued ever since; her attendant, who is a pious and sensible woman, thinking she can perceive something like progressive improvement. A few months since, a bible was placed on her work-table. She discovered a slight agitation on seeing it, and put it aside; but a week afterwards, her attendant found it in her hand. Whether she is yet able to understand or even to read it, is matter of doubt; but her medical attendant give some hopes

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of her ultimate recovery. In the mean time she is strictly prohibited from seeing, not only her own family, but all her previous acquaintance.

Such is the short and melancholy history of Louisa Montague. She was eminently fitted by nature and education for usefulness in the Lord's vineyard; she had put her hand to the plough, but she looked back. In one short year, she was the rejoicing convert, the enamoured idolater, and the frantic inhabitant of a mad-house. She is now, apparently, sustaining little better than a sort of passive, animal existence; what she may yet be, is unknown to her fellow-mortals. I leave her story in the hands of my youthful readers, without note or comment.

MARTHA MARKWELL.

As the fly that plays about the candle, often doth burn its wings at the last; so the Christian who parleys with temptation, is in danger of having the wings of his soul so shortened by the fiery darts of the devil, that he will not be able to rise again towards heaven, till God shall send him renewed afflictions.—*Mason.*

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CHRISTIAN MODERATION.

THE opportunity which your valuable publication affords, for Christians to exhort one another to the diligent performance of obvious, but much neglected duties; and that without the assumption of any dictatorial authority, I consider to be a very important benefit. The word of God enjoins, that we should not suffer sin upon our brother, and yet the discharge of this obligation too frequently excites on both sides the frailties of our fallen humanity, and this seems rather to promote evil than good; the reproved and the reprover stand on treacherous ground, and each will probably find a lamentable absence of that Christian meekness and humility, which is essential to the profitable influence of reproof. The danger, however, is much diminished, if not entirely avoided, when a writer in your pages presents to the unruffled minds of your readers a lamentable deficiency, in many points of Christian duty, observable amongst the professed followers of the Lamb.

I conceive this to be one of the most important practical subjects to which the attention of your readers can be directed, and one peculiarly applicable to the present period: when events are daily passing before us, calculated to impress on every mind the vanity and mutability of all earthly things, and when God, by his providence seems to reiterate

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the call addressed in his word to every one of his children, "Arise, and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted." I proceed, therefore, to offer the considerations which have been for some time impressed upon my mind, and trusting that they may not unprofitably occupy a portion of your pages; and I earnestly pray, that, as far as they are in accordance with the will of our heavenly Father, the perusal of them may be blessed by him.

Who that reads the plain and unequivocal injunction of the apostle, "Let your moderation be known unto all men," that for one moment ponders on the solemn consideration by which it is enforced, "The Lord is at hand," and then calls to mind the immoderate self-indulgence, love of ease, of elegance, of luxury, of wealth, of equipage, of dress, and of station in life, but must candidly admit, — if indeed possessed of that pure mind which needs only to be stirred up by way of remembrance,—that there exists abundant cause to call professing Christians to consider their ways, in regard to the imperative duty of Christian moderation.

It would perhaps be impossible to lay down strict rules applicable to all circumstances, and the attempt to do so, would only present an opportunity for some plausible excuse, and fancied victory; if, for instance, we attack any of the excesses before alluded to, and attempt to define exactly the extent to which our objections reach, we shall at once find ourselves surrounded by a host of special pleaders, all putting in exceptions difficult to be answered, and each making an eloquent defence, and urging a strong appeal, that some favourite Zoar, ' (is it not a little one?') may be spared; but the scripture

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injunction, "Let your moderation be known unto all men," admits of no such parrying; it strikes home to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Apply it to the inventory given in God's word of "all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," and it at once silences every cavil, answers every plea, and sends the Christian with the lamp of truth, to search the dark recesses of his own bosom; it brings him to his knees with the earnest prayer of the Psalmist, "Search me, oh, God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

It is not my intention to offer my definition of moderation for the guidance of another; I do not presume to think, that the combination in which objects are presented to me, with their peculiar tints of light and shade, will suit my brother's or my sister's vision; but I do urge moderation. Even that which will appear not alone to ourselves, but to others, "to all men," to be moderation. I urge it as a principle, elastic enough to meet all the circumstances in which a Christian can stand, with a good conscience; and yet stringent enough to keep him void of offence in the sight of God and man. I urge it as a needful mark of partition, between the world and the church, as that by which we are to confess ourselves to be strangers and pilgrims upon the earth, and to declare plainly, that we seek a better country, that is, an heavenly.

But, if thus prevented from giving any exact definition of the rule of Christian moderation, I may be permitted to suggest its application to the various circumstances of life, from the necessity which arises,

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according to the apostolic injunction, for its being made "known unto all men." We are again reminded by the apostle, that we are "surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses," and our blessed Lord enforces the same consideration, with this solemn command, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." How then does this view of the subject single out each professing Christian, whatever be his rank, station, or circumstances, and invest with a deep importance every action of his temper, every play of his affections, and every motive by which he seems to be governed towards those around him; involving an awful responsibility, lest he make his brother to offend, lest he put a stumbling-block in his brother's way, lest he give occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, and cause the way of truth to be evil spoken of.

I address myself to the professed people of God; I do not, therefore, feel that I have any need to draw arguments from mere human wisdom, from the dictates of prudence, nor even from the soundest deductions of philosophy; although, if there be any one principle of human action, in support of which all these bear with a more direct and irresistible power than another, it is that of practical and habitual moderation. But the child of God is under the influence of higher motives; he is not of the world, even as his Master was not of the world; in the things, therefore, which dazzle the eyes, occupy the thoughts, and attract the hearts of the children of this world, he sees no glory, by reason of the glory which excelleth; he is called to go forth to Jesus, without the lamp, bearing his reproach; he knows the suit-

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ability, feels the power of that solemn injunction, "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober and hope to the end, for the grace that shall be brought unto you, at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

The Christian, who has been taught and enabled to enjoy creature comforts with moderation, receiving them from day to day as the unmerited gifts of his reconciled God, although he is not exempt from the trials and afflictions which arise from the instability of all sublunary bliss, yet is, by the very exercise of that moderation prepared to sustain, and through divine grace to triumph over them.

Having made these preliminary remarks, I purpose, if God permit, to consider, in a future communication, the necessity of this moderation, and its bearing on the various circumstances and relations in life, which the Christian is called on to sustain; and if what I may be enabled to adduce on this interesting subject, shall prove the means of drawing the attention of any of God's dear children more closely to the importance of the duty, and lead them, with me, to supplicate the influences of the Holy Spirit, that we may bring it into our constant and daily practice, my end will be abundantly answered.

J. J. C.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH CLERGYMAN.

No. IV.

MISS MILLAR.

(Concluded.)

ABOUT a year and a half after I went to the parish, the benevolence of a distinguished lady, who had property in the neighbourhood, enabled me to open a female school, and I found it difficult to obtain a suitable mistress. I learned, however, that a young woman, the daughter of a respectable farmer, who lived opposite Miss Millar's house, and, who had no opportunities but such as the half-educated girls around possessed, had been taught by her, correct reading, writing, arithmetic, needle-work, and, in short, every thing that was necessary to qualify her for a female teacher. The young woman was appointed, and answered my most sanguine expectations; and continues, I believe, to this day, to conduct the school, containing forty pupils, to the satisfaction of all connected with it. Here, then, was a girl, possessing few external advantages and many temptations, and yet the very evils of her situation became blessings; her imaginary rank gave her an influence which a supposed equal would not

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have possessed. Her known inability to relieve their temporal wants, give to her intercourse with the poor a more exclusively spiritual character; and she affords a living testimony to the fact, that it is not in national or social arrangements that evil is to be found, but in the enmity of the heart to God, which turns every circumstance to gall. I must add, for it is a distinguishing feature of her character, that I believe her religious labours were never once made an excuse for the neglect of a social duty; a churning was never neglected, a hank of yarn carelessly put up, an article of clothing or household furniture left unminded, or an uncomfortable meal set on the table; the house was always neat, and the kitchen clean and in order.

After I had known her about two or three years, a relation, living in a large town in England, invited her to reside with her. I never precisely understood her reasons, but she seemed to regard the matter as a call from God, and went with extreme regret, but with that modest firmness which was her peculiar characteristic.

I rather think her relation was a dress-maker, and she probably conceived that she might thus relieve her parents and brother from the necessity of making a provision for her—her present support could have been no expense to them; she never, however, told me her motives, farther than to assure me that she did not feel herself at liberty to decline the offer made her. She did not write to me during her absence, but, in about a year, I heard that her health was declining, and afterwards she returned home. A florid girl, removed from country air and country habits, to the air and habits of a city and to seden-

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tary employments, naturally suffered; and we supposed that a return to her native place would re-establish her, particularly as no disease had set in. We were, however, deceived: she continued for some time in that most uncomfortable of states—ill health; and then fell into severe and agonizing suffering, which continued, with scarcely any intermission till her death.

I never saw the oneness of the Christian principle—the universality of its applicability more beautifully exhibited than here. Her sojourn in B—— had not been a time of what are called religious advantages; the family with whom she resided attended church three times on Sundays, and were very decent in their observances, but that was all; the gospel was not fully, if at all, preached in the church which she attended; she felt as if she had lost ground, but she had not; it was as it were the winter of the soul; the frosts might have nipped the foliage, the winds swept it away, but the stem remained discovered in all its native strength, in all its graceful proportion, purifying its juices, concentrating its powers, and awaiting the spring-tide, when its Lord should say, "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." There are, I believe, few believers of any experience who cannot remember such a season—a period of blackness and thick darkness, under which every spiritual affection seemed chilled, every grace to droop, but a period in which they subsequently found, to their astonishment, they had advanced in self-knowledge, in a due appreciation of their own character and that of their Saviour God, and awakening from which, they discovered in a sense and with

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a fulness they had never felt before, their need of such a Saviour as Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified; their *practical* need of him in all his offices, in all his fulness; of him against whom it was testified with truth, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

I do not mean to say that she had, in any degree, what is called fallen from her profession; I believe she had never once been led into an unlawful compliance or an inconsistent action; but she felt that she had not grown—that she had been a stranger in a strange land. When she returned, it was impossible for her to resume her former avocations; I do not recollect that she was able even to go to church, and, had any second object entered into her motives, she would have passed her time in vain repinings, and called her rebellion by some pious name; but the cause of her activity was, that the Spirit of Him that raised up Christ from the dead dwelt in her; therefore the will of God was her pleasure on that account alone. To labour as she had done in his service, or to be laid by to lead a life of apparent self-indulgence and uselessness, or to endure as she afterwards did the acute sufferings of disease, were alike to her; the well of living water, which was within her, springing up to everlasting life, flowed forth in the direction he had appointed wherever he opened the sluice. She was enabled to devote more time to reading than she had ever done before, and her mind seemed rapidly to open to divine truth. She had been reared strictly in the opinions commonly called Arminian, and though neither a bigot or a controvertialist she had never seen more than could be seen compatibly with the nominal holding of those

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doctrines: she always enjoyed most of those statements of the truth which most fully set forth the sovereignty of God, and the sufficiency of Jesus, his indissoluble union with his people, and the richness of his unchanging love towards them; and thus, like many a nominal Arminian, she practically lived upon truths which she theoretically rejected. But it pleased God about this time more fully to reveal himself to her. The immediate instrument in his hand was Mrs. Stevens' work on the Thirty-nine Articles, which is accompanied with copious scripture references in proof of the doctrines brought forward. She read it in company with a relative whose state of mind appears to have been somewhat similar to her own, one holding the book, and the other searching for the references in the bible. The result was the full reception of all the doctrines of grace, and her delight was extreme; that she was accepted in the Beloved, that he had chosen her not for seen or present worthiness or willingness, but for his own love sake; that that love was unchangeable, and her portion sure, she had long felt in a certain extent, and with a degree of confidence, as facts of individual application. Now each truth assumed its proper place, and all apparent in their relative proportion and value, and the trembling yet confident hope of future support was exchanged for the full assurance of faith.

She was like one who, after beholding with admiration and delight star after star pass the aperture of an ordinary telescope, should then be enabled to look with telescopic sight upon the expanded heavens. Very soon after this, her faith was called to a severer trial; her illness, which had been slow, and

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free from distressing symptoms, suddenly assumed a terrific form, attended with excruciating pain. I cannot tell particulars of her state, as I was just before her illness removed to a parish at a considerable distance. I was however once more again privileged to see her. One night, just as I was preparing to go to bed, a knock came to the door and her brother was announced. I eagerly enquired for her, and he replied, 'She is well; oh very well.' 'Is she dead?' I asked. 'No, sir, she is still alive, and has sent me for you.' He then went on to tell me that after having suffered excruciating torture for some time with the most perfect calmness, and even joy, her spirit seemed perfectly to overcome the body, and she broke out into expressions of the most intense delight; that she seemed as if glory surrounded her, and that she was in the immediate presence of God; she appeared dying, and after a time asked for me; some one enquired if she wanted me to comfort her? 'No,' she replied, 'I want comfort from no man; the Lord is present with me now in a way I never could have conceived, and I shall soon be with him; but I want Mr. —— to see what the Lord has done for me. I know it will rejoice him to see my happiness, and I know it will comfort him throughout his ministry to think of the mercy shown to one of his flock.' I went with him; when I arrived she was no longer in the state of excitement in which she had been, but she was in the fullest sense of the word "rejoicing in hope." I do not remember all that passed, but I remember two things. I asked her, If she had yet to learn the truth, did she think the bed of death a good place for learning? She replied, 'Oh no! it requires all that I

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possess to support me under my bodily suffering; if I had to seek for comfort now; I should be miserable indeed and hopeless too.' Also she told me then, and again shortly before her death, that throughout her illness not a cloud had ever passed between her soul and God; her joy was sometimes raised to ecstacy, but never sank. She never felt a doubt, a fear, a moment of darkness or alienation, and she referred to the truths she had so lately learned as bringing inexpressible comfort to her soul. This is cheering to us, who have that scene probably before us; the death-bed does not necessarily bring doubts and fears; but to him who hangs exclusively on the Saviour's love, who looks solely to the blood of sprinkling, it may, yea, it shall prove a time, not of triumphant conflict, but of unclouded peace—of joy in the Holy Ghost.

Surely he who now looks upon her lowly grave, who watches over her remains, already turned to dust, who holds in his bosom her disembodied spirit, says of her "she hath done what she could."

H. M.

OUTWARD good things are no signs of God's special love; the sun of prosperity shines upon the brambles of the wilderness as well as on the flowers of the garden, and the snow of affliction falls on the garden, as well as on the wilderness.—*Mason.*

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THE ARMADA.

SUPPOSING that nine out of ten among our readers may have seen the following fragment, we really think the majority will forgive our inserting it, for the sake of the minority. The lines are so full of true poetic fire—so graphic of national scenes, and redolent of familiar names—the event of which they treat formed such an epoch in England's history, that if but one chord of patriotism be strung in the heart, it will vibrate with a sensation too pleasurable not to bear a repetition.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth bay;
Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile;

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At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonnetted the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield:
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,

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And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM—the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beechy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.

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O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,

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And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant 'squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height—
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

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VISITS TO ST. GILES'.

No. II.

PERSONAL courtesy is so deeply appreciated, so rarely experienced, by these proud and sensitive people, the poor Irish, that the effect of a little good-humoured cordiality is like magic. I know them well; I studied them in their own lovely island: I saw and felt the fervency of their hospitality in many a turf cabin on their native bogs; and running in among them with the same secure feeling and looks of affection, I find them Irish to the heart's core, in the darkest cellars of St. Giles'; and this was evidenced by the effect of such visits. I noticed not their filth, nor showed the least disgust, but took all as I found it; this soothed them, and gradually I saw an improvement where I dared not even to hope it; cleanliness and order began to prevail in the places which I visited; and we were welcomed with smiles of twofold satisfaction, through the consciousness that we should not be disgusted. Why are the Irish in England savage? Because they are supposed to be so, treated as being so, and thereby made so. It is the policy of the Romish priesthood to foster every bad feeling of their impetuous natures, and to arm them against the English, whom they are taught to regard as oppressors, and usurpers of their own beloved land. To this is added all the fury of

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religious bigotry, the same English being represented as spoliators of the true church, and profaners of the Lord's sanctuary. When a poor Irishman, thus primed with hatred and vindictive indignation, finds himself shunned, despised, and left to perish, in the midst of England's luxury, who can wonder that his spirit is ready to explode in violence, on a slight occasion? Who can wonder that, fearing to commit open outrage, he has recourse to cunning, and every species of deception, to gain his ends? Is not his religion a lie? Does he not believe and worship a lie? Is not his hope a lie? And do we expect truth from his lips, and uprightness in his dealings? Then the bramble may indeed bear grapes, and the thorn figs.

But we approach him with the message of reconciliation—he hates it—for he hates the language in which it is conveyed, and the faith of those who proclaim it; and he will inwardly curse the teaching, even when outwardly seeming to give ear to it. God has shown us what he will have us to do, by the manner in which he empowered his apostles to preach to the nations at Jerusalem. We expect no gift of tongues for the purpose now; but we lay hold on the help of those who fluently speak the Irish language, and we never find it to fail in the desired end, in disarming prejudice, quelling passion, and forcing its way to the heart of the poor exile. They have most ardent feelings—let us touch the master-key, and all will be right; *God blesses it*, and we need no farther sanction.

Ellen D—— was a friendless Irish girl, who lived as servant in the family of a London tradesman. Her health beginning to decline, her master advised her

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to have medical assistance; and, on her saying that she could not afford it, he promised that if she consulted his own medical attendant, it should be no expense to her. She did so: but her disorder being consumption she grew worse, and was obliged to quit his service. He had the cruelty, on paying her pittance of wages, to stop twenty-eight shillings from it, under the head of doctor's fees. Reduced thus to great destitution, poor Ellen took up her abode in a damp cellar of St. Giles', and attended the Dispensary as long as she could crawl there: but becoming too weak, she was visited by our good Samaritan, Dr. P——, who mentioned her to me as one greatly needing help. I sent a person to make inquiries; and his report revealed the above circumstances, adding that she was a complete papist, but very eager to listen when he read to her in Irish. I ordered her a loaf and a pint of milk per day, and directed the Reader to pay great attention to her spiritual welfare.

Soon after, Ellen was removed to a large airy room, kept by a very kind and hospitable poor Irish widow; and while her body rapidly sunk, her mind became so filled with joy and peace in believing, that it was quite a refreshment to Christians to visit her. When last I saw her, she opened her dress, to show me to what a perfect skeleton she was reduced: I observed, 'Never mind, Ellen, dear; you will soon drop that poor body, to be with Christ, and when once you see him as he is'— She caught hold of my hand, and her whole aspect changed to such a character of rapturous expectation and triumph, that I really could not go on, it so overcame me. In this state she continued for a

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fortnight longer; and then fell asleep in Jesus; not leaving a doubt on any of our minds as to her state. I am told that His name was the last sound which escaped her lips.

On the succeeding evening her wake was held: the room was quite filled, being in a conspicuous situation, in the thickest part of my district. God put it into the hearts of Murphy and another reader to go among the people assembled. As soon as it was announced that the Readers were coming, *all the liquor was put away;* the party arranged themselves with great decorum; and there, until long after midnight, they sat listening to the word of God, faithfully expounded by our two witnesses, who failed not to bear a most solemn testimony against the delusions of that faith which they had all been taught to look on as the only key to heaven: not a hand was raised, nor a tongue wagged against the men whose lives were hazarded in thus proceeding. Nor was this all: the kind-hearted landlady had three sons, fine young men, able to read the Irish character. They were so much affected by what they saw and heard, during Ellen's last days of existence, that they became diligent in studying the scriptures; and their mother lamented that they would shortly be leaving their own church: for that is now foreseen as the natural consequences of examining the word of God, against which popery is as diametrically opposed as hell to heaven. This may appear too strong an expression; but before any Christian condemns it, let him read the catechisms and the mass-books of the Romish church, and hear from those who have been delivered out of her snare what was the teaching of their priests, what their own belief, before the Lord

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enlightened them. When an Irish reader of mine had taken the ribbon-man's oath, he was appointed a leader among those misguided rebels, in his native country. He mentioned this to his priest at confession, repeating the terms of the oath, which were that he never would leave off till he should be knee-deep in heretic blood; that he would not buy or sell with a Protestant; and would do his best to destroy them, and to burn and lay waste all their property. He did not receive a single reproof from the priest; nor even a remark, on relating this: but when, some time after, he had, through curiosity, entered a Protestant church, and heard a gospel sermon, on confessing it to the same priest, the latter told him in a rage that he had then taken the *first* step to hell; and enjoined an unmerciful penance of fasting, prayers, and pilgrimages. To inspire their deluded followers with a horror of God's book, and a hatred of God's servants, is the unvarying aim of those from whom we seek to deliver their souls; and where conversion really takes place, whether of priest or layman, the testimony is uniformly the same, exhibiting the awful picture drawn of the apostate church in the book of Revelation, as perfectly applicable to, and as minutely descriptive of, the popish religion now, as when in the plenitude of unresisted power she formerly made herself "drunk with the blood of saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."

There was scarcely an individual among those whom I loved to visit, who would not have deemed it a claim to everlasting life if he were to have put me to death; but the work is the Lord's. He restrains their hands, he softens their hearts; and all glory be

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to his sovereign grace! he often, by our poor instrumentality converts their souls. Could I but fairly pourtray a few prominent features of popery in Ireland, or popery in St. Giles', it would send many forth to a work, the neglect of which is among the deepest stains of our national iniquity.

No death, no sufferings, can do you so much mischief as the fainting of your faith in an evil day. It gives Christ a loose from the promise. It doth quit and discharge him, and is not that a great thing? As long as you believe, Christ stands engaged, but if faith fail, you have no hold of him, you let him go.

God cannot do what he would in a way of judgment, when faith holds his hand; nor can he do what he would in a way of deliverance, when unbelief stands in the way.

This unbelief weakens his working hand. Christ "could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief." Nothing is difficult to Christ that is feasible to faith. How much of this is the spirit of the day we are in! Among professors the cause and interest of Christ is a sinking thing, a decaying thing. There is a death upon his cause and church, and therefore many forsake it; "trouble not the Master."—*Mead's Sermons.*

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DIVINE TITLES.

BEAUTIFULLY and faithfully as our English bible has been rendered into our own language, yet undoubtedly we lose something of its perspicuity and sublimity by the translation, and in no part more than in the titles or names of the Deity, which are synonimous with his attributes—God and his attributes being one. The understanding of them throws much light upon scripture, and must always be attended with much satisfaction and delight.

The word *God* is translated from the Hebrew word Alehim, a *plural* noun, generally used with the verb in the singular number; it signifies Covenanters, a plurality of persons in the Divine essence. Thus, in Genesis i. 1. *God* is at the beginning of the creation called Alehim, which proves that the Divine Persons had covenanted before they created this world; and in the 26th verse, it is said, "Let *us* make man in *our* image;" and to enforce the plurality still further, in the following verses in Genesis, iii. 22; xi. 7; xx. 13; xxxi. 53; xxxv. 7, with numerous others out of the Old Testament, the same word is used joined with pronouns, adjectives, and verbs, all in the *plural.* What then becomes of the fallacious arguments of the Arian and Socinian, who deny the divinity of our Saviour Christ, though so repeatedly set forth, as one with God, creating, governing, and preserving the universe, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father;

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as St. Peter expresses, 1 Ep. i. 18, 20, "fore-ordained (or *covenanted*) to redeem us, before the foundation of the world:" and as St. Paul affirms, Eph. i. 4, "that God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world."

Jah signifies Divine Essence.

Jehovah. Self-existent essence, the source and sustainer of life, translated generally Lord.

Jehovah-jireh. Gen. xxii. 14. The Lord will provide.

Jehovah-nissi. Exod. xvii. 15. The Lord my banner.

Jehovah-shalom. Judges vi. 24. The Lord send peace.

Jehovah-shammar. Ezek. xlviii. 37. The Lord is there.

Jehovah-tsidkenu. Jer. xxiii. 6. The Lord our righteousness.

Al. Strength and power.

Shaddai (translated Almighty). All-sufficient.

Sabaoth (translated Hosts) means, every thing is dependant on his power, and controllable to his will; that all the universe is full of his presence, and all creatures to be ranked amongst the army of the God of Hosts.

Wisdom. The Hebrew word is plural: God himself, the Fountain of Wisdom; no other can make man holy and happy, but the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Branch of the seed of David, Isaiah iv. a rapid vigorous increase, and xi. (another Hebrew word likewise translated Branch), a tender shoot. Christ in humiliation or humanity.

Star, "to arise out of Jacob," Numb. xxiv. 17; "the day-star," "the morning-star." The light of the

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world; Christ alone being the *underived* Light, the only true source of glory.

Angel, and *Angel of the Covenant*. One sent; an agent; one covenanting to bear the embassy of the covenant.

Glory of the Lord. The word signifies weight, gravity, essence; it denotes likewise *intrinsic* grandeur or *real* splendour.

Word of the Lord. Mind of Jehovah. The Jews always understood the Messiah by this name; the living medium between the mind of Jehovah and the intellect of man; the mind of the God-head substantially expressed.

Prophet. The word means a teacher under the Old Testament, and a preacher of the gospel under the New. In both, "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," in Him as the central point united in the Testaments.

Priest. The high-priest a type of Christ, Jesus an everlasting priest.

King. Christ a ruler of his people, now in love and grace, and hereafter in perpetual glory and blessedness.

Messiah. The Anointed One, consecrated, a person authorised qualified for a design.

Jesus. Saviour.

Redeemer. Avenger, one who recovers what is lost, and reinstates to a forfeited possession.

Shiloh. The messenger—one sent.

Adonai. (Translated Lord.) Basis, support; it refers to the Redeemer's operation in the covenant of grace.

Light. The word signifies light in action, representing the active influence of Christ engaged in the salvation and happiness of man.

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Servant. As *man*, Christ the servant of God.

Lawgiver. Jehovah-Jesus could alone reveal a law which is one great complication of perfection, prophecy, authority, and providence. The whole ceremonial law was to reveal, establish, and confirm the gospel of Christ. The *external* application reached to the outward man only, inculcating moral conduct and affecting all professing to be under its authority, whether truly converted or not. Its *inward* purpose and power, as taught under the influence of the Spirit of Wisdom, was salvation by Jesus Christ. Thus the books of Exodus and Leviticus with all its shadows and commemorations "of good things to come," were to the redeemed of old, under the law, what the blessed gospel is to the redeemed now.

Stone, and *Corner Stone.* Sure foundation used in all ages for a memorial or witness of a covenant. Thus Jacob mentions the "stone of Israel." Gen. xlix. 24.

Portion of Jacob. Jeremiah thus beautifully styles Jehovah, x. 16; li. 19. Christ as God-man and Mediator could alone be *our* portion, and believers *his* portion, from being his purchased ones.

These are some of the titles of Divinity, which show in both testaments the all-important doctrine of a plurality of persons in the unity of the Godhead, and that the true believer in both dispensations had one and the same faith. The manifestation of divine power in the person of an angel was, undoubtedly too, very generally the second person of the Trinity; such as the angel who appeared to Abraham, Gen. xxii. 11, and again, xlviii. 10, and to Manoah, Judges xiii. 19, &c. and those mentioned by the prophets. The institution of sacrifice, let it be re-

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membered, was of divine ordination, coeval with the existence of sin into the world, and with the first promise of a Redeemer from its guilt and penalty: the offering of these prefigurative victims were continued and practised in successive generations from the fall, till the appearance of Christ to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself: thus *no* interval of time has *ever* elapsed in which salvation by redeeming blood has not been confirmed and enforced; for in the patriarchial and Levitical dispensation, Jesus Christ has been the one great object of revelation. The believer then looked forward to the time when Christ should come, and since his manifestation in the flesh looks backward to his finished work; time alone is changed, but not the faith: "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever."

Christ crucified, with the penitent thief on one side of him, and the impenitent on the other, is a representation of Christ upon his throne of judgment, with the saved on his right, and the wicked on his left. Thus Christ, in ascending his cross, ascended his throne, and manifested forth his glory. Yea, all all that is most glorious in Christ, shone forth upon his cross.—*Thoughts in Retirement.*

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

WILL you allow the letter of one who has never yet ventured to appear in print, a place in your useful and interesting magazine? It is a subject, which for many years I have felt the importance of, and have longed to see wiser heads than my own taking it up. I address myself to *all those* who write for the poor and uneducated classes. There is scarcely a tract written in language which they can understand, unless I except Miss Plumtree's, which are very simple and most excellent. As I have been much in the habit of reading to the poor, I feel that I am capable of judging on this point, and I find that they only understand the most common and simple language, such as is used among themselves. Most of these little books, therefore, which are written expressly for them, are very like Latin and Greek to them. I will take as an instance, among many others, only one page of an excellent little book lately published by the Religious Tract Society, and which is so well and so usefully written, that it causes one doubly to regret that those for whom it is intended can understand but very little of it; I mean the little work entitled, 'Hints to Girls on Dress;'—open it at the twelfth page, and see the list of hard words, of which, if you ask the meaning

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from any poor person, you will find that they cannot answer you:

developed ..should have been, shewed
system .....plan
Gratuitous .....teaching without pay
Patrons .....friends
Perplexity .....difficulty
induce .....persuade
diffident .....shy
availed .....took advantage
alluded to .....spoken of
modelling .....forming
prosecuting .....going on
efficiency .....usefulness
moral habits .....their mind
Converse .....talk
ascertain .....find out

I have taken but one page, and if any one will take the trouble of reading this page to a poor person, and asking them the meaning of any one of these words, it will be seen that it is to them like reading French. I cannot but hope that the next edition of this most useful little work, may come out with the most simple words put in the places of these fine ones. And while I am on this subject, may I venture to give another hint in writing for the uneducated, that there is danger of putting thoughts into their minds which may never have entered them; for instance, in a most interesting and excellent work lately published, for girls going to service, and entitled 'Going to service,' there is in page 133, this sentence, from a footman, who is standing under the

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window of a girl who is just come to her first place, and is under the watchful care of a good housekeeper. 'It's a shame you should be shut up moping here all alone. Is she frightened for fear your pretty black eyes should get you a husband?'

Any foolish girl with dark eyes, who had perhaps never before thought about eyes, or of what colour they were, would immediately begin to think what fine eyes she had, and that by them she might attract attention.

There is another work by the same author, 'My Station and its Duties,' which has so much that is good, that it is disappointing to find in it parts that are certainly ill-judged for the class for whom it is written; such, for instance, are the circumstances of gentlemen paying too much attention to maid-servants. A girl may find herself under such circumstances, but the majority might be never called upon to resist such temptation; and it seems ill-judged to put such thoughts into the minds of all girls going to service. These passages would most likely have the tendency of *inciting* them to look out for, and watch for attentions, the thought of which had never before crossed their mind. It appears to me, that it would be far better to instil such principles into their minds as would strengthen them, by God's grace, to resist temptation, rather than to put before them what they might never otherwise hear of. There is another work with this same objection, called 'Elizabeth Allen, or the Faithful Servant,' which were it not for this, I think, great objection, would be an invaluable work for the uneducated. The language in that also might be simplified with *great advantage*.

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In closing this letter I will add, that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see the next edition of all these above-mentioned works, with simple words placed in lieu of the fine ones, and those parts erased which seem so objectionable.

Trusting that I offend none by my freedom,

I am your sincere friend,

D. H. W.

[We are much indebted to the writer of the foregoing; the leading subject is one on which we touched last month, in noticing books; and having tried the experiment suggested by D. H. W. we are doubly impressed with the importance of her remarks. We have often, when writing for children and the poor, followed the counsel of a valuable friend connected with the Dublin Tract Society, and read the manuscript to a child of four years old, altering every word that he did not know the meaning of, and re-modelling every sentence that perplexed him. The process was rather mortifying in some respects; but that only proved how the subtle leaven of carnal pride contrives to insinuate itself into every work of man, even when the glory of God is his avowed and his real object. The present plan of education, as pursued by the cheap-knowledge system, may enable the rising generation of the poor to sit in judgment on the style of a Chalmers; but for the sake of those who were born and reared before the mania broke out, let us strive to use all plainness of speech; lest while instructing them, even in their mother tongue, we be barbarians unto them, and seal their souls up in hopeless ignorance of what we desire to teach.—ED.]

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A RECORD OF MEMORY.

'They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee.'

DEATH in its worst form, is to the believer, but a disarmed and conquered, nay, even a reconciled foe. He who "came up like a lion from the swellings of Jordan," has for ever spoiled the spoiler, and turned his deadly enmity into a kindly service.

Against the wicked the king of terrors may hurl his dart, and make ready his arrows upon the string, for they are his lawful prey; but to those whom Jesus has redeemed from among men, whose garments are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, how differently does he approach! To them he brings an errand of love, a call from the scene of their earthly warfare, to the mansions of their father and their God; to them he speaks the words of Emmanuel, and his message runs thus, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone." Why then should Christians fear such a summons, though it be brought by a rough messenger? he is sent to conduct them but a very little way; and will take leave of them for ever when he has committed his precious charge to the angelic host, who wait to convey the disembodied spirit up, right through the unfolded gates of glory.

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It has been my lot to know many who have received the summons, some in early youth, others in riper years, and some in a good old age; and not one of these ever found a covenant God unfaithful to his promise, or was disappointed in the assurance, that when the shadowy hour arrived, the everlasting arms should be underneath.

I remember a brother and sister; they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not long divided. They were very young; the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places, and they seemed to bid fair for earthly happiness: but He who "comes down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed among the gardens, and to gather lilies," had early set his seal upon them, and manifested ere many hours of their short day had run out, that they were not of the world, but chosen out of it, by Him "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." Simple, gentle, guileless, their whole character marked the mighty change that had been wrought, though its exact period could not be ascertained. The regenerating influences of God the Spirit had fallen like dew upon the good seed of the word, and the vivifying and fructifying effects were perceptible to all around.

I know Mary had, herself, a presentiment of early death, and there was a transparency in her ever-varying complexion, and a brilliancy in her large dark eye that always

> '——— Turned the thoughtful heart
> To melancholy dreams; dreams of decay,
> Of death and burial, and the silent tomb.'

One day she was taken aside by a valued friend and minister, who was then believed to be sinking under

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the effects of lingering consumption; he addressed her thus:—'Mary, you and I carry about with us that which will bring each of us to an early grave; Oh then, let us solemnly consider whether we are prepared to meet our God, to stand before him, perfect in the merits of an all-sufficient Saviour.'

I do not quite remember her answer; I believe it was one of humble acquiescence in the will of her heavenly Father. That servant of God is still on earth, doing and suffering the will of his Master, but the dear child to whom he spoke is before the throne —she has received the crown, without having borne the cross: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

At length, the messenger was sent forth; decline seized upon Edward and Mary at the same time, and it found them prepared. They were the first to perceive the danger, but death was no great terror to them. When confined to their sofas, they took sweet counsel together; they talked of the dark valley through which they had to pass hand in hand; of the short separation at the river of death, where none can help his fellow; and, above all, of Him who hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. Then the eye of faith would pierce the veil, and they would discourse of the glorious realities which awaited them in the land which mortal eye hath not seen. Thus death became a familiar friend, and they longed for its approach, as the harbinger of eternal glory. But soon this pleasant intercourse ceased for a little while, once more to be renewed, and never again broken.

Dear Mary was first called. Extreme weakness, and the emaciation of her delicate frame, caused her

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to undergo much bodily suffering: but not one dark cloud was ever suffered to come between her soul and its God. She knew in whom she had believed, and that he was able to keep that which she had committed to him.

Amidst her broken, feverish slumbers she had been heard slowly to say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear *no evil*, for thou art with me." Furthermore, "I shall never, *never* fail, for my Shepherd's arms are round me." Oh, how did divine grace triumph here! when a spirit by nature even painfully retiring and sensitive, was thus supported in the hour of nature's parting agony.

She looked up to her sister, who stood by her bedside, and said something, but so faintly that the words were scarcely audible; her sister bent to catch the whisper. "My beloved *is* come into his garden," repeated the dying girl. She closed her eyes! Once more she opened them: 'I know—*my* Saviour—for *myself*,'—she said, and fell back on the pillow—her spirit was in heaven.

Her father sunk on his knees; all present did the same. The room door was open, and one by one, the whole household were assembled in the chamber of death. The impulse was irresistible, and all knelt, as if feeling, "This is none other than the gate of heaven." Protestants, Roman Catholics (for it was in Ireland) with one accord joined fervently in the eloquent thanksgiving which burst from the lips of the bereaved father. Nature's sorrows must break forth at length, but *that* was a moment for praise.

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Edward still lingered; he deeply felt the loss of one whom companionship in suffering and in hope had doubly endeared; but he waited patiently until his time should come, and endured as seeing him who is invisible.

It was not long ere we were called to gaze on the bed where lay all that was mortal of the dear boy; and truly "We beheld his face, as it had been the face of an angel." He entered his eternal rest calmly and tranquilly, even as a child sinking to sleep in its mother's arms.

'For there came one who loved the flower,
And took it home to deck his bower;
Bore it away beyond the skies,
To blossom in his paradise.'

C. S. M.

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NEGLECTED FRIENDS.

EVERY year that the good providence of God adds to my mortal life, imparts new strength to the impression long since formed: that among good gifts one of the best and most desirable is the gift of seeing Holy Scripture just as God has, by inspiration, given it: and taking it just as we find it. Man adds, deducts, selects; here he starts a doubt, there raises a cavil: this portion he will set aside, or explain away, in order to bring forth in deeper relief another portion that pleases him better. In short, God has, with exquisite skill, adjusted an equal balance, while his presumptuous creature labours early and late to destroy the equilibrium. Happy it is for us, that in this land of an unfettered bible, each has power only to spoil his own share of the blessing! He may, indeed, urge on his neighbours the value of his own foolish example; but if they follow it the fault is their own.

These remarks apply in more than one instance; in fact, the cases alluded to are as numerous as the sects and parties into which the professing church of Christ is divided. Popery, finding all Scripture against her, takes away the whole; a wise precaution against being identified as the great enemy of Christ therein described. Protestants grasp the entire volume: but it often appears as if the chief use to which they applied it was to pick out texts, for

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the purpose of throwing them at one another's heads. It has been my lot to see two zealous men, the one glorying in the title of a Calvinist, the other in that of an Arminian, clinging with all their might to the opposite scales, each striving to drag down his prize to his own level. The effect produced on me, was to call forth my unbounded thankfulness that the powerful hand which poised the beam resisted their puny attempts; and the glorious revelation remained, as it ever was, and ever will be, a mystery to exercise the faith, and to humble the carnal reason, while it confirms the hope of every believing soul.

Applying the observation, in some measure, to the subject of angelic beings, I was about to remark on the conflicting views taken by different readers of Scripture; but I found myself pleasingly anticipated by a correspondent of the Editor's, who, in a paper entitled 'Sabbath Musings,' has both given an example of the abuse, and very sweetly pointed out the use of what God has revealed to us concerning the heavenly hosts. Leaving, therefore, the pre-occupied ground, I proceed to remark on a point where the sympathy of angels must be greatly drawn forth towards our world; and more so than at present. We know that they have, in an especial manner, been made the messengers of prophetic intimations from God to his seers: not only under the Old Testament dispensation, but equally, if not more remarkably, in the New. An angel predicted to Zacharias the coming of Christ's promised herald, as well as to Mary the advent of the Lord himself: and as each event fulfilled the words they had been commissioned to utter, did not those angels give new glory to the God of grace and

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truth? Angels foretold to the wondering disciples the second advent of Him whom their straining sight followed into the cloud: and the whole of that grand, that mighty and comprehensive revelation made to the apostle John, was through the agency of the same celestial beings. Not only did they utter but act the great events which were to follow through many generations. The vials were poured out, judgments inflicted, the everlasting gospel was preached, great Babylon doomed and destroyed, and the thundering anthems of triumphant thanksgiving rolled over her fallen pride; yea, the great enemy himself was chained and imprisoned; all by vivid representations, where these docile servants of God fulfilled his guiding command. It is a remarkable expression used by the angel, when repressing the bewildered apostle's offered homage: "I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book." The book being prophetical throughout, I should understand by this, that the angel represented himself as one who treasured up the predictions delivered, watching for their fulfilment to the abounding glory of God.

Whatever difference may exist as to particular interpretations, one thing seems past dispute—that we are arrived at the very threshold of that great consummation to which these sayings tend; and as the remaining time shortens, events more thickly following each other, I can imagine these sparkling intelligences poised, as it were, in tiptoe expectation of beholding what is a matter of prophecy, and therefore a matter of certainty, while the hour and the day of its fulfilment is as darkly shrouded from them as from us. I cannot but think that they present a

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very humbling contrast to our cold indifference in what concerns us much more nearly than them. It is as if a ship, nearing a lee-shore, in the midst of tremendous breakers, while every inhabitant of the neighbouring coast was watching her progress with beating heart, and longing to see her delivered, the passengers and crew should pursue their wonted amusements, or, hanging over the straining sides, idly speculate on the number of the billows, and sport with the raging foam. To assert that the fulfilment of prophecy is an unprofitable study, seems to me little less than bringing a charge against Him who has annexed a blessing to it. I must be persuaded that the hosts of heaven find it so.

I cannot read of the regicidal attempts so continually frustrated in a neighbouring kingdom, without a recognition of more efficient guards than any class of disaffected subjects can furnish. I cannot follow the course of a debated question in our own senate, without realizing the presence of some, a glimpse of whose radiant forms would greatly alter the character of that stormy discussion. England is familiar ground to them: now that the records of her first protesting days are again coming forth among us, it will be seen whether recollections must not attach to many spots over which we heedlessly walk, dear to the glorified spirits of our martyred forefathers, and to their blessed associates the innumerable company of angels. To say that our country has not been a mighty instrument in the hand of God, and the object of his most fostering care, would be not humility, but ingratitude and unbelief. And is it when the great battle of her faith is once more about to be fought, that her angelic guards would forsake

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their post—her heavenly allies abandon her? No: they have a charge, and they will fulfil it, even to the marking of the minutest link of that immense chain which is fast unrolling, to be displayed before the universe—the chain of God's providential dealings with the most favoured among the Gentile nations of the earth.

It is well known, how a habitual familiarity with the unseen world cheered the doubly-darkened hours of that venerable and godly king, whose memory is dear to every English Christian. Deprived of bodily sight, and of mental discrimination, the spiritual faculties seemed proof against all assaults. It was a touching description I once heard given of the good old king. Left to range at will in a long suite of apartments, which were lined and padded on all sides, to prevent any dangerous collision, the royal inmate would slowly pass from one to another room, occasionally sitting down to an organ or piano, and drawing forth tones of sublime devotional character: then, engaging as he thought in discourse with the angels of God, he would utter language that shewed, however unfitted for rational intercourse with men, his spirit was attuned to higher themes, and his wandering thoughts had found rest among the angelic hosts. Often, no doubt, had he experienced the blessedness of seeking refuge in communion with his God, from the heavy pressure of earthly cares; and well might he calculate on the sweet fellowship of angelic attendants, when all of earthly form were shut out from his blunted perceptions. I have trod the halls of Windsor Castle, and paced beneath the fretted roof of St. George's chapel, with feelings not easily defined: but the aged monarch, whose relics

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then rested quietly beneath my feet, and the comforts that God vouchsafed to him in the hour when all human help failed, formed a contemplation that could not weary me.

Our sphere is circumscribed enough, for an immortal creature gladly to make the most of all permitted space: but we seem anxious to narrow it yet farther, and impose bounds on ourselves where God has left us free, yea, invited us to expatiate. Fettered to earth by a thousand ties, we readily lament that our soul cleaveth too much to the dust: yet do we not wantonly sever one of the very few links that connect our thoughts with things unseen and eternal? I may be as fanciful as some persons consider me; but when on a bright night I look forth—the moon being absent, and every revealed star shining in its place—I am carried away, in thought, to scenes of unsullied purity and perfect joy, where the angels of God have their abiding home; and then, following their track as they approach this ruined world, remembering how they rejoiced in its loveliness in the morning of its creation, and through what scenes of rebellious guilt they have watched its progress for six thousand years; and on what spectacles of varied crime and misery they now approach to gaze, with purposes of tenderest compassion towards the poor, weak, wandering sheep of the Lord's fold—I find the tears swelling in my eyes; I am shamed for my thankless ingratitude to my God and theirs; and can fully enter into the deep feeling of those beautiful lines,

> Oh, the exceeding grace
> Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
> And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
> That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
> To serve to wicked man—to serve his wicked foe!

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How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come and succour us that succour want;
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh, why should heavenly God to man have such regard!

The loneliest hour, at midnight, is perhaps of all hours least lonely to me; and certainly it is one of the sweetest. But mortal eyes will grow drowsy, mortal faculties demand repose; and I retire to my couch to seek that refreshment which my invisible companions need not; for they rest not day nor night ascribing glory to Him who sits upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

His worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my King.

R. H. F.

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THE COURSE AND THE COMPASS.

No. IV.

WE have here a body of persons very different from the last which we considered, for not only a few among them, but the whole class assume the Christian name; it is not in their nominal creed that the unbelief lies, it is in their practice. Were we to tell them that they are not Christians in reality, they would either start back with horror, or flame with indignation; they would tell us that they are natives of a Christian land—that they have been baptized as well as ourselves—that they consider themselves members of some Christian body, (the church of England, very likely,) and that, *therefore*, they are, and must be Christians; and they are astounded at our incredible ignorance, or our consummate assurance in denying the fact. I can only repeat what I have before said concerning them, 'they profess that they know God, while in works they deny him.'

In order more clearly to prove this, let me distinguish them into the four following sub-divisions: the *open profligate;* the *man of honour;* the *man of the world*, and the *man of business;* and looking at each separately and in order, let us observe the comment which their conduct affords upon certain passages of that scripture which is the Christian's guide.

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TEXT I:

"*As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy.*" 1 Peter xv. 16.

ILLUSTRATION:

THE OPEN PROFLIGATE.

In the above exhortation, we have a rule for the whole of the Christian's life, shewed forth by an heavenly example, and supported by a divine injunction: "Be holy in all manner of conversation," says the fervent apostle, "as he who hath called you," even your God himself, "is holy;" and for this reason, because he commands it, saying, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Now this is equally binding on all Christians; therefore when the illustration of this section (the open profligate) takes to himself the Christian name, I am bound to examine how far his life exemplifies that holiness which is enjoined in the compass by which he professes to shape his course.

We need be at no loss to find a living instance of this seemingly paradoxical character; one whose name is to be found in almost every periodical that leaves the press, as being implicated in either private or political profligacy. I will call him A. as he is my first example, and also because I do not wish to give any real initials in these pages.

Of his early life I am neither able nor desirous to say more than that he was born of an influential, and now ennobled family, and from the station and character of his parents, he was, doubtless, educated much in the usual manner of young men in genteel life. His present position and character are now my concern, and the most striking proof I can give of

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their moral degradation is, that on his name being mentioned to his exemplary mother, she has been known to reply, 'Pray do not speak of him: I do not acknowledge him as my son.'

'Steeped to the lips' in debts and immoralities, supported by the gaming-table, and the guilty earnings of an abandoned female, his private life is divided between the indulgence of the lowest vices, and the deception of indignant creditors; nor is his public character more virtuous or more honest.

Deputed to the legislature of our country by the votes of men "professing godliness,"—who "liberally" and charitably described his scandalous life as the commission of 'a few levities,'—he promised every thing required of him, and engaged to carry through sundry measures, ruinous to the religious character of certain ancient seats of learning, but greatly desired by his constituents and their allied political friends.

He voted for them, undoubtedly, but soon after, in a drunken frolic, he threw the whole legislative assembly into so complete a tumult as to drown the voice and utterly destroy the arguments of the advocate for these very plans, which he was himself pledged to support,—cast an air of ridicule and absurdity over the entire proceeding, and gave a fair excuse to the higher house for contemptuously rejecting the scheme *in toto*.

Was ever known an act of more complete and perverse faithlessness? Were not his supporters well repaid for the sacrifice of duty and principle which they had made in electing so notoriously immoral a person to represent their religious party.

And yet, this promise-breaking, trust-deceiving,

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dishonest politician; this impure, inebriated, gambling, degraded profligate, calls himself a *Christian;* yes, and moreover, 'an attached member of the church of England'!! He is not only a Christian in general, but a churchman in particular, and publicly avows himself as warm a friend to the establishment as any it possesses. Hear it and be astonished.

And now, after what I have recounted, shall I venture to write the word 'holy' again on my page? I should insult the common sense of my readers, did I attempt to set forth the discrepancy between the divine example of holiness commended to us by the apostle, in the text, and the vile career of such a man as A——, and yet what churchman or Christian can we find, on whom it is not incumbent to be "holy as he who hath called him is holy"? Who is the person that is entitled to claim exemption from the rule, "Be ye holy, for I am holy?"

X. Q.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

I AM one of those privileged persons, who, having refrained from encumbering themselves with the cares of a family, are enabled to give their attention to what concerns the world in general. Being naturally of a philanthropic turn, I do feel exceedingly interested in the affairs of my neighbours; I am zealously concerned for their reputation, and anxious to point out to them the best way of promoting their own credit and advantage. But alas, alas! many are the repulses that I meet while engaged in this benevolent pursuit. People are so blinded by self-love, so puffed up with self-conceit, that they persist in fancying themselves better judges of their particular concerns than a looker-on can be.

I need not, Madam, point out to a lady of your penetration, how erroneous this is: for surely the unruffled surface of an unoccupied mind will reflect surrounding objects far more accurately than the troubled waters of one busily hurrying on.

When Miss Markwell, for whom I entertain a profound esteem, began her series of papers, I was led to hope that much light would be thrown on subjects very interesting to me. But she has struck into a path considerably out of my usual track, passing

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by the small matters of which common life is made up, to enter upon more momentous concerns.

To tell you the truth, I was thinking of offering my services, to bring some of these affairs before your readers, when Miss Markwell's masterly paper upon Master Tom, put me into an ecstacy of joy.

I forthwith relinquished my purpose, pocketed the number of your Magazine, and devoted several mornings to the humane task of calling upon all my acquaintances who have very troublesome children, and reading the paper to them in my best style; giving particular emphasis to such parts as I thought most applicable to the cases before me.

I grieve to add I received fewer thanks than cold looks. Many of my auditors reddened, of course with conscious guilt; and tossed their heads as if to shake off the uneasy impressions made on their brain; others affected indifference, and some really laughed. A few were more sensible of the kindness conferred, and thanked me, but altogether, I saw no fruit of my labour among them.

My neighbourhood is not a sociable one, generally speaking; people are so wrapped up in their prejudices, that it is difficult to bring them to a spirit of universal good-will: there is also a great want of faithfulness; a fear of giving offence, and a backwardness in declaring what they see amiss in each other. There are exceptions: I will not deny that I feel entitled to call myself one; and some ladies of my acquaintance are equally impressed with the importance of the duties incumbent on them: often when cast down by the thankless rebuffs of my self-justifying friends, I feel refreshed at the tea-table of an amiable widow lady, who lost an excellent

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husband while her daughters were infants, and who has carefully trained up the young ladies in the right way. When I say young ladies, I do not mean you to suppose that they are tittering girls: the youngest is not much above thirty, and Miss Penelope, the eldest of the four is quite womanly. There is also an unmarried lady, who resembles what I should suppose Miss Markwell to be; and two sisters quite inseparable, and altogether of one mind. These, however, have an aunt living with them, from whom they have expectations, and she, I am sorry to say, is an exception to the useful character of the rest. So full of false charity, and what I must call latitudinarianism, that it is a drawback on our mutual edification when she joins the party. However, she alone of our little knot keeps a carriage, and being always willing to accommodate her friends, we find it best to give her liberty of speech among us.

Now, Madam, finding myself greatly exhilarated in spirits when I have had the privilege of meeting any of these estimable ladies; and grieving that the benefit of our remarks should be so much confined to ourselves, I am willing to send you from time to time a sketch of our proceedings. You must not reckon on me as a regular correspondent, but I may drop in now and then with a seasonable word.

Permit me, in the present instance, to suggest that your Magazine is rather deficient in one or two things. You are too accommodating. That was a very important question started some time since, on the point of female superiority; and if you had witnessed the anxiety depicted on every countenance, when we all assembled at the house of the widow, Mrs. Leckey, to receive in full conclave the number

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that should have contained the continuation of that momentous discussion, and the blank dismay that ensued, when we found you labouring to patch up a peace between the parties, who weakly yielded to your suggestion; you would regret your deviation from the non-interference system. Miss Penelope even talked of dropping the Magazine; but as she had herself resisted the motion of another lady to the same effect, on a former occasion, when you had smartly reproved a correspondent whom the most of us thought to be in the right, nobody would second her. You escaped; but I beseech you be more consistent in future. We subscribe for one number among us; Mrs. Freeman, indeed, the latitudinarian, very unnecessarily takes a whole one to herself: but we have so often determined on discontinuing our copy, that it will require great care on your part to avoid losing such a bunch of subscribers at a blow.

I am, Madam, your well-wisher,

HUMPHREY PECK.

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REDEEMING GRACE.

THERE is not perhaps a stronger evidence of the divine origin of Christianity than may be collected from a consideration of the promises and threatenings it unfolds. They are so in unison with human nature, with its physical, intellectual, and spiritual capabilities, that nothing but disbelief in the power and readiness of God to realize them, can deter any reasonable creature from pursuing the one and avoiding the other. It is indeed fashionable, (for there is a fashion in religion, as in other things) to speak of spiritual enjoyment, as though it were all that we are capable of tasting; to disregard those promises which relate to the resurrection and glorification of our corporeal frame; and to place the happiness of a future state in a kind of shadowy metaphysical enjoyment, totally dissimilar and distinct from any thing we have known or tasted here. Surely such opinions are as mistaken as they are dangerous;—mistaken because they are at variance with the whole tenor of the word of God,—dangerous, because being unsuited to our present condition, they can furnish no antidote to the gratification of irregular inclinations, nor afford a sufficient inducement to virtuous exertion.

If it be indeed true, which none who admit the authenticity of scripture can deny, "That it is by the exceeding great and precious promises of the

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gospel, that we can alone escape the corruption that is in the world," then is it most unspeakably important that these promises should be fully understood and appreciated.

Let not, then, any one imagine that an inquiry into the nature of that happiness which God has prepared for them that love him, can be an unimportant speculation. These are things which are unfolded alone by the Spirit of the living God, (1 Cor. xi. 10—12.) and they are bold indeed who venture to question the advantage or necessity of what God reveals. In reliance then upon his divine assistance, let us endeavour to behold the land that is very far off—to perceive the harmony that pervades the works of the Almighty, and borne upon the wings of faith and love, to unravel something of that "hidden wisdom which was ordained before the world unto our glory."

The blessings of the gospel may, perhaps, all be included in the word "redemption;" what then does it imply? That it is not the restoration of man to his primeval state of innocence merely, although that were a consummation devoutly to be wished, is evident from the distinction made between the first and second Adam, in scripture, and from the magnitude and importance of the blessings attached to the resurrection state, far exceeding those which our first parents could have enjoyed; for the simple fact alone that they were ignorant of evil, proves that their felicity must have been of a very different complexion to that of a being who has known, and felt, and groaned under its pernicious influence. And as danger calls forth the courage, and affliction the patience, and opposition the forbearance, and distress the gratitude, of a rational being; so it is evi-

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dent that these virtues existed in our first parents only in their embryo state.

Besides, the joy of recovery is a far higher and sublimer feeling than that of simple possession. The poor lost sheep that wandered on the mountains is dearer to the shepherd's heart than all the ninety and nine that went not astray. He estimates its value, not by its intrinsic worth, but by the sufferings and toil he has endured for its restoration; and as we are called to enter into the very joy of our Lord, it is evident that a believer's happiness must be of the same ennobling character, of which the principal features seem to consist; not so much in avoiding natural evils as in overcoming them; not so much in shrinking from suffering, as in rendering its patient endurance a pathway to glory and security.

It seems as though the knowledge and experience of evil were essential, if not to the enjoyment of good, at least to the perfecting of that enjoyment. Could we fathom the depths of nature and grace, we should in all probability perceive that every dark shadow in the one, is intended to serve as a foil and contrast for manifesting the perfections of the other. While lamenting the consequences of folly and injustice, we console ourselves by anticipating the righteous retribution of God, forgetting, at the same time, that the noblest part of it will consist in the very effect of those actions and circumstances which we esteem to be evil and unnecessary. We thus regard the present condition of things to be in a disjointed state; instead of constituting, as it really does, the essential and component parts of a system which must be perfect in all its bearings.

What are victory and triumph without danger, op-

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position and difficulty? Did there exist a person altogether ignorant of these things, we could only explain to him the former by unravelling the nature of the latter. Perhaps nothing serves to manifest more wonderfully the perfections of the Deity than the manner in which evil is rendered subservient to his purposes of mercy. We admit the skill of the workman who produces a delicate and highly finished performance, by means of tools that appear rude and ill-adapted to the purpose; but the Great Father of lights operates with materials that are not only inadequate, but adverse, to the designs he promotes by their instrumentality. His dealings in this particular entirely overthrow the arguments of that wretched philosophy, which deifies laws, and powers, and causes; for what proportion can exist between an evil cause and a good effect; or to what can such a result be ascribable, but to the volition of an omnipotent and incomprehensible being?

We see a physical cause operating to the debasement of the species; man became, by the total corruption of his nature, a slave to his bodily appetites, a serf to the ground on which he trod. Well might St. Paul exclaim, when suffering under this very law in his members, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" What could philosophy do for him? She could tell him that pain was not pain, that sorrow was not sorrow—that he was a god-like being, whilst apprehending the fate of the insect beneath his foot;—or, worse, she could seek to reconcile him to his misery, by asserting that his existence was as useless as it was transitory. She could propose expedients—she could array appetite against appetite, and passion

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against passion, and offer him thereby a choice of tyrants; but St. Paul knew full well that it was not in nature to rectify nature; that it were as easy to turn the planets from their courses, as man from the very law of his being; some new principle must be communicated to the work; some power different and distinct from the creature must impart its mighty impetus, to rectify the gravitation of nature, and give a heavenward direction to its affections and its hopes.

Jesus Christ, by assuming the likeness of sinful flesh, has accomplished this transcendent work. Being very God as well as very man; our weak and suffering nature has thus been brought, through a miracle of mercy altogether unparalleled, into the closest contact with Deity itself. At the hand of every man's brother the life of man has been required, Gen. ix. 5; and he who could cancel such a debt, and satisfy both in obedience and in suffering the utmost rigour of God's righteous law, now liveth for evermore as a quickening Spirit to infuse into all his members new life and vigour to overcome themselves and the powers of darkness.

It is by contemplating the resurrection of Jesus, and his own therein contained, that the believer learns the value of eternal things, and is set free from that bondage to which the fear of death has subjected him. Perceiving that his immortality is certain, his cares are directed to nobler objects, and the spirit freed from her earthly shackles, expatiates on her probable destination, and thus comes into contact with her God. And although at first amazed and confounded at his stupendous attributes, she yet finds him to be *her's*. His gifts declare him such—

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the new energy, and life, and love of which she became susceptible from the first moment that she dimly recognized him. And now the world becomes no more a scene of shadows, but a school of futurity wherein the laws of nature, and the ties and obligations of society represent to the believer the essential characteristics of his heavenly inheritance, and also prepare him for the enjoyment of it, by affording him, even amidst difficulty and conflict, many a delightful foretaste of future felicity.

J. D

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would rather have suffered any other—except the pang of feeling that it had *not* instantly shocked us.

The leading error itself, we combat not, because there is hardly a page in the bible that does not refute it: we advert to its fruits. May the God of all grace remove the mist from our friend's eyes; and may every reader be led to respond, Amen!

SACRED PHILOSOPHY OF THE SEASONS; *Illustrating the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year. By the Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D. Ruthwell.* SPRING. Oliphants, Edinburgh; Hamilton and Co. London.

WE have been guilty of an oversight, in neglecting to make mention of the former volume of this series; entitled, Winter. The plan of the work corresponds with that of Sturm; affording a paper for each day in the year: while the vast discoveries of modern scientific research are brought to bear effectively on the author's design of shewing how harmoniously and without exception all the works of the Lord do praise him. The winter volume was of a more miscellaneous character; this, descriptive of spring, is more uniform in its subject. It exhibits proofs of the divine agency in the reproductive powers and processes of created things, with reference to the qualities of the atmosphere, the diffusion of light and heat, disposition and distribution of moisture, the properties of the soil, the nature of the living principle, the developement of seeds and plants, the animal structure and instincts, &c. &c. We sin-

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cerely hope that Dr. Duncan will be enabled to complete his truly instructive and uncommonly interesting work, by bringing out in their course the volumes on Summer and Autumn. They cannot fail to be popular.

ORIGINAL SERMONS ON THE JEWS; *and on falling into the hands of the living God. By Matthew Mead of Stepney, author of the 'Almost Christian.' Edited from MSS. preserved in the family of Sir Thomas W Blomefield, Bart. With a Memoir by the Editor, and a brief Preface by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts. Also his Farewell Sermon as an Ejected Minister.* Nisbet and Co.

To all who love God's smitten, scattered, but unforgotten Israel; to all who prize the candle which, in Protestant England, is yet brightly burning, with fire first caught from their extinguished lamp, and who long to see the flame rekindled in its ancient depository,—we most heartily commend this rescued volume of valuable discourses, taken down as delivered from the lips of a zealous teacher, more than a century and a quarter since. Nothing of the kind can be more animated, more touching, more quickening, than these sermons. The subject of the series concerning the Jews, is that memorable vision of the dry bones, Ezek. xxxvii. while from Heb. x. 31. he has drawn such a display of the sinner's danger and the believer's safety, in twelve sermons, as we may only hope to find by turning to the records of former days. Our language has undergone a mighty change;

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a vast improvement it may be, for so it is generally considered: but it is not similar to that which has passed on the human frame among us? Man's form is rounded into smoother lines, and the easy play of graceful action is far more readily attainable: but place upon his head the iron helmet, bid him wield the ponderous sword, and bear the weighty targe of his fathers, or encase him for a moment in the mailed coat that impeded not their rapid movements, and it will become apparent that if much has been acquired, not a little is lost. No modern can smite with the force of those who went before him.

There is much in the prefatory memoir by Sir Thomas Blomefield, deserving the serious consideration of his readers. It is written with equal boldness, justice, and faithfulness. 'We are living,' he says, in reference to the leading subject of the book, 'in an age of such pretended liberality and compassion for all, that the Jew, rejected himself for his rejection of Christ, shall nevertheless be deemed a fit legislator for a Christian community: but is there an equal pity felt for the benighted condition of his soul? a no less ardent desire that the veil of spiritual blindness may be removed from his heart, and that he may become a citizen of that only free and great city, the new and heavenly Jerusalem? These are solemn and deeply interesting inquiries!' We feel them to be so; and desire a blessing on this book, as being calculated to apply the touchstone to every heart.

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THE DUTIES OF CHILDREN, *explained in Seven Short Sermons; particularly addressed to National and Sunday Schools. By John Norman Pearson, M.A. Principal of the Church Missionary Institution, and Evening Lecturer of St. Mary's, Islington. Second Edition.* Forbes and Jackson.

ALTHOUGH intended primarily for children in very humble life, there is not a page in this small volume but is calculated to do good in every rank. The simplicity of the language is most exemplary; and in a man of such high literary attainments as Mr. Pearson, an eminent scholar and most elegant writer, this fact speaks eloquently of the earnest desire which he feels to become, as a faithful "teacher of babes," whatsoever may render his message most acceptable to their tender minds. The first edition was sold, without the recommendation of its author's name: this possesses such recommendation; and we earnestly desire that it may be widely disseminated, and become a blessing to thousands.

CARA AN PHEACAIDHE. Nisbet and Co. 4d.

Reader! Can you decypher this title? Be assured that however perplexing and unintelligible to you, the language in which it is given furnishes a key to the hearts of three millions of your fellow subjects; placed, not in some remote colony of our vast dominions, but inhabiting our sister isle, crowding many a street of our wide metropolis, and frequently

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crossing our path wherever we go. It is the native tongue of poor Ireland.

A most powerfully affecting appeal to the conscience of every child of Adam has been circulated by thousands, and tens, and hundreds of thousands, in this country. A small book, entitled 'The Sinner's Friend.' It is rendered into Gaelic, and into the Taheitan language; has been adopted in America, and here we present it to you, prepared by the catholic spirit of its pious author, for distribution among the poor benighted, deluded children of Erin. We have, within a short period, beheld the heart-cheering spectacle of three metrical productions, in the Celtic character, issuing from the press. The first was a small volume of the most spiritual and truly devotional hymns in use among us, translated into Irish metre, exactly similar to that of their English dress, and adapted to the same sacred tunes. It has been described to us as a scene to melt the Christian heart, where the strong voices of hundreds of poor Irishmen, rescued from the darkness of popery, and brought to bask in the sunshine of the gospel, unite to breathe, in their own loved accents, such songs of praise, as 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.' 'There is a fountain fill'd with blood.' 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs.' 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' &c. &c. while, from the exact adaptation of these words to the regular tune, their English fellow-worshippers are able to accompany them, line for line.

The next in order was our friend Murphy's little book of 'Lays,' accommodated to the most favourite national melodies of the people; and doing already what they are so well calculated to effect—super-

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seding the blasphemies, obscenities, and sedition of the songs hitherto in vogue among them.

Lately, we greeted with delight the noble work of our dear brother, the Rev. Dr. M'Leod, of the church of Scotland, who has given to Ireland a full transcript of the Psalms of David, in metre,—a surpassing boon, inasmuch as the songs are of God's own inspiration. Now we receive, just in time for this announcement, a copy of an inestimable little prose work, with its sure passport to the hands and hearts, and, God willing, to the souls of the Irish peasantry. We have been told that 'The Christian Lady's Magazine' has helped to fan the flame of Christian love towards our poor, misled brethren. To God be the glory, if indeed the prayer of its conductor has been so answered! And in that hope we commend this small, cheap tract to the especial patronage of our kind friends, who may, if they watch, find many opportunities for circulating it, even in the roads and fields.

'Modern high church principles examined: as exhibited in the Tracts for the Times,' consists of a series of papers originally published in the 'Record' newspaper; and which we believe did incalculable service by their timely detection and exposure of what, in the language of Lord Cobham, we may call 'venom shed into the church,' however unintentionally, by some of her devoted sons. They form a neat pamphlet, destined, we humbly trust, to open some sleepy eyes to the true state of things; and to act as a preventive in cases where soporifics might hereafter be administered.

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THE PROTESTANT.

THE season has been in no small degree trying to elderly people; it may be supposed my excellent uncle has not escaped a few rheumatic twinges, in addition to his cough. Whatever chills prevail without, all within him is warm; nor has there lacked an ample supply of combustibles to keep the sparkling flame alive. Nothing stimulates him like a little opposition; so long as the person who differs in opinion does not err in matters of faith, I am not sure that he prefers an acquiescent companion to a friendly antagonist. At least, his zeal is more thoroughly awakened in the latter case; for he is one of those who, making sure that their own views take their direction from the precepts of God's word, do not contend for argument's sake, so much as in the generous hope of convincing a candid gainsayer. Such a companion he has enjoyed during the past two or three weeks, in the person of a guest, heartily united with us in all that concerns the weightiest matters of faith and doctrine, fixedly attached to the established church of England, and conservative in principle. So far, there is no debateable ground for my uncle and his friend to meet upon; but beyond this lies a question of immense importance in my uncle's sight, where they cannot agree—Mr. Hughes

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regarding as a wise stroke of justifiable policy what my uncle considers as the crying sin of the nation. I allude to the bill of 1829, by which members of the Romish church became eligible to sit in parliament, and to legislate for the British empire.

It is now more than three years since the readers of 'The Christian Lady's Magazine' were made acquainted with my uncle's views on this point. Not a few kind friends advised me to refrain from bringing forward his opinions, as being unsuited to female study; while the character itself was denounced by some, on the grounds of deficiency in polish, and by others as not being so exclusively spiritualized in all its points, as to give no heed to the passing events of a dying world. At the end of two years, I reluctantly discontinued the conversational style, assuming one not nearly so pleasant to myself: but the principles held and avowed were not to be crushed or cloked, by any maxim of expediency, any consideration of self-interest, or any weak surrender of my conscience to the judgment of others. Nay, I will say, a surrender of my own judgment, in a matter where I might fairly be allowed the casting vote, had the numbers been equal; which they were not, for my uncle's friends were a manifest majority. As to the alleged *brusquerie* of the old gentleman's character, I prefer it infinitely to the polished indifference of the present day: and to the other point, his supposed worldliness, I can only lament that so many truly pious persons overlook the great excellency of one of the most excellent characters recorded in scripture—that of Nehemiah—and his patriotic proceedings. They seem to expect the perpetual enjoyment of a sabbatical year; eating

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what spontaneously grows from this soil so diligently, so laboriously prepared by its former occupiers; and suffering the implements of tillage to rust and fall asunder, as though God, who alone giveth the increase, no longer required that man should plough and sow, weed and reap the fields entrusted to him!

Once more; it is true this work is ephemeral in its character, but it is not generally, thrown aside to be destroyed. Many a book-shelf has afforded space for the volumes, as they became complete, and a book so preserved becomes a book of occasional reference. Believing as I most firmly do, that England in abandoning her national protest, cast away her national shield—seeing that every passing year discovers her more helplessly exposed to the well-ordered band of assailants; and expecting, alas! that many a grievous wound will yet be inflicted, through the fatal surrender of her ancient defence, until she is brought to repent in sackcloth and ashes, the sin of her unbelief; I hold it one of the dearest privileges of my existence to add one more to the many records of individual disclaimers; beseeching the Lord God to make these humble pages the means of stirring up some mothers to their solemn duty, while yet to them is entrusted the immense responsibility of training the minds of those who, as MEN, shall one day occupy the ground where the Lord's battle must be fought, or the Lord's cause abandoned—where England must either arise, a powerful witness for the truth, upheld by the arm on which she is taught to lean, or sink, a scorned, dishonoured thing, her glory tarnished, her beauty defaced, her strength trampled into the dust, and her apostate

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name cast out, to become a by-word of reproach among the nations in whose sight she sat a queen, and neither saw nor apprehended sorrow.

'What have you got here?' exclaimed Mr. Hughes, the day after his arrival, taking up a book which my uncle had just laid down. 'Foxe! I have heard a vast deal of this reprint, and certainly it is an elegant looking volume,—fine type—beautifully executed'—he added, as he turned over the leaves, 'and seemingly faithful enough. But now, my dear friend, what solid advantage do you seriously expect from its re-publication? You know my attachment to the old martyrologist, and my cordial abhorrence of the degrading, the antichristian abominations of popery: but I confess I see no necessity for this expensive re-production of voluminous records in the mass. I should prefer a good selection.'

'And who,' said my uncle, 'would you employ to make it?

'Not you, I confess, my good friend. You are a little too prejudiced, and too stiff on some points, to do it quite impartially.'

'And you,' returned my uncle, 'are a little too lax and liberalized on the same points to satisfy me with a selection of your making. No, no: a simple narrative may, I grant you, be advantageously extracted for the edification of the church in general; but these 'Acts and Monuments' form a national work of immense value to us as a people; and the only way to stop all mouths is to give it as it was handed down to us, unmutilated and unaltered, to those whose dearest interests are nearly as much in jeopardy now, as at any previous period of our history.'

'Foxe lived too near the times of which he writes,

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to be a dispassionate narrator and commentator,' observed Mr. Hughes.

'True;' said my uncle, 'just as the man who dwells upon a rocky coast, with the roaring of the breakers continually in his ear, and the signal guns of danger still booming over the waters, might fail to write a graceful essay on shipwrecks. A useful one, it might however be; and from the very cause that marred its literary beauty.'

'I know to what you principally allude,' observed Mr. Hughes, 'but, remembering how cheerfully you would have committed the pilotage of the state vessel to an eminent individual, not many weeks since, I must hope you will allow some weight to his recent assertion, that if the deed were again to do, he would unhesitatingly run the ship among these same rocks, so terrible to your imagination, but which he considers a safe anchorage.'

'I allow no weight whatever to such a declaration,' said my uncle, warmly, 'except a weight that sinks the man who made it far far below the level at which I had too hastily rated him. Oh, it is an humbling lesson, but one that God's people must thankfully learn, when they find how surely every plant which God hath not planted shall be rooted up!'

'I grant you,' said our friend, 'that no certain dependance can be placed on any but those who avowedly build their principles of action, not on a preference to this or that form of government in church or state, but on the immutable basis of God's word: still I cannot, as you do, trace our present perplexities to that especial act of admitting the Romanist to an equal share of our rights. There

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were national sins in abundance to call down these visitations, without including that.'

'A little time will shew,' observed my uncle. 'Meanwhile, how like you the bishop of Exeter's exposé of the national education plan, in Ireland?'

'Exceedingly well: and I congratulate you on the unequivocal testimony given to the truth of that report concerning the Esker school, which was, if I mistake not, the first blow struck in the business. I am no friend to the board, believe me.'

When the two metropolitan prelates of England stood up in the house of peers, resisting, in the name of their united brethren, and of the insulted church, the intended spoliation of her revenues, my uncle's delight was of the most unmixed, most exulting character. He predicted a total defeat to the measure even in the Commons; saying that it was not possible the representatives of our English people should venture, under the mask of regard for the national church, on a measure expressly denounced by her chief pastors as a hostile assault, menacing her very existence. Then, suddenly addressing Mr. Hughes, he asked him whether, consistently with their solemn oath, the Roman Catholic members could vote in favour of that plan. Our friend would gladly have evaded the question; but when pressed, he acknowledged that, without a manifest violation of the spirit of their pledge, they could not. The doubt was soon decided—not that my uncle had ever doubted at all—and I found him, with the list of votes in his hand, demonstrating to Mr. Hughes by how large a majority of English members the question had indeed been decided against ministers; and that the paltry gross majority of twenty-three which had actually carried

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the preliminary resolution, was *altogether* composed of Roman Catholics—twenty-two Irish, and one English.

'Admitting it all for argument's sake,' said Mr. Hughes, 'I see not how any disgrace attaches to us for the exercise of that Christian charity which impelled us to believe a man upon his oath.'

'Were we not ignorant that the non-observance of faith with heretics is a part of their avowed creed.' asked my uncle.

'Nay, then, simply as gentlemen,—how could we refuse a gentleman on his plighted word of honour?'

My uncle only replied by striking his hand on Foxe.

'Experience, I grant you, told a different tale:' resumed the other. 'But charity, thinking no evil, is often deceived through her own noble confidence in the right intentions of others. The loss, in a temporal sense, may be hers; the sin and disgrace lie at another door.'

'Believe me, Hughes,' said my uncle, 'with all your charity, you would not invite a convicted robber and assasin to sleep under your roof, and leave your chamber door unlocked. I apply not such epithets to individuals, but to the principles avowed by their church, and as a matter of course acquiesced in by all her members. One fact is worth a thousand hypothetical suppositions, and here we have it. We have, in spite of every warning, divine and human, admitted a body of men to legislate for us; and here, in a matter exclusively affecting England and England's national church, we have these very men reversing the decision of England's representatives.'

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'It might have been done by a pre-ponderance of radicals, if Papists had never been admitted,' observed Mr. Hughes.

'Certainly: and the man who was murdered might have died of apoplexy, in the absence of an assasin; but would you therefore acquit the criminal, and excuse his abettors? It does appear too much like trifling with God's judgments thus to evade the deduction of effects from their obvious cause. Startling as the proposition is, I am fully persuaded that to the alternative set before us in the last Quarterly Review we shall ere long be driven: either we must rescind our fatal concession, and exclude these perjured men from parliament, or we must repeal the legislative union, send poor Ireland adrift, and leave her to her fate,'

'Oh, not the last,' I exclaimed. 'Consider to what you would abandon the Irish Protestants.'

'And the first is utterly impracticable,' observed Mr. Hughes. My uncle rejoined, 'Impossible as it may seem to man, I hope, by the power of God, to see it effected ere I die.'

'Are you serious, my good friend?'

'Never more so: let but one Protestant have courage to move a resolution to that effect, and, greeted as he would be by shouts of laughter, by the scorn of hundreds, and the repudiating cowardice of perhaps as many more, who in their hearts cordially assented to what they dared not openly adopt, a nucleus would be formed, a rallying point established: petitions would pour in, representatives would be compelled by their constituents to make an effort for shaking off this intolerable incubus from our paralyzed counsels: the press would co-operate,

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Protestantism would revive, and God, even our own God would give us his blessing. I wish I knew the man who would dare the noble deed!'

My uncle started up; and while we gazed on him, I with kindling hope, and our friend with wondering doubt, he paced the room with all the energy of former days, from time to time repeating, 'I wish I knew the man!'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1837.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

"THE voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as a flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

No language but that of inspiration can suitably express the swelling emotion of the heart, when a poor child of dust looks round on the scene of death's hourly devastations, and feels that the scythe has just cropped away some one of *his* most cherished blossoms. There is but One of whom it can be fully said, He knows what is in man: we are riddles to each other, and paradoxes to ourselves. That which was created for eternity, became, in its most perceptible part, mortal: that which was formed

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light, invaded by gross darkness, that which was made a dwelling of love and peace, transformed into a battle-field of perpetual hatred and strife—may well be a source of perplexity to its own clouded and bewildered faculties, in any state. The more so, perhaps, when the day-spring from on high breaks in again to scatter the resisting darkness; when the dove of peace once more spreads her brooding wing over the scene of conflict, and partially hushes the storm: when the gate of a blessed immortality is thrown wide in the distance, and the spirit, enabled to gaze upon its home, struggles, and gradually prevails over the fleshy impulse that cannot but cling to earth. There was a time when body and spirit together served God, rejoicing in their happy union, under his forming hand, a time when earth, with all that it contained, lay basking in the smile of its Almighty King, or moved in undeviating obedience to his divine will. And when, on a bright spring morning, in freshness of health and buoyancy of spirit, I walk abroad, warmed by the chastened beam, fanned by the light and fragrant breeze, while the little wild flower laughs from among the meadow grass, the yellow butterfly sports before me, the bee pursues her cheerful way, and birds rejoicingly flutter through the branches that extend once more their screen of delicate foliage, I cannot quite realize the awful truth that man is a rebel, and the earth a blighted thing; that, spite of this hour's enchantment, the whole creation groans and travails in pain together; and that, if even my bodily sight could penetrate to the distance of a few short miles around, I should behold such scenes of crime, of sorrow, and of death, as would divest of all its charms the narrow circuit

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of my present contemplation: and compel me to exclaim under the fullest impression of its humiliation, defilement, and fragility, "Surely the people is grass!"

There is a class of good persons who too readily condemn what God has in no instance denounced. They not only disapprove the expression of admiration and delight, in surveying the perishable but still most lovely and glorious wreck of what was once so perfect and so good—they censure the indulgence of warm attachment to the fellow-pilgrims who are passing like us, through a clouded and polluted scene, to the rest which remaineth for the people of God. Ardent love for our friends, is not unfrequently stigmatized as idolatry; and the chill of an unjust rebuke is thrown heavily on a warm heart, beating with the impulse of sanctified affection. Against such benumbing influences I always did, and always will, in thought, word and deed, maintain an uncompromising protest, confirmed by scriptural precept and example. I know I am not to set my affections on things on the earth: that is, on the perishing things of time which are destined to vanish away: but I am yet to learn that a child of God, whose soul is sealed with the promise of eternal life, whose body is made the temple of the living God now, and destined to be changed hereafter into the likeness of Christ's glorious body, and made a citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem—I am yet to learn that such a one is a thing of earth whereon I must not set my affections: if words are to be taken in so literal a sense, as to bar all reference to the spirit of their meaning—if all "things on the earth" are to be excluded from our affections, we must take heed lest we love our bibles

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too well, or value too highly those means of grace which necessarily consist of visible, audible and tangible things. The fact is, that some individuals are of a cool temperament, their feelings not so easily drawn out, nor their sympathies so readily awakened as those of a different class. These are apt unconsciously to form a standard, by their private interpretation of scripture; and to make the measure of their individual experience the rule for judging others. They consider as extravagant, fanciful and enthusiastic, the fervency of attachment of which they are not themselves capable; and often check, or at least ruffle, the flow of those kindly affections which form the richest sweetness of, perhaps, a sea of bitters, in the lot of their more ardent friends. When I meet with these sage reprovers, I let them say what they please, and make little reply, if any: for I well know that it would be an idle task to argue with a blind man on the comparative beauty of colours. They cannot make me angry; because when they tax me with a wilful excess, I recognize in them an involuntary defect, beyond my power to supply. Therefore I leave them to take the way that pleases them, and with renewed enjoyment pursue my own.

Not one of these was my beloved Anne S. Never did the warm current of devoted affection more freely bound through the veins of an Irish heart than in hers. Throughout a lot of trial, such as few are called on to encounter, she was upheld by such experimental enjoyment of her Redeemer's love to her, his chosen child, that, loving her brethren as she knew the Lord loved her, according to his own gracious commandment, her sanctified affections went

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forth like the sunbeams, glowing more ardently nearest the centre of their home, but warming and brightening whithersoever they could reach. Dear, dear Anne S.! Short indeed was our permitted intercourse here; but it is soothing to my inmost spirit to know, that as fervently as two poor creatures of dust could love, so fervently did we, by the grace of God, love one another.

If my types were always characteristic of their object, and I sought to do justice to Anne, I might look among the cedars of Lebanon, or the palm-tree of the east, for some fitting emblem of her elevated mind, her superior attainments, and overshadowing guardianship of those who clustered around her. But lowliness was the prevailing trait in my gifted friend; and often as I traced the passionate love of her warm heart for the land of her birth, I almost regretted that the shamrock was already dedicated to my precious dumb boy; and in my thought I likened her to another and more intrinsically valuable member of the same family. My young and happy days were passed much in the fields; and there I had, and still have, an especial favourite among the flowers that gem the grass. Though little esteemed, because little marked, the blossom of the White Clover may vie in beauty and in fragrance with many a proud tenant of our cultivated gardens. Often have I stooped to gather the elegant globe, as it rose from its cluster of green trefoil, and after inhaling the perfume of its united cups, I have drawn them, one by one, from their stalk, to suck the abundant store of honey concealed in each recess. I could not point out an individual among the flowers combining so much of elegance and usefulness—so

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pleasant to the eye of taste, so prized by the hand that only seeks for profit; and withal so clad in lowliness, so quietly bending beneath the foot of pride, so calmly lifting up again its gentle head in undefiled simplicity to heaven.

And in default of genuine shamrocks, I have seen the clover, as a trefoil, pressed to the lips of this dear exile of Erin, while every feature bespoke the deep and varying emotions recalled by that action. An exile she was—a willing, though a sorrowing exile; and I cannot retrace the briefest outline of her touching story, without a struggle of feelings in which indignation would fain predominate. Who does not know what have been the trials of Ireland's persecuted clergy? Few indeed know *what* they have been; but that they have been great, very great and bitter, none among us are ignorant. Anne was the eldest of a motherless family, every heart twining round the surviving parent, with all the fondness of intense filial attachment—with all the reverence due to a devoted minister of the gospel of Christ. Their early years were those of prosperity in worldly things: and accomplishments of no common order were added to what the God of nature had given—the God of grace renewed and sanctified. In the fond father, as in a centre, all their earthly affections met: and his delight it was to point them to a higher aim. Happy, most happy for them, that so he did—it is now their richest solace under reiterated bereavements. I may not enter too fully into the hallowed precincts of such a home as theirs: it must suffice to say that the general distress fell heavily upon it; but more in anticipation than in the immediate presence. With the foresight and self-devotion peculiar to her cha-

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racter, Anne marked the thickening cloud; she called her sisters around her; and together, in prayer, they decided on a plan which was not made known to their father until the very eve of execution. It was, that all, save one in extremely delicate health, and another yet as a child among them, should become self-exiled from their pleasant home together; and by diligently using, for a time, the gifts acquired under very different circumstances, they should contribute to sustain in comparative comfort the diminished circle thus left around the domestic hearth. 'Little,' said Anne to me, 'little did my darling father suspect the reason of my diligent study of botany: or, when he saw me delighted at the award of the medal, won by my proficiency, that my joy arose from knowing that it added a feather in the scale of those poor accomplishments which were to augment my salary —devoted to his future comforts!' Under circumstances most touching, the event took place; and these heroic daughters together tore themselves from the home, where they hoped to re-assemble in more prosperous days. I cannot dwell upon the scene: I saw it not, save in her vivid description; but I felt it to my heart's core.

Anne's destination was England. Hither she came, and with earnest assiduity applied herself to the task of tuition. Her uncommon acquirements insured a handsome salary, and joyously did she calculate on the service it would render to her father —how fondly she loved that father cannot be conceived even by this act of self-surrender—how agonizing was her trial, is known alone to Him, who in mysterious wisdom sent a stroke so sudden, that all the frantic haste that poor Anne could make to her

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distant home, availed not to show her more than the mound that covered her father's new-made grave.

The blow upon her tender heart was mortal. The struggles of her renewed spirit to sustain the load were wonderful; but they availed not. Back she returned to her post; for though the beloved parent was gone, there were others now cast especially on her to provide for. It was soon after her return, that, finding I was in her vicinity, and doing justice to the love which I bear her dear country, she left her card at my door, inscribed with her name, and the brief addition, 'an Irishwoman.' We soon met; and I could not but marvel at the strength of the mutual affection that seemed, even from the first moment, to unite us. To me she was a treasure: her simple, sweet, undeviating trust in the Lord Jesus, her quiet submission under the heavy afflictions laid on her, the clear, realising view which she took of spiritual things, and her habitual reference to the Lord's will in even the most minute matters—all rendered her a continual study to me, for my own humiliation and profit. In the excess of her love for dear Ireland, I could fully sympathize; and in the cherished remembrance of scenes gone by, and loved ones lost, I found one who could indeed most deeply sympathize with me. The inexhaustible stores of her mind, her fine taste, accurate judgment, and delicate sense of honour, were beautiful to contemplate. Of the last she gave a touching proof: for when, smitten suddenly by a paralytic affection, through the intenseness of her mental struggles, she expected instant, or speedy death, she made a powerful effort to commit to the flames all my letters and little notes. Often had I expressed to her my abhorrence of the

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want of principle and feeling exhibited in the too-common practice of exposing private letters, whether of the living or the dead; denouncing the former as base and treacherous—the latter as doubly treacherous and doubly base. She laid it to heart; and even at that awful moment collected her bewildered faculties to secure, as she afterwards told me, my little billets from falling into any other hands. I know she dearly prized them, even as I now treasure her beautiful letters to me: and it was a striking evidence at once of delicacy and of fidelity, which few, perhaps, would imitate, because not many possess that exquisite sense of which she was continually giving proofs. If I knew of one among my many friends who could be capable of publishing to the world the unstudied effusions of epistolary intercourse, I should turn from that individual with a bitter regret that ever we became acquainted. The act of Anne S. was no more than strict integrity demanded, as she herself observed to me, yet would every Christian have viewed the duty, and fulfilled it like her? I fear not.

It pleased the Lord to raise her up from this attack, so far as to admit of her return to Ireland; with a fair prospect of ultimate recovery. Our parting interview cannot be effaced from my recollection. She was unable to attend the ordinances of God's house, and her affectionate pastor administered to her, four days before her departure hence, the comfortable institution of our dying Lord. I was the privileged partaker; and precious to my soul is the remembrance of that hour! As she lay upon the couch, her tall, slender form wrapped in the sable weeds of deepest mourning, her altered, but ever

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eloquent features wearing the expression of such perfect peace as I have rarely beheld on any countenance, her joined hands meekly resting on her bosom, pointing upwards, and the very tear that trembled on the lash of her closed eyes withheld from falling, as though absorbed by a beam of holy joy, I felt that she was not a creature of earth—not destined long to sojourn among us: and though my heart selfishly ached at the prospect of my loss, I could not wish it otherwise.

Immediately after we were left alone, and while her thoughts were evidently still in heaven, she drew forth from a little pocket-book the dearest relic she possessed—a pair of bands, just as they had been worn by her beloved parent in his last ministrations; and a lock of silvery hair. Not one word accompanied the action; nor was it needed; her tears burst forth; but with a solemn awe-struck expression she lifted her eyes to heaven, and they were stayed. And when I whispered, 'It is but a little, a very little while, and you, darling, will be rejoicing too before the throne where he now is,' her whole countenance glowed with delight, as she repeated, 'A very, very little while.' We parted, and the Lord only knows with what feelings of lingering affection the farewell was again and again renewed. She went: a stormy passage brought her to a quiet haven in her own sweet isle: and very soon was her soul at anchor in the calm and beauteous harbour of eternal rest.

It was not expected: she was apparently recovering, and all looked as bright as to the bereaved hearts of that orphaned family earthly things could look. Anne had supplied a mother's place to them;

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and to see her once more among them was almost like the return of a parent from the dead. But her gentle heart was broken: she had drunk the cup—she had fought the good fight, had finished her course, had kept the faith, and her crown was ready. She rose one morning, dressed herself, and then, overcome by fatigue, lay down on her bed, and was heard to say, 'My heavenly Father's hour is come.' After an interval, the word 'Peace, peace,' was softly and repeatedly breathed from lips on which the spirit of peace and law of kindness had ever dwelt. She fell asleep, as it seemed; and a sleep it was, in Jesus, from which the body should no more awake till the voice of the archangel calls it from the grave, a glorious thing, to be re-united to the rejoicing soul.

I wander now along the paths where we have walked, recalling with melancholy delight her animated looks, her powerful thoughts, and the elegant language in which she clad them: or I sit in the very place where her countenance used to shine upon my laborious, and somewhat painful hours, remembering the pang that often shot across her speaking features, betraying the grief within, until I can rejoice, disinterestedly, fully rejoice in the assurance that she sorrows no more, but follows, in his heavenly pastures, the Lamb, whom so sweetly she followed in the path of suffering below. I cannot but miss her, while the bursting foliage of spring restores to my pleasant haunts the aspect that we together delighted to behold; and I never shall be able to set my foot upon the fair pale flower profusely spread in the path. I must watch its growth; and when in its blooming prime it falls beneath the mower's scythe on some bright day, to be gathered into

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the storehouse for winter provision, I shall love it better still. For though "the grass withereth, the flower fadeth," it is but to place in more sublime contrast that which "shall stand for ever." And this peculiar species, lovely and pleasant in life, becomes more valuable when cut down; ministering nourishment to God's creatures. Even so, my beloved Anne S., who rendered many an hour delightful, while the warm pulse of her affectionate heart sent life and animation through her frame, now when that quiet frame moulders in dust, yields food to my soul, while, contemplating her faith, her patience, her endurance and ever-glowing love, I behold the fruits of a real union with Christ, the living Vine, and long to follow her, even as she followed the Saviour here, that like her I may at last attain to the blessedness laid up in Him for all who believe. For He has said, "whosoever believeth in me hath eternal life:" and "the word of our God shall stand for ever."

C. E.

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THE BYSTANDER.

No. XI.

To say that man is pre-eminently a social animal, takes away nothing from the natural selfishness of his character; because, constituted as he is, he cannot in solitude find what is needful for the gratification of his active being. Of the approbation of our fellow-creatures, it may with truth be said:

> 'The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
> The modest shun it, but to make it sure.'

We have almost as few *hermits* in opinion and feeling, as we have in personal withdrawment from the world; and it will be found that most of those who are called independent thinkers, are only independent of the great mass, and are either leaders or followers of their own little world.

This gregarious disposition, originally implanted for wise ends, is now the source of good or ill according to the direction it takes; but, alas! it must be confessed, that it too often leads men to "follow a multitude to do evil." Never, perhaps, was it more likely to lead one astray than at the present time, when party-spirit runs so high in every thing. If the Christian's general rule were to think, and speak, and act, much about the same as other people, yet would he, in a crisis like this, when men's minds

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are in such a state of ferment, find it needful to look well to his ways; but when his rule is the very reverse of this, when he is called on to avoid the broad and crowded way, and to walk in the narrow path where he has few companions, there is an imperative necessity laid on him, not only diligently to watch, but earnestly to pray: "Hold up my goings in thy paths that my footsteps slip not."

Perhaps it is only a bystander like myself, who can be fully aware of the universal prevalence of party-spirit, and the extent to which the children of God are carried away by the stream. In these two great topics of human interest, religion and politics, the opinion of the party weighs far more than the abstract truth of the case. Some will not admit this; because the keenness of party feeling deprives them alike of the desire and capacity for inquiring what is truth; but others have honestly confessed to me that they differed from their friends in certain things, to which they, nevertheless, gave their support, 'because,' said they, 'in these times we must not appear to give any countenance to the opposite party.'

When I see all that is going on around me, I am often reminded of an anecdote I have heard my father relate. He was church-warden of the parish in which my early years were spent, at a time when many stormy discussions were carried on in the vestry-meetings. One day, after a fierce debate on some knotty point, they were about to take the votes, when an old gentlemen arrived, who usually took an active part in parish affairs, but who, having been for some time absent from home, was ignorant of the matter in dispute. He was assailed by both parties, each wish-

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ing to give their own version of the matter, and to make him their convert. 'Stop, stop,' said he, 'I shall soon settle the matter. Which side of the question does Bill Jones take?' The desired information was given. 'Then,' said he, 'I can give my vote as well as if I had heard the whole discussion; because I know *he is always in the wrong.*'

Such, I fear, is the rule in the present day with many who would not so honestly avow it. Is a measure started by *my* party? It must be right. Is a plan proposed by the opposite party? It must be wrong. Those to whom I am joined are the true friends of religion, liberty, and the human race; those who are opposed to us, seek to pull down every thing that is good, and to plunge the world into anarchy and confusion. Let us carry the day, says one party, and all will again be peace and smiling prosperity: let us carry the day, says the opposite party, and the millennium will commence forthwith.

That the children of this world should speak thus, is natural; "he that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth;" but the Christian should remember that "nothing is strong, nothing is holy," but TRUTH—eternal, immutable truth; that which in itself is true, whether it proceeds from the lips of angel or demon. Had the church and the world been kept as much apart as they ought to have been, the Christian's path, though more thorny, would have been more straight; but now, when through a general recognition of the precepts of the gospel, and of the truth of its history, even by those who reject and contemn its transforming power, the church and the world have got so intermingled, that the very attempt to separate them, is generally reckoned invidious

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and bigotted, he needs much of the wisdom that is from above, to guide him safely through the motley group. In the necessary intercourse of life he must, to a certain extent, mix with the children of the world; and if, among them, he meets with those who agree with him in his opinion of outward things, he is tempted to form a sort of alliance with them. Being agreed with a party in a few things, our natural love of approbation leads us to wish to join them in others; so the points of contact continually increase, until at length the numerous points of union make the points of difference less remarkable, although these latter may, in importance, greatly outweigh all the rest.

But, it has often been asked, is the Christian to take no interest in what is passing in the world around him? The answer to this seems easy: there may be times of calm in the political atmosphere when he will find little to excite his interest; but there are crises in the history of mankind, when to tell him he ought to take no interest in political events, were as reasonable, as to say he should listen with indifference to the first faint rumblings that announce the coming earthquake. True, in the political, or in the real earthquake, the Christian is not to tremble as other men; his language should be: "I will not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;" but though personally secure, he cannot feel indifferent to that which affects so many of his fellow-creatures. The question is not, what measure of interest he is to take in political events, but to what line of conduct this interest ought to lead him. And surely this is an important inquiry to any

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one who wishes that whatsoever he does should be to the glory of God.

I fear this is not so often made a serious question as it ought to be. A Christian finds his fellow-disciples in the present day, separated into two parties, each closely allied with one of the political divisions of the state. The obvious and easy course is to attach himself to that party with whom, on the whole, he most fully coincides in opinion. He soon learns to see with their eyes, and hear with their ears; and ere long, fully enters into and approves of their schemes; wondering much at the blindness of his fellow-christians, who, from the opposite side of the way, shake their heads, and wonder at him.

This, I repeat, is the easy course; and while I write, I say it feelingly; for I am aware that to stand alone is no pleasant position. It is so unsocial, so self-sufficient, so like judging every body, to stand aloof from all parties, that the person who does so is generally more obnoxious than a direct opponent. I know that if I occupied this paper with an exposition of the sinfulness of Christians allying themselves with Socinians, infidels, and papists, it would be very acceptable to one party; but as it is written with the view of suggesting to Christians in general, a fear that they are forgetting, in some measure, their high vocation, I write with the painful conviction, not merely that it will please neither party, for that were a small matter, but that it will grate harshly on the ears of some of my best and dearest friends.

I remember some twenty years ago, that certain government measures were very much censured, and loudly spoken against, by the opposite party;

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on which occasion many of my friends used solemnly to admonish the complainants; reminding them that they ought not "to speak evil of dignities," and that "the powers that be are ordained of God." But these same friends appear to have received some new light on the subject, as they now rail at dignities in good set terms; and appear to think that it is not "the powers that be," but the powers that *have been*, and that they wish for, that are ordained of God. Some persons make a nice distinction between public and private characters; and while they admit we should be very tender of the reputation of the one, are disposed to think we may treat that of the other with very little ceremony. I would beg leave to remind such, that he was a notorious public character, against whom the archangel Michael would not bring a railing accusation, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee."

But some will say: 'Are Christians to give up all patriotic feeling, and coolly to look on while their beloved land is threatened with many dangers?' I answer, 'No: do your country all the good you can. But the grand question is, How is this to be done?'

If I have presumed to hint to my fellow-Christians what they ought not to do, it is of course no increase of presumption, but a mere matter of consistency, to say what I think they ought to do; a question they will naturally ask me. I desire to do it in all humility and Christian love; not as arrogating to myself any thing of superior wisdom; but simply as one who, being removed from the turmoil of party strife, may be able to form a cool and dispassionate judgment on the matter.

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It is needless to say what *might have been*, had the disciples of Jesus, remembering that the tie that binds them together, is stronger than all other ties, natural or political, stood together as one body, testifying for truth, and truth alone, before an ungodly world. But if *all* Christians will not join in this testimony, *some* may be induced to do so. Before proceeding farther, I must say, that I pretend not to counsel those Christians who take an active part in political affairs; they would care but little for the opinions of a female bystander; I address those Christians who, as mothers, sisters and wives, often exert, even on the subject of politics, a more powerful influence than that of brilliant speeches, or clever treatises. The *petit souper* of the abandoned French-woman of other days, had not a more powerful effect on political opinions, than the breakfast-table of the respectable Englishwoman has now: let the latter see to it, that her influence is more healthful.

Christians appear to me to forget that the world, and not the church, has ruled, and does rule, in all states; and will continue to rule in them, until the time when "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ." When the "saints of the most high" have the government of the world committed to them, they may then hope to have things ordered according to their mind. But till then they must be content to expect much evil; and indulge in no Utopian anticipations that any outward change can produce a large amount of good. Their business is not to find out what might have been, had men remained contented with things as they were,—had there been no restless spirits abroad,

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foaming like the troubled sea; their concern is with things *as they are*. But under the influence of party-spirit, we cannot see things as they are; we are too much occupied with our own schemes to see all the bearings of existing circumstances; we may be so busy pulling at one of the little sluices of the mill-dam, that we may not be aware the mighty river has overflowed its banks, till we are carried away by the inundation. Attach yourselves then to no party, nor espouse measures by wholesale; judge each by its own individual merits. Ask not, what does the established church think of this measure, or what do the dissenters think of the other; but weigh them both in the balance of truth. Your question should be; How does God view this? does he see any thing in it contrary to his revealed will, any unholy compromise; or simply a lawful and necessary accommodation to the existing state of things? These questions are to be resolved by living in close communion with him, and walking in the light of his countenance; and by thus sitting in the heavenly places with Christ Jesus, we shall view from a calm and cloudless height, the events that are passing in the world beneath.

To lessen the sum of human misery, and seek to retard the evil day, seems the duty of Christians at the present crisis. I have read of a siege where the dogs were trained to pull the lighted match from the deadly shell. Let this be the Christian's humble work, while the man of the world is forging destructive weapons. "Blessed are the peacemakers." The children of this world will always fight; none will yield an iota of his selfishness to please another. The part of the Christian should be to mediate be-

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tween them; not to encourage a blind obstinacy on either side, saying: 'Keep to your plan, your whole plan, and nothing but your plan;' but calmly to entreat both to consider the matter, and to see that peace can only be attained by a mutual surrender of selfish prejudices.

It is true that there are some things that can admit of no compromise; no man must interfere with the Christian in matters that pertain to his God, nor compel him to do what is repugnant to his conscience; nor can he sanction any thing that involves a breach of any of the divine precepts. But it is evident that men often exalt their own notions into an importance far beyond the truth; and then plead, that to give them up would be a sacrifice of principle. One Christian, for example, declares that he cannot conscientiously pay a certain impost; forgetting that Christ made no stipulation as to the mode in which the tribute-money he paid to Cæsar was to be applied; while another equally devoted servant of the Lord, feels his conscience sadly aggrieved, unless his neighbour pays the impost as well as himself. I beg to be distinctly understood as only using this by way of illustration; to prove from it, that, in this and similar cases, it is certain that the conscience of one of these Christians is unenlightened on the subject, and probable that both may be mistaken in considering it a matter affecting the conscience at all. Did men seek light on such matters on the mount with Jesus, rather than in the noisy and crowded meeting-room, they would be more likely to come to a decision agreeable to the mind of God.

O! it is sad to see the children of the Prince of peace drawn up in hostile array against each other;

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to see the man of God finding in the reckless infidel, or proud and carnal worldling, a more congenial ally, than him with whom he hopes to spend eternity! But it is an evil of long standing, and is not likely to be immediately rectified. 'My way! my way!' is the cry of both parties; whereas, had they sought truth in the unity of the Spirit, they might ere this have found out God's way. And how do the men of the world regard you? With a contempt which the value they set on your countenance hardly enables them to conceal. They know that while, on the one hand, the cry for religious liberty is raised by many who would fain, if they could, banish religion from the world,—on the other hand, the defence of the outward forms of religion is ardently espoused by men who hate the spirituality of the gospel, and oppose it whenever it comes in their way; and, knowing all this, they are puzzled to make out whether you are really duped by the professed zeal of your worldly allies, or only pretend to be so. Though it suits *them* to try to make 'the worse appear the better reason,' they are well aware *you* ought neither to do so yourself, nor countenance it in others; and they regard you all indiscriminately, (and therefore no doubt unjustly,) as loving your sect better than truth.

These are harsh truths, and unwelcome to hear; but they are not the less needed on that account. It were far more glorifying to God that Christians should give a consistent testimony for truth to evil men, than if they could circumvent all their malicious schemes. You profess that God is your refuge and strength; avoid then even the appearance of leaning on arms of flesh: you confess that man is too igno-

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rant and short-sighted to foresee the future consequences of present wants; do not therefore insist with dogmatical certainty that *your* prognostications must be correct, in regard to things concerning which the word of God bears no direct testimony. "Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it; for the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry."

In all I have said on this painful subject, I have carefully avoided all allusion to the particular topics which at present engross public attention: I have aimed at principles, not individual questions; and I trust that those I address, however they may differ from me, will receive my remarks in the same spirit of love in which they are offered.

Let not my dear friends suppose that I am blind to the danger in which evil men and evil councils have involved this nation; it is a deep conviction of danger that has induced me to speak on a subject on which I would much rather have remained silent. I see Christians playing a game they may ere long deeply rue. I see them adding fuel to those flames they should rather seek to quench. I would solemnly remind them, that the mode by which we should guide the ship, when she sails gallantly before the wind on the high seas, is very different from that we should be compelled to adopt, were she lashed by the foaming billows, on the verge of a rocky shore. Let them be sure that God requires at their hands those efforts by which they are now stimulating the passions of men. O! remember, dear friends, "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God;" whether you are now engaged in fomenting the spirit of unreasonable and unlimited demand, or

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of obstinate and universal refusal, think what will be your feelings, when the elements of hatred and strife you have helped to foster, come into fearful collision! It may be, that no efforts of yours could stem the torrent of evil,—it may be, that the waves are too fierce to be calmed by all the oil of Christian love that could be poured on them; but if all your efforts to still the troubled waters be unavailing, your peace shall return into your own bosom; and you shall have the satisfaction of walking in the footsteps of Him who did not "cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets."

MARTHA MARKWELL.

[WE are deeply impressed with the truth and importance of the preceding remarks: had all who profess to follow the law of love in Christ Jesus acted on the principle so feelingly enforced by our correspondent, the fatal deed by which we have been brought into the snare of an antichristian alliance, could never have been perpetrated. In flinging far from us the blessing for which our martyrs prayed and laboured, contended and died, we have been left exposed to a thousand evils, manifesting themselves in the church of Christ, no less than in the unbelieving, scorning world. Until, in deep and general humiliation, we are brought to repent that offence, acknowledging it, not so much as an erroneous political measure, as an act of wilful rebellion against the Most High,—until this be done, there can be no hope for the Christian, in regard to his beloved and suffering country, but that the earthquake, moral, social, and political, must arrive: and though he, as a ransomed sinner, is safe in the hand of God, faintly

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indeed must the divine command of loving his neighbour as himself, be impressed upon his heart, if he can, in that selfish security, avert his eyes, or look on with frigid indifference, while every habitation around him crumbles into ruin, and the enemy of God stalks unimpeded over the wrecks of what was once a fair and hallowed temple of the Most High.

And with respect to the part which the Christian is called on to act, when the question at issue is whether such sinful amalgamation with what is held forth in the scriptures shall continue or not, we are often led to ponder on the ninth chapter of Ezekiel, where the ministers of God's vengeance on a people once holy to Him but then polluted with idolatory, are instructed to "set a mark on the foreheads of the men that sigh AND THAT CRY for all the abominations that be done." Sighing may imply secret sorrow, and prayer to God; but surely crying indicates an open, audible, public protestation against them. We do not think our correspondent refers at all to this point; but it seems necessary to guard against such an influence as that, because we are Christians, therefore we are to be silent and unmoved when the name of Christ is blasphemed among us, and his sovereignty rejected.—ED.]

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MAY-DAY.

MAY-DAY! it is a cheering sound; and once we were accustomed to welcome it with gladness, as a festal day, when the spring tide of childhood's joy was full even to overflowing: now that tide has ebbed, yet I trust there still is thankful joy in the feelings with which we hail the dawn of May morning. Why should we not rejoice? Nature is joyful around us, the leaves begin to spring forth, the beautiful hawthorn decks our hedges, and the little birds who had left us during the dreary winter months are now returning to pour forth their cheerful songs in praise to Him who careth even for the sparrows.

What though the garlands are withered that once adorned *our* Maypole! others are wreathed by little busy hands, and hearts as light and merry as ours then were, are now enjoying the same sunny banks.

To a heart that has known any thing of grief, there is something peculiarly soothing in this season of the year; "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" every thing around us is bright and lovely, and tells us, in accents which cannot be mistaken, of the glorious resurrection morning; when our buried flowers shall spring forth from the long wintry barrenness of the tomb, and shall flourish with the vigour of immor-

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tality, beneath the clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness.

Mutability and change are written on every thing sublunary; and yet our hearts are prone fondly to fix themselves on objects that vanish even in attainment, and ever elude our grasp.

> 'We make a poesy, while the day runs bye;
> * * * * *
> But Time doth beckon to the flowers, and they
> By noon most cunningly doth steal away,
> And wither in our hand.'

And then, oh it is balm to the broken heart, bleeding under its reiterated wounds, to hear from the word of him who cannot lie, that in the world to come, "There shall be no more death." Amongst a numerous and happy family circle, May-day had long been hailed as a season of re-union, and of unclouded joy; but that of 183— was the happiest, and it was the last! A bright sun had ushered in the morning, and speedily the merry group were assembled on the lawn; the intention was to have dispersed at noon, but midnight found them still together; it seemed as if they could not part; as if they feared to dissolve the spell that bound them to each other; yet this did not arise from a presentiment of coming ill, for none of those light hearts had bowed as yet beneath the pressure, even of anxiety; and when at last the party broke up, it was with an often-repeated hope of seeing many such days.

Man's insight into the shadowy future is bounded by 'to-morrow;' that it is so, is the provision of infinite love. Had those who were there assembled known, that this meeting was to be the last, how

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would each brow have been clouded, and each heart saddened.

Another spring arrived; but they were scattered, and the place that had seen the united family on the preceding May-day, should see it no more for ever. Again the year rolled on, and the same season returned; it found another and a sadder change! Death had been busy, and his relentless hand had cut down the loveliest and best-loved of our spring flowers. Six times the vault had been opened in as many months!

> Friends, brothers, and sisters, were laid side by side,
> But none had saluted, and none had replied.

Now another procession approached that hallowed spot, and a seventh coffin was laid there, in sure and certain hope; for she who was then borne to her quiet resting place, was one of the lambs of Jesus's fold. Eliza had been early called to leave this world, but not before she had learned to know her Saviour, and she died, rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God.

Her's was a sudden summons; it found her in the full bloom of youthful beauty, and in a few days she was numbered with the dead. The night before her death, her father, at Eliza's own request, had been praying with her for some hours, after which she fell into a peaceful slumber; on awaking, she exclaimed, 'Oh, mamma, I think I have been in heaven, and I am half there still—I am so happy—my Saviour has redeemed me, he has himself washed all my sins quite away in his precious blood, and now I am ready to go to him—he will soon come and take me, perhaps before this evening.' A little after

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she said, 'Now come, Lord Jesus; O come, come quickly,' then checking herself, she added, 'But, O Lord, thy time—not mine; thy will, not mine.' All that day, while nature was every moment sinking, her mind was kept in perfect quietness, resting upon Jesus; and even when she was too much exhausted to speak, there was a sweet placid smile on her countenance, that told as plainly as words could have done, of the unclouded sunshine within; a prelude to the eternal sabbath of rest, into which her ransomed spirit was about to enter.

Just as the hour of her departure drew nigh, her nurse, who was a Roman Catholic, approached the bed-side. With the last effort of expiring energy, Eliza exclaimed, 'Oh, nurse, it is *not* the Virgin or the saints that can help me *now*, but the Lord Jesus Christ *alone!*'

The exertion was too much; exhausted nature failed; she leaned back, and looking up to her mother, who sat by her pillow, faintly whispered, 'Oh how glorious will the morning of the resurrection be, when we shall *all*, *all* meet!' and then she fell asleep.

Thus Eliza had died; and the hope of immortality that illumined her grave, and beamed comfort on the hearts of her mourning relatives, was the same that had lighted her path through the valley of the shadow of death, and gilded with celestial light the cold swellings of Jordan.

But to resume; the beautiful service was over, and the sorrowing friends stood around, waiting according to the Irish custom, to see the grave closed in over all that was mortal of her, whom every heart had loved. When this melancholy task was con-

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cluded, a venerable minister arose, and standing on the turf, addressed himself to the Roman Catholic tenantry, who had attended to see the last of their dear young lady. He pointed them to the Saviour in whom she had trusted, and whom she had found "mighty to save," he told them that her dying breath had been exerted in testifying that there is salvation in none other than Jesus, and that his name is the only stay for a dying sinner's hope.

Earnestly he besought them to cease from man; to put no confidence in an arm of flesh, but to lean solely upon him who hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. He bade them look up from the dark tomb, where that which had been so lovely was now soon to turn to corruption: and follow, with the eye of faith, the disembodied spirit, which, through the grave and gate of death, had ascended to eternal glory. What though now she was hidden from their sight, she was not lost for ever; her ransomed soul, washed white in the blood of the Lamb, was before the throne—absent from the body, but present with the Lord, there to remain in perfect peace, until the trumpet of the archangel shall rend the sepulchre, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.

It seems strange that as we advance in the pilgrimage of life, so many of our recollections of the past should be connected with the memory of the dead, but is not this because we live in a dying world, and need to be constantly reminded that this is not our rest. Never does the warning to "arise and depart," sound so loudly as when heard in the death-knell of a friend; and each grave-stone that rises to our view, as we gaze on the dim vista of the

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past, marks the swiftness with which we are journeying, proclaiming to us a warning, as deep and solemn as if sounded by an angel's trumpet—"Set your affections on things above:" and shall we not hearken to the admonition? shall we still suffer our thoughts, our energies, and our desires, to rivet themselves on sublunary objects, instead of grasping at the prize, and pressing forward to the goal that lies beyond this fleeting world?

There is such a thing as an idolatry of sorrow, a determination to cherish the remembrance of former days, and to linger darkling amid the phantom forms that haunt the chambers of imagery within. Some, too, there are, who indulge the fond hope of thus weaning their hearts from the vanities of earth, and who, while they prey upon nature's sorrow, mistake the excited feeling thus aroused, for the chastened influence of sanctified affliction, but this is a false and fatal delusion: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Christianity is not a morbid sentiment; it is a living, acting principle; in scripture language, it is "faith which worketh by love."

Let us then cast off the gloom with which we are too apt to think of our departed friends, and while we still cherish their memories as fondly as ever, let us consider them only as arrived before us at the haven whither we are hastening; where doubtless they still regard us with affection, and whence, perhaps, they may be permitted to survey us, amid our anxious buffettings with the winds and waves of this troublesome world. There too, perhaps, they may rejoice in the consoling thought, suggested by Eliza's dying words—'How glorious shall the morning of the resurrection be, when we shall all, *all* meet!'

C. S. M.

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THE GOSPEL TO BE PREACHED TO THE IRISH IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE.

THE following striking paper appeared in the Church of England Magazine; and so cordially do we respond to every sentence in it, that we cannot but transfer it to our pages, intreating our readers to weigh well the importance of that cause so energetically, so convincingly pleaded.

On the day when the Holy Ghost descended on the assembled apostles at Jerusalem to fit them for their arduous charge, as entrusted by their divine Master, of preaching the gospel to every creature, a knowledge of different languages was miraculously communicated to them. And the strangers of every nation whom they then addressed, Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, to their utter amazement, heard, each man in his own tongue, those unlearned Galileans speak of the wonderful works of God. That day was a pattern and a pledge to the church of her future course. She was to go forth through the world, bearing in her hands the word of life. It was to be proclaimed with the utmost plainness of speech. It was to be held up on high, like a candle which no man, when he has lighted, puts under a bushel, but rather on a candlestick, that those around may be benefited by the light. Any neglect on this point would be a grievous sin. It would be the sin of those

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Jews, who took away the key of knowledge, who entered not in themselves, and hindered those that were entering. It would be the worst form of that unfaithful servant's fault, who hid his Lord's money in a napkin in the earth.

Yet, in process of time, this sin was committed. The sacred scriptures were very generally locked up in an unknown language; and the prayers of the church and the sacraments were ministered "in a tongue not understanded of the people." The consequence was, that ignorance prevailed instead of truth, and superstition supplied the place of devotion. Professed instructors took little pains in teaching, when their disciples had little facilities in learning; and therefore, when the blind were leaders of the blind, is it any marvel that both fell into the ditch? Of this systematic cloking of the gospel the Romish church is more or less guilty, even to the present day.

At the reformation, it was one of the main principles of the excellent men whom God then raised up, that the candle of the Lord must be uncovered. Accordingly the bible was, both in this country, and on the continent, translated into the vernacular languages; the Latin service was abolished; and the truth was preached plainly and freely to the people. Wherever the influence of the reformation reached, it was again the fact, that men heard in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. This principle was strenuously acted on by the church of England. It is embodied in her articles, it is maintained at length in her homilies.

It is therefore in strictest accordance with the authorized opinions of our church, that I call the atten-

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tion of the readers of this magazine to a subject which has been heretofore dwelt on in its pages. Many of those who peruse these lines will perceive that I allude to the case of our poor Irish brethren, among whom there are as yet but few ministers qualified to address them in their native language. I shall state in this paper a few facts to shew the necessity of some steps being taken to supply the want of Irish-speaking preachers; and I shall then urge on those, to whom God has given the means, the duty of exertion in this cause.

The proportion of inhabitants in the sister island who speak the Irish language is very large, 'I feel quite confident,' says Dr. Mason, who was examined on the subject by the Commissioners of Education Inquiry,[1] 'that *I very greatly underrate* the number of persons in Ireland who can speak the Irish language, in stating it to be two millions....I must add....that I have, in giving this testimony, studiously avoided exaggeration; and think that I might consistently with the truth claim....three millions of individuals; and assert, that more than five hundred thousand can speak no other but the Irish tongue. Of the remaining two millions and a half, there are two classes; the first of those who understand the English, although very imperfectly; the second comprises a large number of persons, to whom the English is familiar, but whose prejudices shut them up from receiving spiritual instruction in that form.' Surely the spiritual wants of so large a body of our fellow-subjects ought not to be disregarded. And if, as it is probable, a majority of

[1] See Reasons and Authorities for using the Irish Language, by H. J. Monck Mason, L.L.D. 1830.

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these are Roman Catholics, the necessity is so much the more pressing, that Protestant clergymen should have every facility of bringing to their understanding the knowledge of the truth. For the monstrous position which now unhappily finds such favour in the world, can never be too strongly repudiated, that the Protestant minister is to care only for the Protestants within his cure. He is to consider himself charged *especially* with the oversight and instruction, if in *any* way practicable, of his Romanist parishioners; just as a faithful shepherd will be *especially* solicitous to recover the sheep who have wandered from the fold. If a Protestant may leave unconcernedly any souls to the teaching of the Romish church, then our martyred fathers, who shed their blood in breaking off the papal yoke, were weak enthusiasts; and we are bound, by every principle of Christian unity, to reconcile ourselves with Rome. The fact, then, I would urgently maintain, that so many of our Irish brethren are Romanists, is an additional argument, not to be evaded, for the necessity of an Irish-speaking Protestant ministry.

Of the testimonies of eminent men who strongly hold this opinion, Dr. Mason has produced, in the pamphlet before referred to, an abundant selection. I can find room here for only two short extracts. 'James Usher, primate of Ireland .... ordained a person who was unacquainted with the Latin, but versed in the native language; being satisfied .... that such an ordinary man was able to do more good than if he had had Latin without any Irish at all; nor was he deceived in his expectations.' 'William Bedell, bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh .... lamented much that his clergy were English, which have not

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the tongue of the people, nor can perform divine offices, nor converse with them, and that they were barbarians to them. He even refused a living to a near relation of.... one of the lords deputy.... chiefly because upon examining him he found him unable to read the Irish. He had the common prayers read in the Irish every Sunday in his cathedral, at which he always was present: he, notwithstanding much opposition, obliged every minister to perform services in a tongue understood by the people.'

But certain objections, it appears, are started, which it may be well briefly to notice. It is said that we shall promote the continuance of a barbarous language, and hence, that we should labour rather to communicate instruction in English. Now, even though a barbarous language were to be some time longer preserved, yet we must remember that the souls of men are at stake; they may perish, while you are striving to abolish the Irish tongue, for lack of knowledge. But it seems demonstrable by fact, that instruction communicated in Irish tends to generate a desire for learning English. I shall mention, by and by, a proof of this. And it is to be remembered that, independently of the natural fondness of the Irish for their own language, multitudes of those who understand and speak English well enough for the ordinary purposes of social life, would be little able to comprehend an English *sermon*.

In support of the views brought forward in this paper, I shall quote two or three illustrative facts from the 'Quarterly Extract,' No. 53, of the Irish Society, published 1836. 'In the dark and bigoted villages of ——— light is rapidly beaming; and numbers now reading the scriptures in Irish, who

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would not have looked into one in any other language. Several applications have also been made for 'translations,' as they term them, meaning the English Testament.' 'I found the demand for the scriptures to be as extensive as ever: even several Bibles and Testaments in the *English authorized translation* have been bought....with much eagerness, and many applicants remain unsupplied.' 'Present was a master between the age of sixty and seventy, whose parents were lapsed Protestants, and therefore more hostile to Protestantism and the scriptures. Nothing could once exceed the hatred of this man to the English Bible; but the Irish Testament found a way to his heart. A second time he became in his old age a child; and he sat down and learned the alphabet, and graduated through our several classes. As scriptural light found entrance into his mind, a growing desire accompanied it of diffusing it among others. At first he discontinued his attendance upon the chapel, to search the scriptures. He then employed the Sabbath in sitting beside the highway, reading the sacred page to those who would otherwise have profaned the day in riot or pleasure, at the public-house, or the pattern. He afterwards became openly and avowedly a teacher; and now, relinquishing altogether the errors in which he had been educated, and to which he had clung for more than sixty years, he has taken upon him the scriptural profession of Protestantism, and has become a steady and attached member of our excellent establishment.' I envy not the man who can read these extracts with unmoved feelings.

The conclusion, then, to which we must come is, that something ought to be done to remedy the want

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of Irish-speaking clergymen. They are now so few, and the facilities of learning that language so small, that when the archbishop of Tuam had intimated, a few years ago, his intention of requiring the knowledge of it in the clergy of his diocese, he was compelled by the absolute impossibility of finding men, to relax his rule. The only method by which a proper supply of duly qualified individuals can be secured, is by the promotion of Irish learning *in the Irish university*. A professorship of Irish must be established there, and young men must be encouraged by premiums and scholarships, as in other branches of study, to apply themselves to this. This plan is now about to be pursued. Already a subscription has been opened, and a few munificent bishops and noblemen have brought their gifts to it. I ask, therefore, with all the urgency the wants of Ireland demand, will the public not be ready to support them? will not those to whom God has given wealth consecrate some of it for such an object? It is impossible that the university of Dublin can itself endow a professorship—its funds have been of late exhausted by other pressing calls; but the university itself invites the aid of those who wish well to Ireland; and should this invitation be disregarded, should this justice to Ireland be refused or delayed, I should indeed believe it one of the worst auguries of our eventful days.

Hitherto, I regret to say, but few persons have responded to the call: I would fain hope, that it is because few have been made acquainted with the real necessities of the case. But it is right to state the fact, that though 5000*l.* would be required to carry out fully the intentions of the trustees, still

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they are resolved to appoint a professor and commence the work as soon as 1500*l.* should be received. They hoped that this might be effected by last October—it is not effected yet! The university is ready, the trustees are ready to appoint—it is understood that they have already a competent person in view—hundreds of thousands of Irishmen are ready, eager, to listen to instruction in their own language—a word in it is sure to reach their hearts;—shall the necessary funds not be ready? O ye sons and daughters of Britain, who could easily, from the crumbs that fall from your tables, supply this need, I entreat you, into whose hands this paper may fall, I entreat you, for the love of souls, for the glory of God, be not slack to perform for your brethren this work and labour of love.

C.

It is not possible to add any power to this appeal. We can only rejoice in seeing the case so argued; and earnestly entreat our readers, by every means in their power, to give it circulation. It is taken from a very recent number of the Church of England Magazine; that of April 22.—EDIT.

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CHRISTIAN MODERATION.

(Concluded.)

THERE is a solemn import in the declaration of our blessed Lord to his disciples, "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world;" and lest we should suppose this distinctness of character and of calling to apply to the apostles alone, we have repeated injunctions in holy scripture, addressed to the children of God in all ages. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." "Therefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." "Let us therefore go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach; for here we have no continuing

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city, but we seek one to come." The history of the church, however, incontestibly proves that there is a very lamentable tendency in the professing people of God, to decline from the holy distinctness of character, and separation from the world, especially at periods immediately succeeding remarkable revivals of true religion. Thus it was with the Israelites of old, even while Moses the servant of God was yet with them, and thus there is much reason to fear it is now, with many whose minds are enlightened by gospel truth, who, while they profess to be the self-denying followers of a crucified Master, are so conformed to the customs and maxims of a vain world, that there scarcely remains any trace whereby observers may take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus, except, perhaps, it may now and then be found that their "speech bewrayeth them."

Indeed we sometimes hear suggestions, and more than suggestions, earnest recommendations that Christians should avoid singularity and conform to prevailing customs. The agreeable party, where God is forgotten, the innocent dance, the delightful concert, are all vindicated, and mothers are easily convinced that their young people must not be secluded from the world, and that it is their duty to accompany, and, alas! too often to encourage them with their presence. It may safely be affirmed, that all these palliations of evil proceed from the adversary of souls, for they savour not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men; they tend to conceal, nay to destroy, the line of demarcation, which should distinguish the church from the world; and they will assuredly prove, whenever yielded to, like the insidious letting-in of water, which will soon

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become an overwhelming flood, to sweep away every vestige of religious profession from families. How often do these declensions give great occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme, while, with a triumphant scoff, they say, 'Aha! aha! so would we have it.'

Needless singularity, however, is scarcely less dangerous; it injures one's own soul, by encouraging the growth of spiritual pride; it creates strong prejudices against religion, and causes the way of truth to be evil spoken of. How, then, it may be asked, is the Christian to act? By what compass is the course of safety to be steered? How is it possible to use the world without abusing it?

The inquiry is deeply interesting; and every attempt to furnish a scriptural answer, may be useful, and at all events has a claim to attention. Perhaps one of the safest and most practical rules is contained in the portion of scripture to which, in your last number, I solicited the special consideration of your readers—"Let your moderation be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand."

I have already confessed, that it would be difficult to define exactly how this principle of Christian moderation should be applied to the variety of circumstances in which Christians may be placed: to lay down one general rule, which will admit of no modifications, I believe to be impossible, constituted as society now is; neither do I think it would be at all desirable. We have abundant evidence from scripture, as well as from the providential arrangements by which we are surrounded, that the constitution of human society, with its various ranks and gradations, is in accordance with the will of our hea-

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venly Father, and ordained for wise and beneficent purposes: the levelling principle, therefore, which would disturb and seek to overthrow these distinctions I hesitate not to denounce, as opposed to the dictates of true humanity, as unscriptural and unchristian; what a stern rebuke does such a principle meet with, in the conduct of patriarchs, prophets, and old Testament saints, as well as in the uniform practice of the apostles and first Christians: in all these bright examples we have lessons strikingly beautiful and impressive of the most genuine politeness, subordination and submission, and I need scarcely remind the readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine, that it is written, "Be courteous," "honor the King," "submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake," "let every soul be subject to the higher powers—render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour," and such like.

True religion will indeed correct and sanctify the gradations of society, but never attempt to obliterate or destroy them. Such, then, being the case, it necessarily follows, that the application of the rule of Christian moderation must admit of modification. That which would be moderate in royalty and nobility, would be the reverse, to the very extreme, in the lower walks of life. Nevertheless, the king, whose heart is under the influence of divine grace, will have as much scope to let his moderation be known in his royal palace, as will the child of God, who is the humble inhabitant of a cottage; and on the other hand, the love of this present evil world, and an indulgence in its vanities, though within the

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limits of a very narrow circle, may become as apparent in the latter, and will as certainly draw down the visitation of our Father's chastening rod, as did the display of Hezekiah's wealth, when he entertained the ambassadors of the Babylonish monarch.

We must not, however, at once conclude that each Christian is to be the judge of his own conduct in this matter; this is a fatal error, and one which I believe to be, in the present day, the parent of much inconsistency. The text which is under consideration, points our attention to the judgment of others, not to our own, as our guide in this matter—to the effect which our whole deportment will have on the minds of all who have the opportunity of witnessing it; '*all men,*' whether our superiors, our equals or our inferiors. Every action indicative of the Christian's character must make known his moderation to all around; and consequently, it must not be alone what he may consider moderate, but what they also will mark and acknowledge as such.

I would desire here to make an earnest appeal to the hearts and consciences of every Christian, who may read these lines, as well as to my own; let us ask ourselves, as in the sight of that God before whom all things are naked and open, Is our daily conduct regulated by this moderation? Do those with whom we have intercourse, whether casually or as our intimate friends, our family, our domestics, see that our whole deportment is governed by moderation? Are our occupations and pursuits, the arrangement of our establishments and families marked by Christian moderation? May it please God to awaken us to a deeper conviction of the important duty, and enable us to practise it with greater energy and consistency.

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If we desire to act upon the Apostle's rule, and to follow him, as he followed Christ, we shall find a restriction placed, even as regards lawful things: "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient, all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend. Look not every man to his own things, but every man also to the things of others. Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. Jesus said, Then are the children free: notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea," &c. &c.

To seek the praise of men for its own sake, is indeed emphatically condemned in the word of God, but, duly to consider the effect which every action of ours will have on the minds of others, is a duty constantly and solemnly enjoined. Our light must so shine *before men* that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven. "Dearly beloved, abstain from fleshly lusts, that war against the soul; having your conversation honest among the Gentiles, that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may, by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation."

"That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, amongst whom ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life."

Thus it is, that the people of Christ are to be a peculiar people; thus is the prophetic declaration to be fulfilled in every one of them, "This people have

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I formed for myself, they shall shew forth my praise." Thus is the separation between the church and the world made evident, and thus do we manifest our obedience to the command of our Lord Jesus Christ. "If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross, and deny himself, and follow me."

J. J. C.

I CAN no more give a man a consciousness of sin, than I can give him a new sense. When persons have not a sense of propriety, how hard it is to make them feel that they have done any thing improper. When persons have not a sense of fairness, how hard it is to make them feel that they have treated you unfairly. The difficulty in these cases, however, is nothing to the first. Here it is merely natural; there, supernatural. Nay, when a man is first made to feel himself a sinner, it is something more than a miracle. It is a wonderful, an adorable, a spiritual manifestation of the power, of the goodness, of the mercy of God in Christ. It is the inward operation of the Holy Ghost. It is the purchase of the Cross.—*Thoughts in Retirement*, p. 73.

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"THE APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION."

MADAM,

YOU have, I believe, more than once refused to admit this question to a hearing at your tribunal. You have, I think, again and again, adjudged it to be of the class forbidden by the apostle, when he instructs his young missionary, Titus, to "*avoid foolish questions* AND GENEALOGIES, *and contentions, and strivings about the law; for they are unprofitable and vain.*" (Titus iii. 9.) I believe that you decided rightly in so excluding them; but it may yet be a question, after the further lapse of time, whether circumstances may not justify, and even compel, a change in that line of conduct.

The advocates of '*Anglicanism*,' as they call it, and who themselves are sometimes ready to confess, that 'Romanism would be its inevitable result;'[1]—these persevering foes of the Protestant faith, will not allow us to decline the discussion. They meet us on every side,—in tract, in sermon, in review, in magazine; we find them ever urging their views upon the public mind. The female sex, too, is not exempt; but numbers of our 'Christian Ladies' have been already disturbed by the doubts and fears instilled by these indefatigable underminers. With all these things under your view, I think you will agree with me, that entire abstinence from these questions is hardly any longer

[1] British Magazine, March, 1836, p. 247.

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your line of duty. The extent or degree to which you will limit the subject, is a point which I must leave to your own judgment.

I am, I trust, a firm and unvarying churchman, but I fear I must submit to be considered, in these days, as a *low* churchman. My leading principles, on these subjects, are as follows:—

I think I see in scripture, the clearest indication of the duty of all rulers and legislators to establish and maintain the worship of God and the preaching of the gospel among their people. I am therefore in no doubt as to the point of an *Established Church.*

I also find traces, abundantly satisfactory, to my mind, of the establishment of diocesan episcopacy by the apostles, and of its general adoption during their lifetime. I am therefore prepared to advocate an established *Episcopal Church.*

I also admit the general expediency of a liturgical service, and of fixed standards of doctrine; and also the great beauty and excellency of the liturgy and articles of the English church. In its services and standards, therefore, as well as in its form of government and its connexion with the state, I am content, and more than content, with the Church of England.

I also regret the existence of dissent among us. I not only believe that those who separate themselves from the Church of England, are thereby the losers in many important respects; but I am also aware of the great injury which accrues to our common Christianity, from these needless, and if needless, then blameable, divisions.

This is a brief sketch of my churchmanship. I fear that it will be held by many to be miserably low. It suffices, however, to keep me firmly attached to the

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church; and I refuse not to admit further and higher principles and views, if they can be enforced on my mind by valid arguments from reason and scripture.

The chief and favourite dogma, however, with those who condemn my views as low and insufficient, is that of *The Apostolical Succession*. I have never yet been able to obtain a clear view of this doctrine, of such a kind as to give my mind the least satisfaction. I will give it, as described by one of its ablest advocates, and then suggest a few doubts, and solicit further explanations.

"In this country—and it is with our own country that we are concerned—a true branch of the catholic church has existed from the remotest antiquity. Bishops from Britain sat in some of the earliest councils: and the prelates, who at this present time rule the churches of these realms, were validly ordained by others, who, by means of an unbroken spiritual descent of ordination, derived their mission from the apostles and from our Lord. This continual descent is evident to every one who chooses to investigate it. Let him read the catalogues of our bishops ascending up to the most remote period. Our ordinations descend in a direct unbroken line from Peter and Paul, the apostles of the circumcision and the Gentiles. These great apostles successively ordained Linus, Cletus, and Clement, bishops of Rome; and the apostolic succession was regularly continued from them to Celestine, Gregory, and Vitalianus, who ordained Patrick bishop for the Irish, and Augustine and Theodore for the English. And from those times, an uninterrupted series of valid ordinations has carried down the apostolical succession in our churches to the present day. There is not a bishop, priest, or

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deacon among us, who cannot, if he please, trace his own spiritual descent from St. Peter or St. Paul.

"You will observe how important all this is, which I have now laid before you. Unless Christ be spiritually present with the ministers of religion in their services, those services will be vain. But the only ministrations to which he has PROMISED his presence is to those of the bishops who are successors of the first commissioned apostles, and the other clergy acting under their sanction and by their authority.

"I know the outcry which is raised against this—the doctrine of the Christian church for 1800 years—I know the outcry that is raised against it by those sects which can trace their origin no higher than to some celebrated preacher at the reformation. But I disregard it, because I shall, by God's help, continue to do, what I have done ever since I came among you—namely, declare the whole counsel of God, without regard to consequences, or respect of persons, and, at the same time, as far as in me lies, live peaceably with all men.

"But, after all, the outcry is most unjust. We seek not to condemn others, though we maintain that ours is the only right path. There is no precept of the gospel more important than this—*Judge not that ye may not be judged.* If a man err through ignorance, ignorance such as he has had no means to remedy, we may surely suppose that this ignorance will be pardoned, and that God, though he have not PROMISED to be so, may yet be with him."[1]

Now, in order rightly to understand the matter, we must go, in this, as in all other cases, straight to the word of God, in the first place; and then, in the

[1] Rev. W. F. Hook's Two Sermons, page 7—10.

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second, to the operations of God, as seen in the history of his church.

1. To *Scripture:* St. Mark tells us that Christ, in his farewell instructions to his apostles, bade them "*Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*" (Mark xvi. 15.) St. Matthew informs us that he said, "*Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.*" And then, feeling that these few poor fishermen, sent forth to convert the world, would feel utterly overwhelmed by the task,—would need the strongest possible support and encouragement, he adds, *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*" (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.)

It is plain, therefore, that this promise applies, not to their office or standing in the church, but to their *work.* "I am with you," in this great undertaking: in my strength you may fearlessly attempt a task, which otherwise would seem utterly beyond your power. Go forth and teach; go forth and preach the gospel; and in that teaching and preaching, so long as it is "the gospel," so long as it is "what I have commanded you," my special presence shall be with you, to give you abundant success, and to uphold you amidst all difficulties.

It is admitted, of course, that this promise, as it was to be valid to "the end of the world," must be taken to be as much made to the successors of the apostles, as to the apostles themselves. But to both it was equally made, only *in their work.* "I am with you," when teaching and preaching as I have commanded you.

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But the case soon occurs, of one of these successors of the apostles, leaving the preaching of the gospel, forsaking the teaching of that which Christ had commanded, and preaching unquestionable heresy. What do we say on such a case. Even the bishop of Rome himself, so early as the fifth century, was charged with Arianism by Hilary; who says, 'I anathematize thee, O Liberius.' Will it be said, then, that Christ's presence and assistance was with this bishop, while preaching deadly heresy? Yet he was in the direct line of apostolic succession, and much nearer the root than any can now pretend to be. But if it be admitted that Christ's presence was not with him, when preaching 'another gospel,' then we come at once to the fact, that the apostolical *succession* is not the real test, but the apostolical *doctrine*. If so, let the truth be confessed, and let the honour be bestowed where it rightly belongs,—not to the apostolical *succession*, but to the preaching of the gospel.

2. But we must pass on to *Ecclesiastical History*, and inquire, what God in the operations of his providence has been pleased to say concerning this matter?

The apostolical succession was enjoyed for a long succession of centuries, by all Christendom, under the sway of the church of Rome. We are told that to 'the ministrations of the bishops who were successors of the first commissioned apostles, Christ had promised his PRESENCE.' Had he so promised, and in the unreserved way in which it is now stated, we might be well assured that that promise would have been faithfully observed. But what says history? Why even Romish cardinals themselves confess, that

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into the very see of Rome, claiming to be in direct succession to St. Peter, '*monsters* were intruded.' And if we withdraw our eyes from too close a scrutiny of individual cases, and aim rather to take a general review of the state of the professedly Christian church, what do we observe? Unquestionably we find Christ *absent* for whole centuries, from the great body of pastors who derived their ordination and authority in a direct line from the apostles, and we find him *present* with a few scattered and hidden ones, who sought a refuge in 'dens and caves of the earth;' and present *with them only!* Now does not this broad and undeniable fact at once destroy the whole edifice of the "Apostolical Succession." 'Christ had *promised*,' says Mr. Hook, 'his presence to the successors of the first commissioned apostles,' but to *no other!* If this were the truth, we should assuredly find the experience of the church realizing this promise. We should find a visible blessing resting on those who were in the line of the apostolical succession, and we should also observe the want of that blessing in every other quarter. But instead of this being the case, we find the fact to be exactly the *reverse*. What can shew more plainly than this, that the whole hypothesis is founded in error?

Now the error seems to me to lie here: that by this system the *messenger* is placed above the *message*. And the unreasonableness of so doing is manifest from the consideration, that the *message* is certain, fixed, immutable, and subject to neither change nor doubt; while every individual *messenger* since the times of the apostles has been fallible, variable, and liable to error. And thus it has happened, in fact,

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that almost the whole body of the 'successors of the apostles,' in some ages, have become utterly corrupt; while THE BOOK which is the true and only "*light unto our feet*" remains unchanged in its purity.

I shrink, therefore, from this doctrine. It lies at the very foundation of all Popery. It is indeed acceptable to the natural heart, as releasing the sinner from the need of examining God's word and regulating his life by its rules; and substituting in its room a human teacher, who, assuming a Divine commission, undertakes to secure the salvation of those who follow *him*.

But it is very desirable that we should have a clear understanding of the real extent of this doctrine. If it be only meant, that Christ's presence is promised *in the preaching of the gospel:* then we have little occasion, and no disposition, to controvert so just a proposition. But if the meaning of its advocates is to gain a footing hereby for the introduction of other doctrines, not found in the word of God; then it becomes necessary to oppose its very introduction, and to remind them that the assertion that 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation,' is a fundamental principle of the church of England.

I remain, Madam,

Your's, very respectfully,

R. B.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH CLERGYMAN.

No. V.

THE CONVERTS.

SAD is the condition of the Protestant peasant surrounded by a Roman Catholic population; but his situation is blissful compared with that of him, who, dwelling in the midst of Babylon, has heard, and listened to the cry, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins." I know nothing in this land of sorrows—nothing in the blood-stained pages of history, to compare with his melancholy case.

When Blandina or Perpetua were thrown to the wild beasts, though the multitude were raging around them, there was a people who looked with an earnestness of devotion on their sufferings, and to whom every throe was as a messenger from heaven; they were not alone. When the inhabitant of the valley arose to quit his burning dwelling, to seek a home through rocks and snow, leaving the limbs of his slaughtered family to be devoured by the wolf or the eagle, he had those around, involved in a common lot, mourning a common sorrow, and rejoicing in a common hope; and we are taught to believe that each of these knew for what, and for whom, they were suffering, having within them that Spirit which

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bore witness with their spirit, that they were the children of God—that taught them to cry, "Abba, Father." But the converted Irish Romanist suffers *alone;* Rome persecutes, as she well knows how to do, and Protestants of all ranks and shades, (the exceptions are few indeed) stand aloof, if they do not actually join in the cry of reprobation; and too, too often have those that love their soul's cause to say "Have ye suffered so many things in vain, if it be yet in vain."

'I have no great hatred,' cries the rich gauger's wife, 'to Romans that *is* Romans and has a right, but them turncoats is papists at heart, and the worst of papists; I hate a turncoat; always did and always will.' 'I wonder at your reverence,' says the decent farmer, 'to encourage them wretches, that come to you for gains, and for all sorts of badness, and is bringing disgrace on us, so that I cannot hold up my head, with shame, when I think they will be sending for the priest at last, and dying with the wafer in their mouth.' 'There never was luck,' cries the dairy-maid, when a calf dies, or a churning fails, 'in a house where them half-and-half were let into.' 'Its too little benefices we do be getting, and too little gentlemen thinks of their own that is Protestants by nature,' grumbles the labourer and the pauper, 'that we should have them dirty turncoats getting what a decent man might want.' 'It is remarked,' observes, with a supercilious bow and smile, the dapper artizan, 'that gentlemen, clergymen particularly, should overlook their own, and take so much notice of those they hope to gain—it is said, perhaps it would be safer to trust those they have known, and that some they think highly of may

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not be so very deserving,' while the gentry observe a civil, compassionate silence on your unfortunate hobby.

These things may be offensive, may be ridiculous, to us, but oh! what anguish do they promise to the unfortunate object of doubt, envy, contempt, and scorn! 'I expected the persecution of them I left,' said a poor man to me, 'but I did not expect those I joined would turn against me, and I don't know how to bear that.' Popish persecution is a hinderance, but it is nothing compared to that presented by Protestant opposition, and Protestant contempt. There is another feature commonly overlooked with respect to converted Romanists; people expect to find them martyrs in spirit, as in suffering, and look for all the graces of the Christian character, in persons just emerging from the sevenfold darkness of popery; this is a great mistake; so perfect is the system of surveillance generally kept up in the church of Rome, that the slightest change in man's sentiments becomes speedily known, and he has no alternative but to give up his bible, and with it every means of instruction, or to declare himself a Protestant. In either case the results are melancholy; in the one he wilfully closes his eyes against the truth, and commonly hates the more the light that condemns him; in the other, he leaves popery while he is yet in many respects a papist, and, scarcely knowing for what he endures, not at all knowing where to look for support, has to encounter sufferings which the manifested presence of Jesus alone can make easy. He has cast off the yoke of the priesthood and has not taken the yoke of Jesus; he knows there is something of liberty in the gospel,

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and too often is he unable to distinguish between that liberty and licentiousness. He walks to the house of God; one group passes gaily and thoughtlessly along, another, engaged in converse more suited to the sacred day and hour; he joins neither; to either he would be perhaps an intruder; he walks alone, in solitary, moody sadness; he returns to his home, ungreeted by a single smile; the hearth is cold, and he is reproached perhaps aloud, perhaps by a more eloquent silence, as the cause of the desolation of those whose smiles used to gladden his return. By degrees he gains on the esteem, or the pity of a few; popish persecution slackens with Protestant unkindness, for the priests rarely waste their arrows on those they cannot wound, but reserve them for the helpless and forlorn; he does something which was a daily and approved action in his popish days, and the evil of which has not perhaps been pointed out; Protestants are enraged at what would have been soon forgiven to one that had 'the right drop in him,' (Protestant blood;) the Romanists learn a new morality, to express their horror of what they never before thought a stain on the most saintly holiness; the country resounds with his disgrace; his friends are ashamed, withdraw their countenance, and he is once more left alone.

Mary Regan was the daughter of Protestant parents; her father was dead, and she resided with her grandfather, a respectable farmer. She had received a better education than some of her neighbours; could work well with her needle, could read well and write badly; but though her grandfather looked and sometimes spoke like a patriarch, her religious and moral training had been fearfully neglected;

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her ignorance was such that once she told me she could not find the epistle to the Romans, because she had only a new testament in her hands. She was very pretty, and, as might be expected in a girl so brought up, vain, foolish, and self-willed; still there was a simplicity in her manner, and that indescribable *something* which often attracts us to those whom we cannot approve, that made her an object of interest to all our family; and, as she attended the means of grace regularly, we began to indulge hopes respecting her. These hopes however were disturbed by unfavourable rumours; she was often attracted from home by the notice of a Roman Catholic lady who was paying great court to her, and it appeared, at length, that she had formed an attachment to a Romanist of very bad character, an idler, and a drunkard.

Time passed on; her aunt died, and she was left to the care of an over-indulgent uncle; a marriage was at length announced; she was to be allowed the fullest liberty of conscience, nay, he was inclined to listen himself, and might possibly, even probably, be brought over. I had long since determined not to marry a Protestant and Roman Catholic, and used every effort in my power to prevent her taking the step; she was married privately by a priest; the priest was punishable, but who dare call him before a court of justice? and the evil done could not be undone. I knew what would follow; but many were astonished when they heard she had appeared at mass. Her family cast her off, and I had been so often deceived by her (for she had denied her attachment, promised not to marry without my consent, and never in any case to forsake the faith she pro-

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fessed) that I felt it vain to seek her more, at least till she had tasted of the fruit of her own way. About a year after her marriage we left home for a time, and on our return heard she was in great distress, that her husband treated her cruelly, and that her child was dying. One night in a drunken fit he ordered her to leave his house; she remonstrated, asking in what she had ever offended him? 'You left your God for me,' said he, 'and how can I tell when you may leave me for another;' and he drove her from the door. One of my sisters, in whose class she had been, went to her: she found her in a miserable lodging in B——, in a close and heated room; her child pining with the flush of fever on his wasted cheeks; she burst into tears at seeing her, and expressed the greatest joy—but her joy was wild, unsettled, frightened; she denied having been at mass, which was a lie, but expressed an anxious wish to see my sister again.

My sister visited her repeatedly, and persuaded her to accept a testament; but after the first time Brien was on the watch for her coming, and, though he did not enter the room, used to curse and scold in an adjoining apartment, or under the window, in a way that terrified my sister, as much as the manner of his wife distressed her. At length, poverty, distress of mind, and the change from pure country air into a filthy town, began to make visible ravages on poor Mary's health, and her uncle, a most benevolent, though ungodly man, offered her and her whole family an asylum in his house. From that moment persecution was at an end; she went openly to church, and the elastic step, the bright smile, and the fresh colouring which were natural to her, re-

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placed the feeble movement, the wild and eager glance, and the hectic flush which had marked the era of persecution; of struggle between all women's weakness, and women's tenderness, with a conscience which, though dark and uninformed, still asserted its rights. He too seemed more at ease; the dark gloomy expression which, joined to considerable similarity of features, made him strikingly like the pictures of Philip the Second, began to relax, and he too looked up and smiled; it seemed as though a pleasure-loving, dissipated, but not cruel, man had been urged into a course which had embittered his mind, but which was contrary to his natural feelings, and that he rejoiced to find himself no longer a persecutor. Here there occurred a circumstance in which two evils were by an over-ruling Providence curiously made to work a partial good. I say partial good, for I have no evidence of conversion in either case. Brien was a Roman Catholic, but, partly disgusted at the conduct he had been urged into, partly mortified at being disappointed of the distinction with which a man who brings a Protestant wife to mass (no matter by what cruelty or perfidy it is accomplished) is marked at the chapel, he did not go there; the uncle, though a nominal Protestant, never went to church, always having a cold, or a headache, or an extraordinary demand on his attention just at service hours. The two worthies were thus left tête-a-tête for some hours every Sunday, and their conversation naturally turned—what so interesting to them?—on the subject of religion; they differed of course, and the bible was appealed to; the conversations became more interesting, the appeals to the bible more frequent, until at last poor

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Mary came to me trembling with delight, to tell me that Brien intended to come to prayers next Sunday evening, and to beg that I would not say anything about popery, or anything that would give him offence. He came for about six weeks to evening service, which was then, it being winter, in a private room. The day on which service removed to the church was an anxious one; however he came, and from that day till the day he left my parish I never missed him. At first he experienced less persecution than could have been expected.

Three other men came openly to church with their families about the same time: one was an unmarried man, employed in my stable, and being quite independent of the priest's influence little was said about him. Another, also in my employment, who had seen better days, and had a large family, was in distress; the efforts to regain him were rather those of persuasion than of persecution.

Brien, too, was by the death of his father, left a little money, so that he was, for the time, independent, and after forbidding the people to speak to him, and ruining a little shop he set up, the priests became tolerably quiescent. But there was one whom a combination of circumstances marked as a victim; he was a blacksmith, a trade which brings great profits, and consequently encourages the tradesman and his family in habits above the common peasantry, so that it was quite impossible I could do more than preserve him from absolute starvation; he was chiefly supported by the farmers, and was thus quite at the priest's mercy; his wife and grown up daughters were strict Romanists, and above all he had been a man of infamous character and furious

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temper. Here was the selected victim, and on him were poured all the vials of sacerdotal wrath. The tale of his fearful sufferings—of the occasions he has given to the enemies of truth to blaspheme—of the joyful advantage taken of every error—of his apparently agonizing repentance—of the unkindness and jealousy of professing Protestants, could profit no one, and could only give pain.

There he still stands, an emblem of incomprehensible constancy—a changed, because a sober and an industrious man; no longer a sabbath-breaker or a blasphemer; but neither professing to feel, or appearing to seek for, either joy or peace in believing. But while his case seems only one of sadness, while, at best, the divine purposes with regard to him are wrapt in obscurity, three lovely boys are bringing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and are surpassing their Protestant companions (of the purest Protestant blood) both in knowledge and in good conduct; and the prejudices of the females of his family are giving way, so that they listen with pleasure to the word of God.

But to return to poor Mary. Their shop failed of course; Brien tried to be appointed as driver to a stage-coach, but though the proprietors were Protestants, the popularity of their concern was not to be risked by such an appointment. At last I was able to put him in a situation where he was solely dependant on Protestants for countenance and consequent support; but it would not do: every thing he did was wrong; his past life was continually cast up against him, and I had at length to remove him I tried labour, but he could not do labourer's work nor could he subsist on labourer's wages; and their

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little substance was rapidly melting away, and he determined again to try some business in a neighbouring town.

The Sunday after they left me they brought their eldest child, between two and three years old, to be received into the church; he had been baptized by the priest, and they had put off, from time to time, the public dedication of their child to God, as a member of a scriptural church. It was an interesting moment; the offspring of a union undertaken in wilfulness and forgetfulness of God; whose dedication at the baptismal font had been profaned by absurd and superstitious rites, while the altar had been covered with weeping—with a wife's and a mother's tears; who had been nursed in sorrow and in unhallowed altercation, was now brought to be openly devoted to that acknowledged God whom his parents had ignorantly worshipped. The mother's joy was touching, the father's face beamed with satisfaction, the child seemed to have a consciousness of the solemn service, which he did not interrupt by word or movement; the most bigoted *good old Protestant* in the congregation seemed to feel a touch of sympathy, a glow of pleasure.

Soon, however, after Brien settled in the town, his popish relations got about him. On the subject of religion they found him firm, and desisted; but they tried other means; they made rich promises and some advances of money, and pressed him to go to America, where some of his family already were. His wife would not hear of it—he left her secretly and proceeded to a sea-port town. His plan was to go to America, and, when he had earned money to pay for their passage, to send for his family. When he reached

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the sea-port his heart failed him; he wrote for his wife; she hastened to meet him, and he returned—his money spent, his character gone. Then broke forth the storm of righteous indignation. I could pity, but I could not defend him. Those who had discouraged every effort to support his wife and family, were in horrors at the cruelty of his desertion, made in the desperate effort of procuring them an ultimate provision: those who had combined to rob me of hundreds, if not thousands, were in despair at my losses, in having to pay a small sum, for which I had been his security. His credit and his means were now alike at an end, and after remaining a short time at home, supported by his wife's industry, he went to London in search of employment.

Poor Mary's health declined from the time she returned to B——; but it had been long manifest that chastening was working in her the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Like the ice in a polar summer, she had glittered in the rays she felt not: a winter followed, dark and horrible; but the tempest which tore her from her base, drove her to another climate, where the airy minaret and mimic cupola sink to a shapeless mass before the rays of the sun, whose colours are no longer reflected in brightness, for his warmth dissolves what he shines upon to tears; and she could adopt the language of the poet, and say—

> Oh, could I lose myself in thee,
> Thy depth of mercy prove,
> Thou vast unfathomable sea
> Of unexhausted love!

Popery was to her the blackness of darkness; her husband had forced her to mass—she fainted; again

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he brought her, and again she was carried out senseless. Restored to Protestantism, to liberty, to joy, she saw there was something wanting still; affliction followed affliction, and her spirit bowed, and His Spirit comforted. Separated from the friends who had guided her, *one* Friend became nearer and dearer; and I cannot doubt that, like Onesimus, she returned to her Master's house, but above a servant, a daughter beloved.

She left us with evident symptoms of decline, to follow her husband. She might have maintained herself and children here by her needle, but she would not leave her unsteady husband alone in the dangerous metropolis; she went in the path of duty, in patience and in faith. Her eldest child did not a month survive the hardships of the voyage. The comforts wherewith she is comforted of God are known to herself; but who that looks upon her outward lot, will wonder that the name of 'turn-coat' is one of terror as well as of reproach,—will wonder that so many a Protestant wife should merge her feelings and her principles, in the desire to save her husband and her children from the terrors of reform? that a popish wife should regard the entrance of a bible into her house as the herald of more certain ruin than the ale-house or the gaming-table?

H. B.

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LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT.

THE following communication from a valued friend, now on the continent, may not be uninteresting to our readers. The writer is a clergyman, whose zealous efforts have been blessed to many a soul in his own loved isle. It may be right to add that permission was given, thus to use it.

YOU expressed a wish that I should occasionally send you, from this land of atheism and of graven images, in which I am now a temporary sojourner, some accounts of what I see and hear. I never had been before upon the continent; and as I approached the French shore, feeling that I was about to set my foot on a land where Antichrist had been permitted to place his throne, it was a substantial comfort to me to think that *our Lord Jesus Christ*, however unknown or disobeyed here, is nevertheless its rightful Lord, as well as in our own privileged and happy "isles of the sea,"—never so much felt to be privileged and happy as now, when I am among a people of a strange lip, who have no value for those ordinances of spiritual worship which I have, through the abundance of the Divine mercy, been taught to love, and delight myself in. I will not enter into any common-place detail of the statistics of the country through which I have passed to this place, where I

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am to spend my first Sunday; and, to use the language of my hostess, in answer to the inquiry 'Was there any Protestant church here?' to *say mass in my apartments.* I mean to confine myself to what I saw yesterday in the magnificent cathedral at Amiens—a magnificent building certainly; but it is not my desire or intention to enlarge upon that. And among the sights which I saw in that great 'chamber of imagery,' I shall limit myself chiefly to an image of the woman, in one of the *many* chapels dedicated to her, holding the child in her arms, and with her *own* foot trampling upon the head of the serpent, while it was represented with its tail coiled round, and bruising *her* other heel. Underneath the serpent there was a representation of Death, as destroyed along with the serpent; and upon the pedestal was inscribed as a motto, "*La mort et l'enfer accablé par la victoire.*" Thus the whole of what belongs to the seed of the woman in Gen. iii. 15, is, by this device, attributed to the WOMAN (the virgin, put into the place of Eve) herself. And my reason for noticing this is, that it shews what interpretation is put, in a country purely Roman Catholic, (for such is this part of France) upon that remarkable passage. You may remember, how the veracity of a friend of ours was questioned some time ago, upon this subject, at the time when the first part of the Book of Extracts, for our national schools in Ireland, was going through the press.[1] Whether the Protestant members of that board were aware, or not, of the sanction they were then and thus giving to one of the foulest and most

[1] We recommend this to the serious attention of those Christians who have been deluded into sanctioning the terrible plan of the National Board. This letter was written nearly two months since.

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soul-destroying of the *practical* errors of Romanism, such is the fact:—our Protestant government and legislature has fatally committed itself before the world here; and has thereby alone, if in nothing else even, revoked that profession which, in those times of peril, and humiliation of nations, through which we have passed since the French Revolution, as well as in the times that from the Reformation preceded it, had proved our national palladium. Oh from what a height, and to what a depth has our Laodicean Church fallen in these last times—so that, nationally considered, she has approximated to the condition of that unreformed and unreformable Sardis, out of which she had been taken, which having a name to live, was, and now is, completely dead. I am sorry to agree with you, my friend, in what you said in a letter to me, that it were almost as hopeless to expect to rake the ashes of the martyrs of the sixteenth century out of the mire and filth of Smithfield, as it is now, as it would be to awaken *in the nation* the spirit that pervaded it then, and until the time when the glorious revolution of 1688 (for such I must ever call it) procured for us the *much-abused* blessing of a thoroughly church-and-state protestant constitution.

Are we enemies of our country, or do we desire the evil day for it, because we say such things? God is our witness. But after seeing even what in two days' journey has met my eye, I am more than ever amazed and alarmed for the land of my nativity, in observing how all things in it seem to be tending just now towards a reconciliation with the apostate church of Rome, which is the great curse of our present world. What can men mean (and I have

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heard some pious clergymen, of name in the evangelical world, say it) who assert that our worship is too simple, our places of worship too plain, our tables should be *altars*, provided with candlesticks, &c. and that the hideous crucifixes, which ever and anon you pass on the road-side here, are found to assist the people in their devotions, and would therefore be an improvement, were they again to be set up in England! So thought not Cranmer, when he penned the 'Homily against peril of Idolatry,' nor those godly bishops who, in the reign of Elizabeth, withstood that haughty and imperious queen, when she would have retained such trumpery in our national church. Are not these things an indication, that in the day when great Babylon comes in remembrance before God, no island—not even favoured Britain, shall remain, and the mountains shall not be found. "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." But a remnant like Lot, that hidden one of the Lord, in Sodom, and like the household of Rahab upon the wall in Jericho, shall be saved: and let us spare no pains in collecting these together, and persuading them to abide, trusting in the faithfulness and truth of our Jehosua, until he appears, and all Israel with him, to raze that proud oppressor of his heritage for ever. I long to talk with those whom I may meet in my continental tour, who love the Lord, upon these subjects, and to try and convince them that His coming draws near, which it is the blessedness as well as duty of his church to be waiting for and desiring. For, as it appears to me, we are to expect no more signs. All things seem to me here to con-

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firm my impression, that the *nations* which have rejected, or abused the light of the reformation, are now irrecoverably gone, and are become ripe almost for their vintage of judgment. The appearance of the very towns is antiquated in the extreme—as though they had lasted long enough, and were about to pass away and be consumed.

I shall hope to write you another letter before I return.

D.

It is a light thing to be an active Christian, very zealous and much engaged in doing good,—to be secretary, treasurer, and directress of half-a-dozen societies and expend nearly all one's time in running here and there; but to control one's tongue, to bring the temper into subjection, to fulfil all relative duties, even if they cross our plans, to esteem others better than ourselves, and to live above the world, is hard work. It is easy to endure pain and fatigue; but how hard to subdue sin within us. I do not mean to say any thing against activity in societies; far from it. These are fruits of Christianity—*not Christianity itself.* If a person can sit still and see what is going on around him, without being active, we may well fear that he has no piety. But the world at the present, is full of noise which all will acknowledge is unfavorable to the cultivation of sincere and humble devotion. I shall rejoice in all that you can do to serve your Redeemer, and trust that when you have done all, you will consider yourself to be only an unprofitable servant.

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THE COURSE AND THE COMPASS.

No. V.—Class II.

TEXT II:

"*Christ.....leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps,.....when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.*" —2 Peter i. 21—23.

ILLUSTRATION:

THE 'MAN OF HONOUR.'

Our blessed Saviour was our example, in all imitable things; as our pattern He is perpetually referred to by the apostles, and this, not only in the patient endurance of injuries, but in various parts of his perfect life. If, however, there be one portion of his character which man is more capable of imitating than any other, it is his meekness and mild silence under insult and suffering. Active benevolence may lie beyond our power; teaching, preaching, or edifying others may be beyond our abilities; but all may *endure*. All must meet with evils in this sinful world, and all may endure them with patience, under the assistance of their Divine leader.

Yet patience in suffering is rarely to be met with, and mildness under insult more rarely still. What is the example left us by our Lord in this respect?

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Provocations innumerable never irritated him; the vilest insults from the creatures of his own hand, the bitterest torments earth could inflict, wrung from him no angry or indignant reply. All the response they extorted from his tortured bosom was the prayer,— "Father, forgive them! for they know not what they do!" (Luke xxiii. 34.)

And let us next inquire how the modern 'man of honour' (an honourable title, if truly deserved,) follows this, the example of his Redeemer, in enduring revilings and forbearing threatening; what is his course of conduct when insulted? A narrative, often related to me in former years, shall serve the purpose of a reply.

B—— was a tradesman of the superior class, resident in one of England's largest cities. His character was respectable, his affairs were prosperous, and as his time was much at his own command, he was wont to show himself a man of fashion, as well as of business, by passing much of it in public amusements.

Quitting the theatre, one night, in a dense crowd, he stepped on the foot of a lady-looking female, whom the throng had placed in contact with him; she instantly screamed with the sudden pain, and her husband, on whose arm she was leaning, and who was in the same rank of life with B——, remonstrated somewhat sharply with him, on his rudeness. The 'man of fashion' could not brook the reproof, and instead of apologizing, he retorted fiercely on the injured parties. High words ensued, and the husband informed the aggressor that he was 'no gentleman.'

The 'man of honour' could not brook the insult, for such he deemed it, and early the next morning he

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despatched a challenge, which the unhappy husband, urged on by the same mistaken views of 'honour,' was weak enough to accept. Unknown to his wife, the innocent cause of the quarrel, he set out to confront his antagonist. They met,—fired,—and the injured man fell dead on the spot. The double-dyed aggressor fled his country, the widowed wife sunk under the shock, and four or five young, helpless children, the only remaining wrecks of a family once united and happy, were left to the care of strangers.

Such are the facts of a true and simple tale: such is the conduct of sinful man, who forsakes the example of his Saviour, insults his fellow man, returns "evil for evil, railing for railing," and sheds the blood of his injured, and often innocent neighbour, because he calls himself a 'man of honour.' Truly, such seek "honour one of another," and care not for "honour which cometh from God only." Have they any claim to the title of Christians?

TEXT III:

"*Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.*"—Romans xii. 2.

ILLUSTRATION:

THE 'MAN OF THE WORLD.'

How often do we hear it said of an individual, by those who have no intention to disparage him, 'He is quite a man of the world!' And yet those who truly deserve such a title, cannot also claim that of Christians; for in the guide of the Christian, in that holy word which is his only compass, he is expressly

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forbidden to "conform" to the world, and what stronger proof of conformity can be adduced than that of being 'a man of the world?'

Let me bring a case in point. C—— is a London "man of the world," in a very literal sense, for he has no thought beyond this world of ours; yet scarcely one of his friends or acquaintance would be found to agree to the position that he is not a Christian. 'Oh, he is a Christian!' they would say, 'and a very good one too, why do you doubt it? we seldom miss him from morning church,—he gives away beef and blankets at Christmas, and he subscribes liberally to the —— hospital, the parish dispensary, and the orphan school. How dare you say he is not a Christian?'

And yet all this is not Christianity. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this,—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affiiction," and *also* "to keep himself *unspotted* from the *world*."—James i. 27.

Let me here add a remark, taken down from the lips of a valued and most practical preacher, whom I may have occasion often to mention in these pages. 'How many,' said Mr. D——, 'would willingly compound with half their substance to obey the first part of this text, and to relax the second; but it cannot—must not be!' No; "to keep himself unspotted from the world," is the very same thing as the non-conformity to it, above enjoined by St. Paul, and this must be done, or at least striven after, or the man is but half a Christian, with all his charities; and we need not know much of mathematics to be aware that half a thing can never be identical with its whole.

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Trace our friend C—— through the occupation of the day, and you will see that instead of being 'unspotted,' he is deeply cankered with conformity to the world.

It is Monday.—True, he was at church yesterday morning, but he thought of worldly business all through the prayers, and he slept during the sermon. Since he quitted the sacred walls, not one thought of what he there heard has crossed his mind, excepting when, at a dinner-party in the evening, he mimicked the preacher's manner of pronouncing his text, which was indeed all that he heard him utter.

So much for his Sabbath devotions; now let us glance at his week-day employments. He rises late and weary, from his dissipated hours last night, and the broken dreams of his companions and conversations, which have haunted his slumbers: his first thoughts recur to the same subject, and during breakfast he retails, to his father and sisters, the good jokes that passed at the dinner-party; all these are worldly, some very foolish, and others more than slightly profane: he then goes to the saloon of his club, to read the papers, and talk politics, news and scandal, with his gay friends; all, still, things of the world, for not one thought of heaven has yet crossed his mind.

He afterwards joins a riding-party, and talks nonsense to the ladies for two or three hours more. He dines with a friend, or at his club, among worldly and dissolute men; then sits down to cards, and plays till midnight; though he does not *gamble*, for he only plays 'guinea-points;' he loses his rubber and also his temper, drinks more wine than is requisite or becoming; returns home late, flushed and irri-

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tated, sinks to his feverish couch, prayerless and unblest, and so ends his day.

Yet C—— is not profligate, nor heartless, nor an infidel; he is only a 'man of the world.' I need not ask whether he is a Christian.

TEXT IV:

"*For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but to Him that died for them and rose again.* 2 Cor. v. 15, 16.

ILLUSTRATION:

'THE MAN OF BUSINESS.'

In the above text we have a clear and precise motive of conduct laid down for us; one which cannot be misunderstood, which must not be evaded. And yet, among the various characters who, slighting the judgment of the apostle, nevertheless profess themselves Christians, perhaps none is more guilty, nor less condemned by the world at large, than the 'man of business.'

The life and conduct of D—— shall be my example. He is acquainted with C——, whom I last described, and looks on him with something like contempt, as a mere butterfly of fashion, and perhaps he would be one of the very first to think that 'really, after all, an idle fellow like C——, who spends all his time so very uselessly, has not much right to be called a Christian.' But D—— goes *twice* to church on a Sunday, unless his brother should come over to spend the day with him. He gives away less in charity than C——, because he has a young family, and it is his duty to provide for them. It seems to

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be also his pleasure, at least it is not an unpleasant toil, for it occupies all his waking thoughts, and generally his dreams likewise; it is his daily pursuit, from morning until evening, it is the usual subject of his conversation.

He has, indeed, his hands quite full; he has a large mercantile business of his own; he is, besides, partner in a banking-house, and he is also a large stockholder; so that the only variety which his ideas can obtain is the transition from shipping news to the rate of discount, and thence to the price of consols. Thus he lives, for his children, he says; but were he childless, there is little doubt that he would do the same: so that, on the whole, it is most likely that it is for himself. Self, certainly, has all the present benefit, for charity gets little or nothing, and religion nothing at all.

And yet, the inspired apostle judges that men should *not* "live unto themselves, but to Him that died for them." Alas! alas! how are scriptural injunctions obeyed by men calling themselves Christians? Only by the rule of contrariety, in such cases as these which we have examined. The profligate is '*holy*,' by being immoral and profane; the 'man of honour is forgiving—by being a murderer; the 'man of the word' is 'transformed to the renewing of his mind' —by being entirely "conformed to the world," and the 'man of business' is "not living to himself, but to Him that died for him"—by devoting every instant of his time, every capability of his body, and every energy of his mind to golden gain and self-aggrandisement.

And yet they are all Christians—in name, though how little such in reality! X. Q.

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LIBERALISM.

INFIDELITY is in full triumph under the name of Liberalism, and a more dangerous principle never pervaded the world than unsanctified benevolence. The very term *liberalism* ought to be sufficient to open men's eyes. Religion signifies a system of bindings; whether to God as supreme, to the state as subjects, or to our neighbours, in all the various relationships of child to parent, wife to husband, servant to master. It inculcates control of ourselves, and the submission of the will and inclination of the individual to the well-being of another. Liberalism is the very opposite of all this: it is a system of unbindings—of setting free from all ties: it inculcates that religion is only an affair between each man and his Maker, that we should not disturb the creed of another: it teaches its disciples to say, 'Let me do as I like, and you shall do as you like.' Self is its idol, whose dictates alone it is to follow. Thus it is the very essence of selfishness; self its motive—self its end—self all: pursuing its own plan, for its own solitary advantage, and drawing all its motives of action from the confined and narrow centre of its own sensuality.

Yet this delusion of liberalism has seized upon many, who, I would fain hope, are God's servants. I earnestly pray they may delivered from it: and nothing but the study of God's word can save any of us from the specious error of spurious philanthropy.

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Review of Books.

NOTES OF A SHORT TOUR *through the Midland Counties of Ireland, in the summer of* 1836, *with Observations on the Condition of the Peasantry. By Baptist Wriothesley Noel, M. A.* Nisbet and Co.

We have read this book through, though two thirds of it, or more, were already familiar to us, being avowedly borrowed from other works: Inglis' 'Ireland in 1835,' 'The Reports of the Poor-Law Commissioners,' and a variety of sources. Mr. Noel's part of the work seems to be furnished solely with a view to undeceive English Protestants (we apprehend *Irish* Protestants will still remain of their former mind) as to the real cause of the evils existing in that beautiful and unhappy country. We have been in the habit of tracing those evils to the prevalence of popery—the unrestricted sway of an artful, ambitious, rapacious, and turbulent priesthood, ever instilling into the minds of their followers that hatred of English and Protestant govern-

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ment which is essential to the attainment of their own nefarious purposes. But Mr. Noel, who seems in the very first town that he visited, to have been consigned to the hands of a zealous 'Roman Catholic friend,' must have retained somewhat of the influence of those 'first impressions' throughout the tour. A settled residence in Ireland of as many years as Mr. Noel has devoted weeks to this transit, leaves us under the assured impression that some such warping of his better judgment must have led any enlightened Christian to take so false a view of palpable facts. So early as the second page, we have this remark: 'The government can get from them hardly any revenue, clergymen have lost their tithes, and proprietors tremble for their rents, *because the occupiers of the soil have scarcely food and clothing.*' Again, in page 275, 'Distress and want of work, *with Mr. O'Connell's speeches or without them,* are quite enough to account for an enmity to the laws under which they suffer such hardships.' We do not deny, nor would we attempt to gloss over, the extreme wretchedness prevailing among the Irish peasantry; but we do most flatly and emphatically deny that to it are attributable either their demoralization or seditious violence. True, the Protestant clergy have lost their tithes; but has the ruddy glow of the priest's rubicund countenance waxed pale? or can any looker-on deny that the indications of his reverence's increased outward prosperity have kept pace with the privations of the faithful pastor? True, Protestant proprietors tremble for their rents; but has any one seen Daniel O'Connell manifest aguish symptoms concerning the annual £20,000. which he contrives to squeeze out of these famishing crea-

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tures? If he has, it is in consequence of the disclosure made by Feargus O'Connor, of his assertion that any amelioration of that wretchedness would "spoil his trade."

Mr. Noel attributes to the dreadfully prevalent habits of drunkenness a large proportion of the misery existing; and he is right: but when he points out the universal adoption of temperance societies in Ireland, as a panacea, he forgets that, to be effective, a temperance society must consist of members having regard to their pledged word. And, alas! does he look for such among the darkened and deluded slaves of popery? There is not a person in Ireland who does not know that the parish priests are, generally speaking, the greatest whiskey-bibbers in the land; and we can fancy what a high treat it would be to one of them to dispense absolution to any simple soul, who should bring to the confessional the venial offence of having told a lie in that matter. But it so happens that Mr. Noel himself furnishes us with two or three little facts which tell much against his theory respecting the chief origin of Irish disaffection. For instance, 'Just above Mr. Robert Daly's house at Powerscourt, is the sugar-loaf mountain, before mentioned. On its top, not long since, one Sunday morning, an immense flag was seen to float in the wind. Around it, in a few few hours, was the hum of anti-tithe agitation. Priests and people had congregated to the signal: and there, after other animating speeches had been addressed to the admiring crowd, a Roman Catholic butcher of the neighbourhood thus infused into their hearts a Christian affection and respect for the exemplary, talented, honest, good-tempered, and

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pious Protestant pastor of that parish: 'Never did I kill and cut up a fat ox with half the pleasure with which I would kill and quarter him.''

Several stories just as subversive of the notion that distress originates the evils of Ireland are related: and we cannot but be thankful to the overruling hand which has led Mr. Noel in one way or another, to furnish an antidote to most of his very erroneous assertions. We grieve to say that he has been betrayed into devoting upwards of thirty pages of his book to a laboured defence of the national, antiscriptural plan of education. That he has most signally failed, will, we trust, furnish him with matter of future thankfulness, when the mists now spread before his sight on this subject shall have passed away. His contented acquiescence in the appropriation clause, his implied ready adoption of the voluntary system for Ireland, his satisfaction in contemplating John McHale's splendid mass-house at Tuam, his concession of the term 'Catholic,' where our pious reformers chose rather to die than concede it—these, and similar things we lament. The passage referring to McHale's building is remarkable: 'The Roman Catholic chapel (at Newry) is a handsome structure, which I viewed without jealousy or regret. To me it is a matter of satisfaction that the Roman Catholics of Ireland should increase in wealth, of which such temples as this, and the still more splendid Roman Catholic cathedral of Tuam, are symptoms. For, besides that I wish them all, people and priests, as my fellow-men, the greatest possible temporal happiness, I believe that wealth brings education, and that education is almost the most powerful of all instruments for the destruction of priestcraft.

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If, on the other hand, the funds for these costly buildings were extorted from the poverty of the labourer, they are more calculated to disgust him, through the privations which they entail, than to attach him to his erroneous creed by their magnificence. Romanism is more, I think, to be dreaded in rags than in embroidery—in mud-floor chapels than in temples of granite. A persecuted and sympathizing priesthood has been the object of almost idolatrous veneration: a wealthy and oppressive one would speedily be envied and abhorred. Besides, believing, as I do, that popery cannot survive a wide-spread education, in a country under a free government, where the bible is generally read, and there is much Protestant piety, I look forward to the time when these splendid fanes will either be filled with enlightened worshippers, or be the deserted monuments of a forsaken superstition. And while that superstition lasts, why should they not have the pleasure of kneeling on marble, as well as upon clay?'

We suppose that the Duchess of Kent thought so too, when she gave fifty pounds towards the said mass-house: but we confess that, neither in our bible, nor in the history or writings of our martyrs, have we found a precedent for this method of destroying idolatry. Indeed, there is a passage in the former about doing evil that good may ensue, which would at once settle any doubts we might have on that head. The same doctrine of expediency, as separated from principle, runs very strongly through the defence of the national system of education, and their precious book of extracts: although Mr. Noel seems contented to give even that up, and establish an educational system with no religious

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admixture whatever, rather than not let the people have it on their own terms; and, admitting that education without religion must be essentially defective, he alters the name, and calls it 'useful knowledge.' We, in England, know already somewhat of the happy effects of the useful-knowledge system; God keep poor Ireland from that brimming of her cup of curses! Mr. Noel says, 'Let them read the effects of spirit-drinking, and the progress of temperance societies, and they may save many a shilling from the whiskey-shop.' Supposing that the reading of a temperance society's report would plead more feelingly with the drunkard than the smart of his broken head, 'split into five halves' in the 'scrimmage' of the preceding night, still we deny that the strong man armed will so be dislodged. No. A greater than he must come upon him, to take away his armour, and divide the spoils: and that great One will never come by any of the zig-zag paths, and paltry bye-ways, of an unsanctified carnal expediency.

With regard to the Education Board—that staunch upholder of O'Connellized principles towards Ireland, Mr. Edward Stanley, has got a mitre—a notable ally to the Archbishop of Dublin, on the bench. We shall see whether they can together meet the bishop of Exeter on that ground: we trow not. The latter prelate, with his budget of stubborn facts, is too strongly posted. In a question of assertion *versus* proof, it is easy to tell which party must ultimately prevail.

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MISSIONARY RECORDS. *West Indies.* Religious Tract Society.

We hail with great interest the successive volumes of these Records. The last treated of the western coast of Africa, where the poor negro, intercepted on his fearful voyage, and doubly liberated, receives spiritual instruction at the cost, generally, of life itself to those who give it. Here, we follow the slave to his first destination, and find him under an accumulated load of wretchedness and guilt, his darkness rendered more intense by the shining of a false light around him. We survey the successive labours of devoted men, ameliorating his gloomy lot; and pursue the work of divine grace, in bringing him at last under the happy bonds of the covenant.

There is a most touching account in this book, of the way in which the first of August, 1834, was ushered in by some of the negro congregations. Altogether the volume is calculated to excite many pleasing retrospections in the minds of those who, whether by deeds or prayers, helped forward the cause of negro emancipation, and who are now desirous to extend the blessing of spiritual freedom among the injured Africans.

MEDITATIONS IN SICKNESS AND OLD AGE. *By Baptist W. Noel, M. A.* Nisbet and Co.

We do not know a more appropriate gift for an aged friend than this sweet little book. The meditations

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are sufficiently brief to avoid wearying the attention of an aged person; but being all to the point of the sinner's helplessness, the Saviour's all-sufficiency, and the believer's safety, they are quite long enough for the purpose intended. Being also plentifully interspersed with some of the most spiritual and beautiful hymns in use among us, there is a gratifying variety. A more truly pastoral office could not be found than that of thus visiting, at the same time, numbers of the infirm ones of the flock, disabled from coming to the public pastures; and conveying to them, instrumentally, much of the blessing from which they would otherwise be shut out. We delight to meet Mr. Noel on this ground; he is a beloved and honoured minister of the gospel; as such we ever did, and ever shall, most highly esteem him: and in the name of that Lord whom he faithfully and zealously serves, we wish him an abundant, everlasting blessing.

SPRING; *or the Causes, Appearances, and Effects of the Seasonal Renovations of Nature, in all Climates. By R. Mudie, author of 'The Heavens,' 'The Earth,' &c.* Ward and Co.

THIS is a philosophical, interesting, elegant work; rendered intrinsically valuable by the Christian spirit in which it is written. The information conveyed is extensive; and the style being very attractive, it is likely to take a strong hold on the youthful mind. We have derived some ideal warmth from Mr. Mudie's descriptions of this lovely season, while outwardly shivering under the inflictions of such rough breezes

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as Spring would hardly own. The horticulturist will find much in this book to engage his pleased attention and add an interest to his delightful pursuit.

At the small cost of fourpence, masters and mistresses may place in the hands of their servants a valuable discourse delivered by the Rev. J. W. Brooks, entitled 'An Address to Christian Servants. It is published by Simpkin and Marshall, in a strong cover, well fitted for circulation in the kitchen. It bears date 1834, but the interest lately excited for that very valuable class of our fellow-subjects, has led to a demand in many quarters for such works as this.

We have likewise seen a very little book, called 'The Saviour's Bright Example, a Model for Sunday School Teachers;' by C. Gorbell, which is well adapted to guide and encourage those engaged in the arduous and interesting work of tuition.

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THE PROTESTANT.

IT is beautifully remarked, in a book that I like always to have within my reach, 'Implicit trust in God, in any great extremity, is a mark of great grace; but to flee unto God for refuge and deliverance from the evils we have brought upon ourselves—here the act of faith is greater.'[1] I love to trace the method of God with his people, so strikingly set forth in that book, as illustrated in the eventful history of David; and as I believe all selfishness to be abhorrent to the spirit of Christianity, I do not put asunder what God has united, but take the great mass of believers, especially in these realms, and apply to the whole body the warnings, consolations, encouragements, that I desire for myself.

We are, as a nation, at this time beginning to feel the pressure of God's anger in so many ways, and under so many forms, that it is useless to deny the fact. It requires indeed a retrospective look at what *was* our average worth in foreign estimation some twenty years ago, rightly to perceive how, in the sight of the nations, the gold is changed, and the fine gold become dim. How stood the English name then, at the various courts of Europe? What degree of influence could it then have exercised over the

[1] Dr. Holloway's 'Analogy of Faith.'

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councils of Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, St. Petersburgh, and the Porte? And what degree of influence can it now command? At home, are we prospering! Is this perpetual movement, this unceasing activity, the natural working of healthful vigour; or is it the quickened pulse, the restless tossing of incipient fever, in some cases;—in others, the spasmodic stage of cholera, verging on that of collapse? All may not be disposed to give the same answer to these queries; but sure I am that he who looks deepest into the facts will give the least satisfactory reply. Then for the church—taking it in its catholic, or in its more local and limited sense, at what period has it ever been so split, so torn, so convulsed, as at present? When did errors so grievous spring up, nourished by so many fostering hands, proclaimed by so many eloquent tongues, and enforced by so many powerful names, even among those who have been looked up to as faithful teachers of God's truth, as within the last seven years? It is a dreary prospect, but one that must be surveyed; unless we choose to turn away from that searching question, "Is there evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" If these things are coming on us by chance, or in the ordinary revolution of times and things, then, by all means, let us disencumber ourselves of antique notions concerning a particular Providence. But if, on the contrary, we believe that the Lord careth no less for a mighty empire than for a sparrow, we may be assured that such an empire cannot fall, or totter, without his special permission. And if it be an empire distinguished beyond all other Gentile lands by his most signal favor, and abounding with his sincere worshippers, then who shall put from him

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the word "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again unto the Lord?"

Nor need we seek far: into our own individual ways we must constantly search, trying ourselves by the perfect law of God. But this is a case of *national* rebuke, and as a nation we must have sinned. It is astonishing how difficult some excellent persons find it to receive this very simple proposition, that since nations cannot as nations stand at the bar of judgment, therefore they must be, as from the beginning they have been, and as to this day we see them, dealt with in this world, according to their ways, and according to their abominations. This is most undeniable, if we will but take our bible and a book of general history, and inquire whether it be not true: ever remembering, that as with the individual, so with the people, the measure of light and knowledge imparted exceedingly aggravates the guilt, and increases the peril of those who abuse superior gifts. When, therefore, God declares to us, both in his word and by his ways, that he does so judge the nations, I confess it appears to me the reverse of humility, for Christians to shrink back, and say, 'We have nothing to do with public affairs: we leave them to worldly minds—our concern is with our souls.' Very well; and our souls' concern is with God; and not to be concerned for his glory among men is to make for ourselves a very different path from that in which his chosen people walked of old: and to hide that concern in our own breasts, only telling it to him in prayer, *may* be a safe course for the believer; *may* bring down such an especial blessing on all belonging to him, that when the whole nation becomes

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openly alienated from God, and broadly defying him, revels in every legalized abomination, like republican France, this believer's children shall be so preserved as to receive no taint — *his* progeny will never be found fighting against the Lord. But while thus magnifying his faith, should a messenger run in to inform him that his next-door neighbour's house is on fire, and that the flames are menacing the room where those little ones lie sleeping, I do verily think he would soon make the discovery that appointed means are not to be despised; and while his faith would be called to livelier exercise, and his prayers ascend with increased fervor, his feet would run, and his hands would diligently labour to extinguish the raging element, even though his children had been safely carried out of its reach.

The simple fact is this: many persons do not see the danger, or will not trace it to its real source; and it is the policy of one who is never so slack in dishonouring God as we are in glorifying Him, to keep the hood over their eyes as long as he can. He presently becomes an angel of light, and whispers, 'Oh, don't contaminate yourselves! keep aloof from these worldly conflicts. Mind what your minister preaches at church, but don't heed what clamorous fellows may say on a platform.' The advice is taken: and, too generally speaking, he is successful: for our ministers are often guilty of a grievous omission in this matter, keeping out of sight the example set by prophets of old, who preached to a nation professing godliness; and following only the apostles, who preached NOT to a nation, for as yet no nation was become Christian, and the Jews were cast away, but

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to dispersed flocks, who, of course, had nothing to do with public movements.

The New Testament clearly sets forth the doctrines of Jesus Christ, committed to the keeping of an infant church, to be applied, when kings and states should have received, or professed the faith, according to the divinely-inspired models set before them in the old. The earlier scriptures are full, in every part—Moses, the Psalms, and the Prophets—of such instructive models: and let the man stand forth who shall dare to say, 'These things were NOT written for our examples.'

So reasoned I, and so reasoned my uncle, when hastening to witness the first meeting of a Protestant Branch Association not many miles from us. The scene was most interesting, the spirit that prevailed was that of love and peace in its highest origin. Love to God, flowing from a grateful sense of his multiplied mercies to us—peace towards men, best evidenced by a fixed resolve to destroy the weapons of war which the enemy is now labouring to sharpen for a future contest. The speakers were eloquent: they appealed to our past history, and from that, in connexion with the present signs of the times, and the sure declarations of God's word, they drew an inference in which we cordially joined, both as to the duty of Protestants, and the best way of fulfilling that duty. An association was formed, and we came away, rejoicing.

'Another link is added to the chain, uncle,' I exclaimed.

'Say, rather that another small but effective fort is built, out of the ruins of our ancient ramparts. These Protestant men have taken up no new ground; they

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have done no new thing: they stand but where for many generations their fathers, and themselves too, had stood, and whence, in an evil moment, they had been thrust. Detachments of a routed army, they are gradually returning to the field which the Lord had bade them to defend; and again, though under the discouragement of recent defeat, resolved to make good their position. God give them strength and victory!'

My dear uncle is a quiet old gentleman whom nobody knows: but that never will dishearten him, when the path is straight before him. Still, I did, I confess, wonder a little when he announced to me his intention of inducing his own neighbourhood to follow the example of the friends we had just left. Had he talked of persuading them to embark for Spain, and march under his leadership to re-inforce General Evans, it would have sounded about as reasonable. However, I knew that what he made up his mind to do, in this cause, he would at least attempt; and so far from hindering, I gave him all possible encouragement to go on.

'The advantages of being a 'nobody,' are great, my dear. Mr. Somebody must not take upon himself to be Mr. Everybody; nor does he choose that his neighbour, Mr. Somebody, junior, should do it. So, unless there be a decidedly leading man at hand, who is fully devoted to the objects in view, and will call the rest out, though every second man in the place may have his heart in the matter, nobody presumes to stir. Now I don't know how the general bearing of opinions around us lies; but there are some who would strain every nerve, if a way were opened before them, to serve this righteous cause.

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You shall ask half a dozen of these friends to take a quiet cup of coffee, and then we can talk it over.' We did so, taking care to include one who was connected with another Protestant association; and having fervently besought the Divine guidance and blessing, to work they went.

After talking it over, each gentleman agreed to apply to as many of his acquaintance as he could, to add their names, and a trifling subscription to defray necessary expences, to the list which they made of their own. They settled to meet again in a week's time, at the house of one among them. Here several recruits were brought in, the rules of the Parent Society were examined and adopted, secretaries chosen, a public meeting agreed on, and the whole matter began to assume a tangible shape. This was rendered more so, when a gentleman, alike high in public and private estimation among all who love to see the gospel engrafted on the fine old English character, giving life and fruitfulness to what was beautiful before—consented to take the chair, should no important parliamentary duties on that evening, interpose. Another private assemblage of the original committee, brought further accessions; and a number of gentlemen are canvassing in a place where such a thing was certainly not in any body's contemplation before. The invariable rule of never commencing without prayer, throws a halo around this little knot of Protesting Christians, that makes every thing look bright: and to whatever extent my dear uncle's sanguine anticipations of a successful public appeal may be realized, I hope at least his plan for forming a branch Protestant Association may open the path to some kindred spirits in other

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places, and shew them that the method is simple and practicable enough.

My uncle says, a line of slender, detached martello towers, along a coast, will do more to deter an enemy and secure the inhabitants than we are aware of. On this principle, he delights to see associations formed, seldom enquiring whether one is numerous or not. Where the principle is recognized, and a foundation openly laid, frequent accessions will strengthen it. Opportunities will be given for stating the truths on which these Christian societies are based: men will by degrees become influenced by those plain statements, and co-operate. The thing, good in itself, has been made so vast an instrument of mischief in the hands of evil men, that it the more behoves those who desire our country's weal to use it aright.

My uncle has not become a party man, after all, as I began to fear he would do. He says now, it is matter of small moment to him or to any of us who stays out, or who gets in, so long as we see no sign of a truly Protestant principle being recognized as the load-star of our course. Without it, he says, we must go, a little sooner, perhaps, or a little later, according as whig or tory bears rule: but go we must, unless our ancient shield be recovered, and the land be cleansed from the pollution incurred by having laid her neck under the heel of one whose unclean touch it is death to encounter, except in the holy struggle of wresting souls from her sacrilegious and destroying grasp.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1837.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

THERE are particular seasons when memory presents the images of days and things gone by with a reality most overpowering; when a long succession of years is made to wear the aspect of a dream; and we awake again in the society that we best loved, and from which we scarcely seem in reality to have been separated. I know not how this may affect the individual whose days have glided pleasantly along, no precious ties dissevered, no howling tempest let loose upon his path, no piercing thorns laid there to wound his feet: but the shadow of a quiet home held over him, and the smile of domestic love always ready to sweeten his needful portion of this life's bitters. I do know its touching power where all this has been reversed: where home, sweet, native home, has never been revisited, since the almost daily sight of such friends

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added brightness to its very sunshine; nor have those friends been met since home, dear home, was deserted. I know what it is, when years of varied trial have been so prolonged that the girl and the stripling of those times can shew their daughters and their sons grown up almost to their own stature; and to indifferent eyes, a change has passed upon all, well nigh sufficient to destroy personal identity. But though the eye admits a change, the heart does not. Its language is, 'This is the same, the very same, the youthful guest my father loved to welcome, the chosen companion of my brother's sportive hours; the associate of many a sunshiny day, the abettor of many a mirthful scheme—in one word, a part and parcel of my own, my early HOME.' Upon that English monosyllable, more perhaps has been said and sung, written and recited, than on any other word in the language; but when all is added up together it falls far short, in eloquent description, of what is contained in a single smile, in one look of cordial recognition, from an old, and dear, and long-lost friend.

It seems strange, that where all the dispensations of God's providence, however mysterious, and seemingly severe, are not only known and acknowledged, but *felt* to have been working together for good, and where no possible portion of unmixed and prolonged earthly happiness would bribe the believer to become again what he was in those by-gone years, their recollection should be still so very sweet, so very precious to the heart. Yet it is in full accordance with the spirit of our just and comprehensive form of thanksgiving, where we bless our heavenly Father for our creation, preservation, and all the

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blessings of this life. Even in the days of spiritual darkness, and thankless alienation from God, his hand was over us for good: he caused his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, for our enjoyment: and, in the eternal purposes of his saving mercy to the objects of redeeming love, as in the case of Cyrus, he girded us although we did not know him. I cannot think that there is anything displeasing to God, or injurious to spiritual feeling, in thus cherishing the memory of the past: sure I am that it is calculated to stir us up to earnest, mutual prayer, one for another; and when we think on the many who are taken, the few who survive, the number of years that have slipped by, unimproved, and the awful uncertainty of what remains, we cannot stifle the solemn call to "work while it is called to-day: for the night cometh."

Night has indeed come—has fallen at noon—on some whose morning was as cloudless and as sweet as that of the loveliest day in spring. It cannot be that I should now refrain from once more reverting to the dearest recollection of my heart: to one who was so truly a sharer in all its thoughts, its troubles and its joys, that when, as now, the picture, or rather the reality of those early days has been vividly held up to my sight, it seems a marvel to me that I should be enabled to acquiesce in the dispensation that so abruptly removed him. A long and anxious quest among the hawthorn hedges, even in the sunniest spots, sent me back unsuccessful. The flower of May had not ventured to expose its delicate and fragile clusters to so uncongenial an atmosphere; but though the disappointment saddened me, I am content that flower of May should become a flower of

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June; and the simple chaplet long since chosen to commemorate the day of his birth, be transferred, by a short delay, to honour the day of his death.

I like not the indiscriminate application of that word: where the sting of death is taken away, its character is changed. How beautiful is the expression used in reference to Stephen—"And when he had thus spoken, he fell asleep." The dissolution of the body, after the spirit has left it, becomes needful; and there is mercy, seldom considered or acknowledged, in what we naturally abhor to think of. Did the body remain entire, we could not, at this period of the world, strike a spade into the ground without invading the sanctuary of its ghastly inhabitants; and every populous place must, after a few generations, be deserted, from mere want of space wherein to deposit them, with any regard to the common feelings of decency and natural respect. Terrible, indeed, and horrible would be the penal sentence, if, in returning to the dust, the body did not also become dust. Some, indeed, can so far afford and contrive to evade the common doom, as to brick up their departed friends in vaults, a miserable exemption to the general rule. At least, so I regard it; I prefer a sanctuary that is inviolable, because altogether undiscoverable, save to the eye of God alone. His people "fall asleep," and then, if man interpose not, he "hides them," by a wonderful process, where none can find them again, until, at the great consummation of all things, in the exquisitely sublime words of Job, which the believer may confidently take up, "Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands." Yes, I love to think that in putting the

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mortal remains of a precious object into the ground, I do especially commit them to the Lord, allowing him to work his wondrous and gracious will, unmaking what he made; re-uniting it with the element from which it was taken, and reserving to Himself the glory of gathering again such particles as shall enter into the formation of the spiritual body, from what was the habitation of the soul during its former stage of existence. I sometimes think that very few do really and rightly believe in that splendid miracle, the *resurrection* of the body: the actual rising again of *the* body which is buried: the appearance of men in *their* bodies, before the judgment-seat of Christ. It is too wonderful for us; we cannot attain unto it: but we are not therefore excused from believing it.

This blossom—this cluster of flowers, each robed in delicate white, with a faint blush of equally delicate rose colour, and studded with a perfect grove of graceful stamens, breathing a fragrance deliciously in unison with its exquisite appearance—this hawthorn blossom—whence came it? Last year, a mound of clay was piled up, along the side of the field, to form a bank, into which were inserted a row of as unsightly sticks as could well be seen; and I know that, at the root of the stick, decomposition took place, and nothing was there but black earth, cold damps, and vegetable corruption. Yet it can be proved to demonstration that from them arose this object, glorious in the perfection of visible beauty, without a trace of the combination of disagreeable things whence it sprang. I know that, instrumentally, the sun in the firmament, and the balmy air of spring, wrought the change: and shall I concede

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to the weak creatures of an Almighty Hand a power that I deny to that unrestrained Omnipotence? No, most lovely preacher; my heart is not so closed against the delicious promise, illustrated by such a type; and while the Lord in his word says to me, "Thy brother shall rise again," no less surely does he, in his work, shew me that what shall rise is the same in very deed, yet with a body given to it, of the glory of which we can form no more conception than he who had never beheld a flower could have formed of what should spring from the stick thrust into the ground last year.

With this in prospect, I can venture, yea, delight to look back; and while fondly dwelling on the early scenes of our thoughtless days, can say of each, it was a link in the chain of endless mercies, wrought by everlasting love. If the strength of undivided affection adds a pang to the keen sense of irreparable loss, still the good far overbalances the evil. It led to willing service and to fervent prayer, while either could avail him: it infuses zeal and perseverance into duties fulfilled for his sake, and in his stead, towards objects once most dear to his heart. There is scarcely a recollection interwoven with the flower of May, that does not furnish an encouragement, and feed the hope which maketh not ashamed, by opening more and more the faithfulness of him who hath promised. Is the contemplation one of early enjoyment, unmingled with a tear, unchecked by a frown, when all went with me even as, in the blindness of the natural heart, I desired it to be? I read in that retrospection the necessity for subsequent chastisement, and learn to adore the love that followed me through every perverse and wilful track, applying

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the scourge, until the wanderer, brought home to the fold, desired to stray no more. Does the image of my companion rise before me, in all the countless combinations that cannot be forgotten? I ponder on the mercy that watched and warded every danger, and led him through the successive battle-fields of a protracted warfare, untouched by hostile arm, while many a comrade fell before his eyes, and armies were mowed down beside him. A work was to be wrought in him, and God would glorify himself, alike by prolonging life in the midst of hourly perils, and by terminating it in the moment of peace and security. The artist's skill is never so highly appreciated as when he has succeeded in pourtraying an object beloved by ourselves: should not the glorious workmanship of the Most High call forth a song of louder praise, when his renewing power has stamped with the impress of immortal life a soul naturally dear to us as our own? We should not hear so many idle changes rung on the perverted word, idolatry, as applied to the indulgence of natural affection—or, at least, we should not so much heed them,—if we marked the stimulus thereby given to intercessory prayer, and thankful acknowledgment on behalf of our brethren. "Oh, that Ishmael might live before thee!" was the ejaculation of parental love: and at the end of more than thirty-six centuries, we see the still unconquered Arab enjoying the fulfilment of God's gracious answer to that prayer.

Fearfully and wonderfully made as we are in every respect, there is nothing more astonishing to me than the phenomena of memory. An event occurs, or a remark is made, and for years the circumstance is forgotten; it seems to be utterly blotted out, and

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consigned to oblivion, but it remains, with all its associations, so faithfully preserved, that when unexpectedly recalled, it comes not alone—it brings a host of touching recollections, aggravating, perhaps, the bitterness of loss, while it soothes the bereaved bosom by adding to its store of ideal treasures, and melancholy delights. The only things that we seem able utterly to forget, are God's mercies and our own sins: for all beside we have a ready place in that amazing organ, memory.

I cannot put the hawthorn blossom by for any flower that blows. Its very profusion endears it, meeting me in every path with a joyous, smiling aspect, like that which it commemorates; and marking the most beauteous season of the year, and disappearing when all seems to promise a long reign of flowers. And what shall supply its place? The wild-rose of the hedge is fair, but too evanescent; the straggling honeysuckle is sweet, but it wants the sprightly grace of the May-flower. I must not repine, surrounded by so many varied gifts of the same bounteous hand, because one is taken away: but though I may not repine, I cannot forget. The Lord gave, and I blessed his name for it: he resumed the boon, and I was able to bless him for that also, because I knew it to be best, since he willed it; and I knew also that he took away, not cast away, the treasure of my heart. It was not scattered to the winds, like the petals of a flower, but gathered into the garner as winnowed wheat, reserved for the Master's use. Can we look abroad upon this world of storms, and regret that our harvest is safely housed? Can we hear the frequent voice of sorrow and sighing, and lament that some beloved object

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has gained the place whence they are compelled to flee away? The ripening berries of the hawthorn bush, reserved as a winter store, to feed the little birds of heaven, read a lesson from the very stalks where those sweet blossoms smiled. They tell me of a nobler purpose in the works of God, than selfish man would appoint: and the small portion of his ways that we may now discern, is but a part of that vast and uniform design which shall, hereafter, be fully unfolded, to the joy of his people and the glory of his name.

C. E.

IT is of the utmost advantage for our own peace, that we should learn, as much as possible, to regard the little vexations which we may, or rather must often meet, from the ill-humour of others, or from the crossings and jarrings of interests opposite to our own, with the same patience with which we bear the occasional fogs of our own changeful sky; the caprices of men are as little at our disposal as the varieties of the seasons. Not to lay our account with these human vexations, is a folly very similar to that of expecting in winter all the flowers and sunshine of the spring, and of lamenting, that the snows and sleet, which have fallen everywhere else, should have fallen on *our* little garden.

DR. BROWN.

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THE BYSTANDER.

No. XII.

I HAVE heard a quaint old saying, that 'Little children are *little* troubles, and great children are *great* troubles;' and I really begin to think there is much truth in it. I am very fond of children; I love to hear their little prattling voices, and merry shouts; there is something in the hearty and unmingled laugh of childhood, that is peculiarly affecting, bespeaking as it does, a heart yet ignorant of the evils within and around it. In the nursery, and on the lawn, I can bear a great deal of noise; but I confess I do not like conversation in the drawing-room to be incessantly interrupted by the unseasonable and long-continued intrusion of the little noisy people, who ought to be sent elsewhere to work off the excess of their animal spirits. Many a time has a visit, from which I had anticipated much pleasant and profitable intercourse with Christian friends, produced nothing but a succession of disappointments. Who can carry on conversation amid the constant interruptions of 'Mamma, Jane has taken my top:' 'O, mamma! Henry won't give me my doll:' with the occasional interlude of a squall or a quarrel? And yet, so prone are we to esteem present evils worse than past, that when now visiting in families, where ten or twelve years since I met with

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these annoyances, and find the little prattlers transformed into self-willed and opiniative Masters and Misses, I am far from thinking it a change for the better. I sigh to think that the stoutest nurse-maid cannot now accomplish a forcible ejectment; that the dinner-hour brings no relief; that seven o'clock comes without a summons to bed; and find that it is more disagreeable to be constantly stumbling against youthful folly and impertinence than against musical carts, or wooden bricks.

It is truly a melancholy consideration, that when we meet with a large family, in all respects well brought up, we naturally designate them as something singular, quite uncommon, such as is rarely to be met with. Surely, among Christians at least, this ought not to be. "Children are an heritage of the Lord;" and his must certainly be "a goodly heritage," if men mar it not.

I have no hesitation in saying, as far as my own experience goes, that I have generally found better regulated families among worldly people, than among Christians. I have already hinted, that I consider one reason of this to be, that, because they are incapable of working that great change on the heart and disposition, which God reserves as his own especial work, they underrate the importance of what they can do; nay, I have even heard persons speak as if they supposed they magnified the freeness of divine grace, by undervaluing human efforts of all kinds. Even those who do not carry this error to its greatest extreme, and use a certain measure of needful restraint with their children, seem to tolerate many things in them which an amiable worldly parent would be anxious to cor-

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rect, from an idea, that when this great change takes place, it will at once clear away the rubbish that has been allowed to accumulate during the years of childhood and youth. Happily for the creature who has learnt to hate sin, and love holiness, if he unreservedly submit himself to the discipline of the Holy Spirit, in due time "old things will pass away, and all things become new;" but it is a matter of every day's experience, as well in things spiritual as natural, that weeds of several years' growth require many a hard pull to eradicate them.

I have sometimes been inclined to suspect another reason for that laxity of discipline I have too often observed in Christian families. People of the world have many idols, each demanding a due share of their attention; Christians know that they must not set their affections on wealth, or pleasure, or worldly honours; but they know they may love their children, and therefore they, in many cases, concentrate their affections on them, in a way that amounts to idolatry. When this is the case, how difficult is it to inflict that needful chastening which is so expressly commanded in scripture! How strong is the temptation to shut the eyes, lest they should be compelled to see that such chastening is needful! Many a time have I witnessed, with pain, the efforts of a too tender mother to gloss over a fault, in order to excuse herself from correcting the child who committed it. Not long since, I saw two little boys quarrelling about something both wished to possess; at length, one gave the other a smart box on the ear: the mother saw this as distinctly as I did; yet when James came crying to her, with 'O mamma, George has given me such a blow!' she, in defiance

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of all truth, said, in a soothing tone: 'It will soon be better, love; I am sure dear George did not mean to hurt you; did you, George?' George, more truthful than his mother, did not venture to deny the malice prepense, but looked sulky and said nothing. 'But he did mean to hurt me,' said James, with a look of surprise, not unmingled with contempt at his mother's stupidity in supposing that a box on the ear could be given with any other intent. How can a mother who acts thus hope to gain the respect and affection of her children? If such pretended blindness to faults continue to be manifested, the children must soon discover the mother's motive, and despise her duplicity.

I do not mean to say that I never saw a Christian family well brought up; I know some happy exceptions to the general rule, but I have a strong conviction that Christian parents too little lay to heart the importance of early impressions, and the necessity of cultivating good habits. They see that worldly parents make these all in all; and therefore they think it right to go to the other extreme, and count them of little value. Yet the scriptural direction is very distinct; it is not said, Train up a child any way, and when he is regenerated he will walk in the right path; but "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

When we take education in its more restricted sense, as meaning the course of instruction we ought to give to children, the subject appears to me a very difficult one. Moral training is always the same, whether the object of it be the prince or the peasant; but in regard to what the vulgar call *book-learning*, (for which, so far as I know, philosophers have coined

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no other term,) the quantity and quality to be bestowed must be, in some measure, regulated by the future prospects and employments of the individual. I confess I am decidedly in favour of what is called a liberal education for both sexes. I have seen many reverses of fortune among my acquaintance, and have always observed that the evils of unexpected poverty bore most heavily on the uncultivated mind. We may theorize differently on the subject, and argue that the keener sensibility which cultivation bestows, must make the stings of adversity more acutely felt; but I believe all experience contradicts this theory. That sickly sensibility, which is the result rather of a flimsy than a solid education, which springs from the undue cultivation of the passions and feelings, not from that of the understanding, does indeed aggravate the miseries of life, adding many fancied evils to those that are real. But the constitution of mind induced by sound and general information, is the very reverse of this; and, with the exception of true religion, is the most powerful assistant towards bearing the vicissitudes of life with equanimity. Indeed I have occasionally been mortified to observe, that some, whose sincere Christianity I would not venture to doubt, have been far outdone in resolution and firmness under trial, by more worldly but better disciplined minds.

In speaking of the difficulties of education, I allude chiefly to that of females; in regard to boys the difficulty may be as great, but it has not come so much under my observation. Boys are generally educated with a view to their future employments in life; while the education of girls has long been regulated by the dictates of fashion, or at least of

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custom. Certain ornamental acquirements, known by the name of accomplishments, are reckoned indispensable for every female in the higher walks of life. In pursuing the plan which custom has chalked out, worldly parents have a decided advantage over Christians, in having a more definite aim, and greater unity of purpose. A worldly parent educates his daughter for this world; he wishes her to shine in society, and to form a wealthy, or at least a comfortable connection for life. The Christian parent wishes to educate his child for the world to come, and at the same time to fit her for usefulness in the present world; and the latter desire, laudable in itself, is too often an inlet to the spirit of this world, and an outlet to parental vanity. If all these accomplishments were in themselves decidedly sinful, the difficulty would be less; because the duty to shun them entirely would then be plain. But as some of them are harmless, and others really beneficial to the mind, it is a nice point to determine how we are to act, in order to obtain the good and refuse the evil.

To secure this desirable end, I believe no general rules can be laid down. The degree in which the ornamental branches of education are to be cultivated in the family of the Christian, must be modified, not only as in other cases, by the measure of talent bestowed, and the leisure which circumstances afford; but by the obvious effects produced on the mind by such studies; and the likelihood of their promoting or impeding future usefulness in matters of higher importance. Continual dependence on divine direction, and daily prayer for the teaching and assistance of the Holy Spirit, are the Christian parent's best security against erring in this matter.

MARTHA MARKWELL.

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IN WHAT CONSISTS THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

We lose much edification and real enjoyment by undefined and unintelligible notions of a future state, and by a thoughtless inattention to what that blessedness consists in. Many regard heaven as a region altogether placed beyond the reach of our thoughts, and as a subject too shadowy or speculative for meditation. It is by the word of God alone that we can obtain any sure information respecting another state of existence, and it is our privilege and duty to study and dwell upon what God has mercifully condescended to reveal, that we might more gratefully appreciate redeeming love, which purchased for us such a blessed inheritance—be fortified against all the depressing and debasing influences of time and sense, and, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, be earnestly striving after a meetness for the kingdom of heaven. Thoughts on such glorious subjects purify the soul, elevate the tone of the mind, and have much practical influence on the character; animating us to rejoice always in the Lord; blending our purest joys here with our foretastes and anticipations of consummate happiness hereafter; refreshing our spirits; spiritualizing our hearts and affections; raising them above worldly sorrows and anxieties, and causing us to walk by faith and not by sight. There can be nothing speculative in hea-

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venly contemplation, when we make scripture our guide; there it is designated as "eternal life," consisting in the glorious presence and fruition of God himself —an "eternal house," (2 Cor. v. 1.) whose foundations are the immoveable perfections of God that changeth not,—where Christ delights in His elect and rejoices with them; (Isaiah xlii. 1.) reigns triumphant with his people, who ever sing their grateful praises, (Rev. xv. 3.) "in the fulness of joy," in God's immediate "presence;" (Psalm xvi. 11.) there the understanding shall be enlightened with the knowledge of divine things, "we shall know even as we are known." (1 Cor. xiii. 12.) Now, the revelation of Deity can be acquired but by his words and works; hereafter it will be transcendently glorious, and our faculties will be rendered fit for its full reception; (2 Cor. iv. 17.) there will be personal perfection, "we shall be like Him, for we shall see him as he is;" (1 John iii. 2.) we shall there be made capable of being recipients of the perfection of bliss, and the more perfect the soul, the greater its capability of enjoyment, "there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth;" (Rev. xxi. 27.) Satan can there tempt no more, his works shall all be destroyed; (Rev. xii. 9. and 1 John iii. 8.) no sorrow can enter there, for God has promised "to wipe all tears from our eyes;" (Rev. vii. 16.) Christ will regard us as altogether lovely, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, these most especially and manifestly—and He with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning, will love us with infinite love, of which to know the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, passeth knowledge; (Eph. iii. 18.) "He will rejoice over us with joy, he will rest in his love." (Zeph. iii. 17.)

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That heaven is a place,—that it has locality,—we may likewise draw from the word of God; Christ says he is going "to prepare a *place*" for his disciples, designating it by the endearing title of his "Father's house," containing "many," or various "mansions." Surely there must be a place for the glorified person of our Saviour; for the bodies of Enoch and Elijah, as well as the bodies hereafter of all God's faithful children, who, though freed from all corruption and become glorified spiritual bodies, will yet be organized frames that require a local habitation. Likewise, from revelation are we assured of the indissoluble union of believers into one community, in consequence of their union to Christ; they are represented as living stones fitly framed together, to become the dwelling-place of God. Eph. ii. 22. What can be a stronger antidote to all that is sinful; what more edifying and encouraging, whilst in this our pilgrimage, than to endeavour to realize to the mind of faith our association with pure, happy, and congenial spirits, with the noble company of martyrs, and with all those holy persons that have been made known to us by revelation; of meeting again beloved friends, and in the full possession of life eternal! Recognition cannot be doubted, for identity and continued consciousness (which are proved by inspiration,) show that the righteous whom affection united on earth are not destined to meet as strangers in heaven. Christian friendships we may safely infer "will be transplanted to flourish and adorn the Paradise of God:" we are not to "sorrow" in our bereavements "even as others who have no hope." St. Paul mentions (Heb. xii. 17, and 2 Cor. i. 14,) his anticipation of an interview in the world to come between himself

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and his converts, thus inferring a consciousness of antecedent relation to them; and that "many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob," (Matt. viii. 11.) implies communion and acquaintance. David says, (2 Sam. xii. 23,) on the death of his son, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," again proving re-union and recognition: Jacob too, on the supposed death of his son Joseph, declares that he "will go to the *grave* unto his son," (*grave*, in the original, meaning the region assigned to the spirits of departed beings during the interval of death and the resurrection) evidently testifying that he believed in the same. The saints are to judge the world, (1 Cor. vi. 2,) which proves knowledge of the identity of the persons submitted to their jurisdiction. The transfiguration shows that the place of the departed is a state of retrospection and social intercourse, that Christ is there seen glorified, and that his work of grace forms a theme of discourse amongst the redeemed; and consequently that identity and consciousness must be there, with the remembrance of the part they took in his service. The soul cannot altogether part with the remembrance of those relations, actions, and circumstances, that are to determine the awards of the day of judgment; they will be brought home to the conscience; "every idle word" remembered; all motives of action brought clearly to light; God has declared that he "will set them in order before our eyes," (Psalm l. 21,) every one individually "must receive the things done in the body, *according* to that he hath done." Death cannot destroy our identity, we shall retain our distinctive characters, social feelings and attach-

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ments, as far as they shall be consistent and in harmony with the purity and spirituality of heaven; only that change will take place which is necessary to sanctify and develope them to their full and happy exercise, when we shall love and be loved far better and more ardently than we now can conceive; friendships cemented and sanctified by love to Christ will there burn steadily and brightly, they had their basis here in divine love, relation and union to their blessed Redeemer, and in virtue of which there is and must ever remain among them a community of privilege, sympathy, and attachment: Christ has himself by his example, as well as by the tone of his doctrine, encouraged and consecrated friendship. What rapture for a child of God, then, to witness any fruits of his labour of love, to be assured that he has in any way contributed to the triumph of his adorable Redeemer, and been the honoured instrument of helping on, if it were but one immortal spirit: "they that sow, and they that reap shall rejoice *together;*" and we are enjoined to "make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," (that is, to make a good and liberal use of our worldly possessions) "that when we fail" (or die,) they (the recipients of our bounty,) "may receive and welcome us into everlasting habitations." It will be the blessed lot of those "who have turned many to righteousness," to shine for ever as luminaries of distinguished splendour; with deep-felt humility and gratitude will they cast their crowns at the foot of Christ's throne, rejoicing in the consciousness of having been permitted to be useful in this their probationary existence, and with joy unspeakable and full of glory, ascribe all honour

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and praise to him for ever and ever. Hope will be changed to fruition, we shall then enjoy the full privilege of son-ship, we shall have no doubts, no mistrust; God is love, and we shall be conformed to his mind; nothing will there impede or check our emotions of affection; and *as* the Father has loved his Son, *so* hath he promised to love his own, and that for ever. It hath not entered into the heart of finite man to conceive the things that God has prepared for them that love him. In heaven *every object* will call forth joy, admiration, love, and praise; all will be irradiated by the beams of eternal love and truth—it will be the perfection of beauty. All that is most exquisite in nature, is made use of in the word of God, to give us *some* idea of its excellence, adapting the figurative representation to our most limited and weak comprehensions. St. Paul, who was caught up for a few moments (it is supposed) to the third heaven, *could* not, and might not, describe its glory, neither could our language express it, or could our present faculties take in such consummation of perfection.

We are to come, St. Paul tells us, "to an innumerable company of angels." Full of love and holy zeal, how great is their present interest in all that concerns us! with what desire do they look to the fulfilment of the word of prophecy, and with what sympathy to all that concerns our well-being! with what energy do they execute their office of guardian spirits; for "are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them that shall be heirs of salvation?" Every angelic intelligence is instinct with the life of love: great is their joy at the repentance of every sinner, and can it be speculative and

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visionary to imagine that those who have entertained so much care for us in this world, will recognize us, and be recognized, in the world of glory and illumination? that we shall live with them in holy communion and blissful intercourse? that Abraham, Isaiah, St. John, and all those who on earth have had the privilege of conversing with angels, will meet them again, not as strangers, but friends? The moment the soul leaves the body of a believer, we are led to suppose that its attendant celestial spirit conducts it into the mansions of eternal felicity, to the immediate presence of its Redeemer, clothed upon by a spiritual body until the resurrection, when God shall have completed the number of his elect, and gathered in one all that are in heaven, and all that are still on earth.

Grateful love will be one of the chief sources of our happiness; and in gratitude to our blessed Saviour, shall we not remember all that is connected with our personal experience, of the way in which we have been led to our purchased possession? Nor will memory, as some have imagined, disturb our happiness; the peculiar characteristic of the Christian religion is to impress the image of God upon the soul of the believer, and preserve it there for ever; and in proportion as our will is now conformed to that of our heavenly Father, the greater our peace: in glory, our desires will be all merged in those of God; we shall then be enabled to love and praise his awful justice, our judgments will there be rectified, our minds immeasurably expanded, our hearts rightly attuned, our affections well poised; and, however difficult it may now appear to us, who see through a glass darkly, we shall then behold every

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impenitent sinner in the same light in which he stands revealed to God; we shall be so conformed to his mind, as to have satisfaction and confidence in the equity of every decision, and shall say, in the rapture of perfect love which casteth out fear, "Even so, Lord God Almighty, true and righteous are thy judgments."

E.

SELAH is derived from the Hebrew root *set*, which means to *raise*. It seems most probable that it was used as a direction in the temple-service, to raise their voices or instruments of music. In the Septuagint it is always translated by a word which signifies a *variation in melody*. The word occurs about seventy times in the Psalms, and three times in the 3rd chapter of Habakkuk, which is called, as you will observe in the 1st verse, a prayer of Habakkuk; and, this prayer was written for the temple-service as we learn from the last verse.

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INFANT EDUCATION.

It has long been my wish to say a few words in behalf of a dear little society, which is still struggling for existence, and which, for the short time it has been in being, has accomplished great things; and much did it rejoice me, in a late number, to hear 'The Protestant,' in the genuine spirit of Protestantism, plead this society's cause—the cause of Infant Education.

I say, in the genuine spirit of Protestantism; for it is the vile maxim of popery that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and it behoves us, who would serve God with our spirit and our understanding also, to do what we can to communicate the truths of the bible; and little need be said as to the duty of beginning the work in early childhood.

I might say much on the importance of first impressions, the necessity of early subjugating the will, of training to habits of obedience and truth; the peculiar blessing promised to the work; and the heart-touching readiness of our Saviour to receive little children. I might write a volume instead of a paper, but can a mother, in this land of light, be ignorant of these truths, or can they who know them, refuse to act upon them?

An opinion may be too hastily formed, and a censure may be undeservedly passed, but the opinion is not peculiar to one individual, that in England—this

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favoured, happy land—the vast importance of early education is not yet fully appreciated, nor its varied difficulties understood. Education, the most difficult of all sciences, the most important of all labours, being no less than the training up of an immortal being for the service and glory of God, in time and eternity, by the cultivation of the affections of the soul, the faculties of the mind, and the powers of the body, is taken up as a very light and a very trifling thing—a work for which almost any one is, or may be sufficient. The prevalence of this opinion is more evident with respect to infant education, while the truth appears to be that it is really more difficult to instruct properly very young pupils, than pupils who are further advanced. I do not write from mere theory; and they who are disposed to question the truth of my statement, have abundant opportunities of trying the experiment for themselves.

The society for which I am endeavouring to say a passing word, was formed in 1836, 'for the improvement and extension of the Infant School system, at home and abroad, and for the education of teachers.' The Report published on the anniversary of the Society's formation, Feb. 23, gives an interesting view of what has been effected, and seems to exemplify the well-known maxim that "knowledge is power." With very small funds, the committee have had assistance of the most valuable kind from the Rev. Dr. Mayo, of Cheam; the Rev. Dr. Bryce, of Belfast, and the well-known authoress of 'Lessons on Objects.' The difficulty is finance; every requisite but money appears to be at hand, and who that has any portion of this world's wealth, with any capability of reflecting upon the condition of his fellow-crea-

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tures, would not desire to lend a helping hand to the work?

It may be said that there are abundance of infant schools already. It is true; but it is also true, that unless infant schools are properly organized and well conducted, they are useless, perhaps worse than useless. Masters and mistresses of these establishments ought to comprehend the general principle of sound education, and be capable of acting upon them. In my early childhood, spent in a place hundreds of miles from the spot where I am now writing, I remember seeing a large board on which was inscribed in stupendous characters, 'Education taught,' I can venture to assure many who may smile at the mistake, that a school for teachers is no superfluity in the present age of improvements. It is of much more importance *how* a child is taught, than *what* it is taught, for knowledge passes away, but habits remain. To express myself more clearly, it is not the generality of knowledge which is imparted which gives the value to a system of instruction, but it is the way in which the powers of the pupil are exercised upon the subjects presented to his grasp. The labour necessary for acquiring is of greater benefit to the mind than any acquisition. But this simple and obvious truth is one of which many persons engaged in education are evidently ignorant, and poor unfortunate children are made mere passive receptacles of words and ideas, instead of being led entirely to employ the faculties which God has given them—faculties which, like their bodily limbs, gain strength by being called into exercise.

Some of the readers of 'the Christian Lady's Mag-

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azine' may be induced, even by this brief appeal, to make themselves acquainted with the publications of what may, in two senses of the word, be termed an Infant Society, as well as to endeavour to aid its object in the way which, at present, is most immediately required. I am very far from thinking that the benefits of the society are likely to be confined to the lower orders. The diffusion of right principles of education is much wanted, and much good is likely to be effected from bringing so important and extensive a subject under the consideration of a variety of minds. Every mother who sees her little ones smiling around her, and listens to their innocent prattle, must feel practically interested in the question, how she may best discharge her important and responsible duties; and an interest taken in a society formed for the amelioriation of the Infant system may be repaid a hundred-fold, even in the bosom of her own family. They who are perfectly satisfied with their own plans, and think that no improvement is possible, will be far from looking with a favourable eye on any thing like innovation; but such persons are not at present addressed. I have no doubt but that hundreds of intelligent Christian mothers will read this paper, simply on account of its heading, and would rejoice in information and guidance, because they consider education a difficulty; and overwhelming indeed is the view, when, having placed our standard high, we view the subject in its full extent. Often and often is the exclamation extorted from the heart, "Who is sufficient for these things?" but it is a blessing to have any thing to call us upon our knees in the sense of our own ignorance, and the desire for divine teaching.

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In advocating what I may call intelligent scriptural education, let no one think that I would wish little children to be made prodigies. That is precisely of all things the most undesirable. Locke lays it down, 'That it is better for a child to be spoiled by indulgence than by severity.' I know not how this may be, but I am pretty confident, choosing the least of two evils, that it is better for a child to be undertaught than overtaught. And I am sure, too, that it is better for a child to do a little by its own individual labour, than to have a great deal done for it by the labour of another. One of our most eminent philologists carries this principle so far as to say that were it possible to put all the knowledge in the world into the head of a young man of twenty, previously untaught and unexercised, that young man would be less fitted for life and business, than a youth who had employed seven years at a village-school, in acquiring reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic.

M. A. S.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH CLERGYMAN.

No. VI.

THE SCRIPTURE READER.

IT is curious to mark how the very same circumstances will produce different, and even contrasted effects upon man, according as he is, or is not taught from above. Take two persons educated alike—alike in habits, tastes, feelings, dispositions, and acquirements; let one be truly converted to God, and the other continue such as he was by nature, and then let them be exposed to precisely similar difficulties, temptations, sorrows, hopes, gains, enjoyments, allurements,—the one will be as in the garden of the Lord, the other, as in a waste howling wilderness;—the one will be waxing riper and riper for glory, under the summer sun and autumn rain, by which the other is scorched or decayed;—the one, in outward distress or want, rejoicing in the comforts wherewith he is comforted of God, the other, however vast his power or his wealth, the victim of disappointed ambition or avarice, or the hopeless pursuer of receding pleasure: the one will, with thankfulness, find a fresh evidence of his Father's love in that all things are made to work together for his good, the other, at every step of his way, has cause to exclaim,

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"All these things are against me." But, alas! though here the contrast is most striking, it is not here alone that it presents itself: how many, even among the real disciples of Jesus, prefer the crooked, selfish, and, consequently, miserable course of Jacob, to the smooth, placid, and peaceful, because heaven-directed walk of Abraham; and, consequently, experience, during their whole life, the fulfilment of scarcely any promise save that blessed, but afflictive one, "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments .... then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." In no case does this contrast more strikingly appear than in that of those who are called to suffer for the profession of the truth! In my last letter I endeavoured to give a faint, and but a very faint, idea of the sufferings of those who, from the conviction of their understandings, or an awakened conscience, leave the church of Rome. I say faint idea,—for few, very few, can form a full one of the sufferings of our poor. The stranger sees but a small portion of them; indeed, many residents know but little more, and those who do, become hardened to scenes of wretchedness. I bless God that it is so: were it not for the insensibility thus mercifully attached to frequency, I must have left the country in which I was born, or the profession to which God has called me. I only regret it when I have an opportunity of revealing our woes and wants. I find then, not that I want words, but that I want ideas: that the fireless hearth, the dripping roof, the wringing garments, (rags, I should say,) the damp bed, the harassed or deserted

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sick or dying couch, the insulted grave, the desecrated ritual, appear to me as ordinary circumstances, to be thought of with little pain, and related with little emotion, or altogether omitted. I feel, however, that having had to tell much that is painful and dispiriting, I owe it to those whose bosoms throb in sympathy with the sufferings of our suffering people, to those whose eyes wait upon the Lord, and love to see the stretching-forth of his arm, or the operations of his Spirit, to turn a brighter side, and to shew, not what he can do, for what Christian wants to learn that? but what he has accomplished, and is accomplishing, for many who were sitting in the very valley and shadow of death. In doing so I must, contrary to my wont, travel beyond the bounds of my own ministerial sphere, and speak of scenes removed from my personal observation.

Thomas Mahony was the son of a Protestant father and Roman Catholic mother; his elder brother was a Protestant, but he was his mother's darling, and was brought up in her own faith. While he was yet a very young man, it pleased God to send into his benighted parish a very devoted minister; his teaching was blessed to many, and among others to Mahony, whose heart at once opened to receive the truth, and who turned from dumb idols to serve the living God. His was no middle character, and his was no middle course; not that there is any thing in character that marks of necessity the Christian conversation, for we often see the most decided natural dispositions peculiarly unsteady and unstable in their Christian walk; but it pleased God at once to bring him out, and to make him an instrument of good from his first very awakening. The

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clergyman who was the happy means of his conversion soon left the parish, and was succeeded by one who walked in the same spirit, in the same steps. A large Sunday school had been formed in one of the wildest spots the sun ever looked on; it was numerously attended, by both Protestants and Romanists, and Mahony was entrusted with a class; and when the clergyman could not be present, for it was many miles from the church, and he had other services and other schools to attend to, the chief management of this school devolved on Mahony. He did not rest here; though labouring hard for his daily bread, he contrived to visit his pupils in their houses, and not them only, but their families, to whom he proclaimed, in English and Irish "the words of this life," and by whom he was joyfully received. After some time, and having been proved and watched by his minister, he was at length recommended to one of the societies who employ persons in the humbler classes to read the scriptures to the peasantry, and received from them a salary sufficient for his support. From this time he gave himself solely to the work, and the Lord has so blessed his labours, and the labours of his pastor, under whom, and by whose advice he acts, that multitudes, both of men and women, have already cast off the yoke of Popery, and taken, in deed and in truth, so far as human eye can judge, the yoke of Christ. At first there was no persecution; even his mother did not shew any marked opposition to his change; after a time, however, a spirit of very violent opposition did arise; but how was it met? not by irritation or despondency, but by faith, by patience, and by prayer; and, like the sandal-wood, which is said to perfume the axe that cuts it, the persecutor,

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the opposer, the scoffer has heard from the mouth or seen in the life of the object of his scorn, that which has been the means of bringing him to his right mind, of making him sit down at the feet of Jesus. On one occasion, at the time when the tithe war was raging, a party surrounded a house, where many Protestants and converted Romanists were gathered together for prayer, with the intention of burning the house and all that were in it. Those within, unconscious of the danger, had left the door on the latch; the murderers approached; it was necessary to reconnoitre; they listened; curiosity or some better feeling, was awakened by the sounds that reached them; the door was gently opened—one went in and knelt down, another and another followed, till the greater number of the party had entered. The more hardened went away; and the first the objects of persecution knew of their danger was from the penitent confession of those who had been kneeling with them before the throne of God; and some of those very individuals are, I believe, now rejoicing in that faith which once they endeavoured to destroy.

One example among many, will give an idea of the mode in which the work has been carried on, the difficulties, and the grace. Tim Hagen was what is called 'a boy,' that is, a farm-servant, in some poor farmer's house. Mahoney was attached to him, and thought he perceived in him some hopeful symptoms; he was at least inclined to listen; but both were so occupied that it was difficult for either to gain a spare half-hour, and scarcely possible to arrange it to the moment when the other would be disengaged. Mahoney's plan was soon formed; he

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got the farmer's permission to sleep with his friend, and thus, when both were in bed, they were enabled to speak of those things which make for peace. The Lord so blessed their intercourse that Hagen was among the first and most decided of those who came out from popery.

The conversion of the son was blessed to the parents, who shortly after confessed the faith of Christ crucified; and a sister soon followed; a married sister and a young man, also at service, remained stedfast and bigotted Romanists, and another brother, Tim, seemed to care for none of these things. After some time Tim went to England, and returned in about two years in bad health; he then began seriously to prepare to meet his God, and the result of his inquiry was, a determination to renounce the church of Rome and all her abominations, and to look singly and simply to the cross for safety. The Romanists had by this time been so well accustomed to see persons listening to the scriptures—giving up the mass, attending Sunday-schools and lecture, and even going to church, that all this did not make much impression, or create much surprize; but they still persuaded themselves that whatever people might do in life, they would surely in death seek the priest's absolution and the holy oil; when therefore it appeared that Tim was really dying, all the passions of his Romanist relations were roused, and they determined, if possible, to save their kinsman from hell, and themselves from disgrace. His married sister came to him; 'Now, Tim, my darling,' said she, 'you are really going to die, and won't you send for the priest?' 'I want no priest but Jesus.' 'And will you bring disgrace on your family, and

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make us all ashamed to hold up our heads in the country?' 'My soul, and he that saved my soul, is more to me than you all.' 'Ah, mother, mother,' exclaimed the sister, 'this is your doing; it's you that has brought him to this; it's you that's bringing shame and ruin on us all.' 'Tim,' said the mother, solemnly, 'they will say this to me, and far more, and worse than this, when you are gone; but do not think of that; I give you perfect liberty of conscience; send for who you like.' 'Mother,' he replied, 'it is not that I want man, Christ is with me, and will be with me to the end; but I should like, I should greatly like to see the minister, and to receive the sacrament from him.' His wish was granted, he received the symbols of atoning love, with his parents and several pious persons in the neighbourhood. He lingered some days longer. When the last struggle approached (his bones were now coming through his skin, with all the sufferings which attend the termination of decline, unmitigated by the thousand palliatives which skill and tenderness can administer) his relations from all quarters crowded into the house, in one corner of which he lay, on a bundle of straw, in a state of the utmost exhaustion. 'Tim, honey,' said they, 'won't you send for the priest? surely you won't die without the rites of the church?' 'I want no priest but Christ,' he answered, 'I will send for none other.' 'Tim,' said they, 'you are our relation, and we all have a regard for you; but, if you bring disgrace on us, we renounce you; you are no longer ours; your body shall not be laid in our grave! if it is put there we will throw it out to lie with the dogs; not one of us will attend your funeral, or put

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a hand to your coffin; it may lie at the cross-roads for who will take it; and when you are buried, not a soul shall watch you, but the doctors shall come and take you, and tear your limbs to pieces.' It is scarcely possible to convey to an English reader an idea of the horror such a threat must convey to an Irish peasant—to one too reared in popery. I do not exactly know what are the superstitions annexed to the state and position of the body, and the honours it receives; but the more undefined, the more awfully influential are they, and the less likely to be removed even by clear religious views. To have a large funeral, to be laid with your family, and, above all, to escape dissection, are the first and dearest objects, and to them anything and everything will be sacrificed; wretches will leave the hospital, or a house where they have every comfort and kindness, the moment they think death is approaching, and, in the last stage of decline, or covered with sores, in the extremity of bodily agony or exhaustion, will travel, perhaps begging their way, for fifty miles or more, that they may 'be laid with their own.' And the survivors, in the severest winters, will watch by the grave, from sunset to sunrise, sometimes for three weeks, if there be the remotest risk of the body being sought for dissection.

It was not less than a power directly from on high, that enabled this poor creature, nurtured in superstition and ignorance, to reply, 'Four men can carry me to my grave; and if my bones are scattered now, they will be gathered at the day of the resurrection.' Mahony came in soon after, and relieved him; the people listened to his expostulations. The poor man died in the course of a few hours, but his relations

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were not as bad as their word; they attended the wake and funeral, and he was buried with even more than usual honours.

I once had the privilege of addressing some of these poor people. By the exertions of their minister, assisted by some pious friends, a school-house was in course of erection, in a spot where a building of the kind seemed placed but to gratify a wild imagination, or amuse the fancy, by giving the charm of contrast to the scene. The ocean has forced its way through the iron-bound coast, into an amphitheatre of wild romantic hills, but their wildness is not 'with blossomed furze unprofitably gay,' nor relieved by the heath-bell or the mountain-grass; rock piled on rock, from the water-edge to the horizon, seems to form a fitting abode for the anchorite or misanthrope, and to secure to such an one a freedom from the approach of the sons of pleasure or of toil; and a stranger would feel inclined to wonder that a false economy, or a false taste, should have preferred to raise the school-house in this romantic desert, than in some peopled district. But Christian love alone had chosen the site, as Christian love had laid the foundation and raised the walls, and succeeded in filling those walls with immortals, eager to drink in the word of life. For here, cradled among these rocks and hills, is a people exceeding in number the inhabitants of the richest plains, who seem to wring from the soil a subsistence inversely proportioned to its willingness to give. While each range of rock, preserving the débris of that above it, forms a series of natural terraces, each enclosing and sheltering, though concealing, a cultivated field, and thus preserving from utter barrenness the storm-beaten hills

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which brave the first wrath of the Atlantic. As the aspect of the church appears to the worldly eye cold, stern, and repulsive; he sees where the storm has beaten, he sees where the channel has worn; he thinks her stern, because she has much to steel herself against; he thinks her repulsive, because she has much to repel; but he sees not the gardens of love, he sees not the plants of delight, with which those who dwell within her limits are nourished and brought up in the fear of the Lord; supported and sheltered by those very creeds and controversies which make her aspect dreary; sheltered till the time appointed of the Father, when the storm shall rage no more, but "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The school-house was not finished; one side of the roof was slated, the other was still open; a table and some forms had been formed into a kind of pulpit, beside which stood Mahony, and some who felt themselves peculiarly near to him and the minister; beyond them stood a number of men on one side; on the other, the women sat on the ground in rows, while the old and weak gathered round a fire in the unfinished hearth-place. The room was partially lighted by the fire, and by blazing pieces of bog-wood, which the men held in their hands; while two other living candlesticks, near the pulpit, afforded the preacher the luxury of candles. I stood on the sheltered side of the house, consequently the open sky was before me; above, the moon shining in brightness upon us, contrasting her silver light with the cloudy flare below. But there was an object far more interesting than the queen of heaven: a high

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peaked cliff overhangs the house, and on its summit were a few Roman Catholics, who, not having as yet found courage to venture publicly to join in Protestant worship, had taken advantage of the peculiar situation and state of the building, to hear, free from general observation, the word of the truth of the gospel.

When the believer in Jesus looks back upon "the way by which the Lord his God has led him," the retrospect is bright indeed; but there are few brighter spots in my remembrance than the recollection of that evening.

H. B.

[We cannot resist the inducement of a blank space, to remind our readers that all these reminiscences of our beloved and honoured friend, who is an active preacher of the truth in a dark and disturbed part of Ireland, are facts. May it please the Lord, through his means, to increase the warmth of their sympathy for these most interesting, most perverted people; and their liberality in aiding the blessed work carried on in such scenes and such ways as our friend describes!]

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ROMISH SUPERSTITION.

THE well-known witticism as to the closeness with which papal Rome follows the steps of her predecessor, pagan Rome,—that it is but the change of Jupiter into the Jew Peter, is by no means unfounded. The golden statue of the apostle in the church of St. Peter's, at Rome, was formerly that of Jupiter Olympus; and the only change which it has undergone is that the keys have been substituted for the lightning. And we trace pagan superstitions in some of the most august ceremonies of the apostate church. It was the practice of the ancient Romans to call thrice upon the dead, at the commencement of the rites of sepulture, and considering the silence as a token that the spirit was departed, to proceed with the interment. When Leo XII. lay in state a few years since, at Rome, the Cardinals, attired in their most magnificent robes, walked in a body into the room. Each Cardinal struck the lifeless forehead with a small silver hammer, exclaiming, in the chanting tone used in ecclesiastical services, "O Domine Papa!" (O Lord Pope!) After the conclusion of this ceremony was chaunted in concert, "Mortuuo est," (he is dead,) and then they burst out into a full chorus, with "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The eye-witness, a gentleman at that time residing in Rome, on whose authority the anecdote is here related, describes the effect of the whole scene as in the highest degree ridiculous.

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ON NATURAL PLEASURES.

ALTHOUGH things are said to be beautiful when they raise images of a corresponding nature within the mind, yet it is manifest they possess this property only by virtue of some sympathy existing between themselves and the seat of feeling and sensation. The lofty mountain, the fertile valley, and the boundless ocean, afford gratification to the beholder only in proportion as they awaken within him images of grandeur, of abundance, and of immensity. When they fail in doing this, which is frequently the case, they are beheld with indifference. It is therefore to the soul, and not to sense, that we must refer the origin of all our pleasures.

Natural harmonies are the interpreters of spiritual ones. It is through their connexion with these that they possess any capacity for affording satisfaction, and were, therefore, certainly designed, originally, to conduct us step by step, to an acquaintance and correspondence with the world of spirits; that such, unhappily, is not their general tendency, experience will sufficiently demonstrate; but it may be useful to enquire, why objects, so well fitted to promote our spiritual advancement, should, in so many cases, operate disadvantageously against it?

In the first place it will be admitted, that a benefit, when perverted, produces a precisely opposite effect

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to that which it would otherwise have promoted. The cordial which serves the purpose of a restorative when judiciously administered, will, most certainly, debilitate, if taken to excess. When that which is only designed to be a means of happiness becomes the sum total of our gratification, cause is confounded with effect, and ceases therefore to produce the end proposed by its Great Author—we seek to gratify our appetite for happiness with that which can merely answer the purpose of a stimulant: the taste must become vitiated, and our enjoyment will be transient and unsubstantial.

It is then, secondly, to the depravity of the human heart, that the perversion of natural pleasures must be ascribed. Man, through the obliquity of his nature, is ignorant of the Fountain of living waters, and consequently, of all real happiness. He therefore forms to himself a deity, often his own heart, by conferring a species of apotheosis on every object that affords him some transient delight. He sees not that it bears the impress of its Creator's holiness; he uses it not as a clue wherewith to unravel the divine perfections; he rejoices not at the disgust which arises from the intemperance of his admiration, nor esteems it to be an argument for the attainment of some more satisfying good. Perpetually grasping at phantoms, he finds them wither at his touch, and yet never dreams that it is to the image, (though debased indeed,) of God within his soul, that he even owes their fleeting portion of enjoyment.

Herein consists the guilt and misery of mankind, that having within them a sense of beauty and perfection, they wilfully and continually dishonour their

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Creator, by ascribing these his sole attributes to the works of their own hands. Surely they who can enjoy all that is curious in art, and wonderful in nature, without adoring in them the very Essence of glory and perfection; but can esteem the cold marble, the senseless earth, or perhaps some fellow-worm, to be the sources of those images of grandeur and beauty with which their minds are filled; must be accounted idolators of a more guilty, because of a more enlightened description, than the untutored Indian who performs his daily adoration to the Ganges, and hopes that its majestic waters will one day roll him to the gates of Paradise.

It is only by connecting the creature with the Creator in the closest, the most endearing links, that an antidote can be found for the deep-rooted idolatry of the human heart. We cannot, in the nature of things, cease to love what we esteem to be lovely; and there is a principle within us, that inclines us to grasp yet more tenaciously the object, be it great or small, which we conceive ourselves to be in danger of losing irretrievably. He, therefore, who knew what was in man, throughout the wide field of his own sensible and rational creation, appropriates to himself every object, and every image, calculated to arrest the attention, to warm the imagination, or to captivate the heart;—the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys, the sun and star, the vine and dew—all that can gladden, delight, and fertilize, and bless—these He is; they do not merely represent Him, but their cheering invigorating properties are all his own; he will not have them separated from himself. He it is who—

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Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

Ascending from the material to the rational creation, the Sovereign Ruler of the universe appears in yet closer connexion with his intelligent creatures, and the enlightened eye perceives and feels his all-pervading power, in the smiles of friendship and looks of love that gladden the social hearth. For by assuming, in the person of the man Christ Jesus, our very nature, with all its delicate susceptibilities, and multiplied emotions, our God of grace has appropriated to himself every tie of which the heart is capable, which is thus brought by the voluntary humiliation of his dear Son into the closest possible connexion with himself. Here, indeed, feeling receives its noblest consecration, and every earthly tie is a pledge to us of bonds that are ratified in heaven. The husband, the friend, the brother, the parent, the child, are representatives of God to us, in our earthly pilgrimage—they are the visible ark in which Jehovah's presence rests. O, then, it is not idolatry to prize them highly, and to mourn over their absence, or departure, as though the glory were departed from our Israel!

Faith is the true philosopher's stone, which turns every thing to gold. Believing that Christ is one with all his members, it dares not, it desires not, to sever, even in idea, the branch from its parent stem; thus, the channel, in itself so narrow, so restricted, so inadequate to our resources, becomes, through this divine amalgam, a fertilizing current, ever pouring forth fresh supplies, to comfort, to admonish, and to bless, from its unfailing fountain.

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Yes, would we know and estimate the full value of the creature, we must acquaint ourselves with its Creator too; it is far more easy to despise than to use it rightly, and the proud insensibility that would lead us to turn from the lovely workmanship of an ever-present God, has in it far more of idolatry in its darkest feature of self-dependance, than may generally be imagined.

The true enjoyment of a blessing is as far removed from its rejection as from its perversion. He who, dwelling in that light which no man can approach unto, formed this goodly frame of things, that he might be known and loved, and placed mankind therein, to act as his delegates and representatives, is surely to be honoured, not in the contempt or rejection of his mercies, but in that humble, thankful spirit which receives all, even the minutest, as a gracious emanation from himself.

J. D.

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VISITS TO ST. GILES'.

ONE of my most cheering recollections of these visits is that connected with the case of Michael O'N. an object of God's sovereign mercy, to whom all things, even the most grievous, were found to have worked together for his everlasting good. He had been named to me by a beloved Irish friend, who, in his capacity of a visitor belonging to the invaluable District Visiting Society of St. Giles' had sometimes called upon him, and found him apparently a ready listener to the word of truth.

Inquiring for his abode, I was directed to a place which, at first sight, appeared inaccessible. The ascent leading to it was so narrow, so perpendicular, and each stair of so extraordinary a depth, that I would sooner have essayed to mount a ladder placed against a wall. However, a little experience had taught me to regard obstacles as special encouragements; so, after a few glances of alarm at the prospect before me, I sent the Irish reader forward, requested O'N.'s wife to keep close behind me, and quickly reached the top, where another bold step landed me safe at a door, which, by stooping, I managed to enter. Here, on a miserable truckle-bed, sat the object of my search: a man of middle age, his emaciated figure having lost, through weakness, the power to maintain an upright position; and his aspect being that of confirmed consumption, verging on its very

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last stage. Two pretty, but most ragged little children peeped out from behind him; his wife, a really pleasing and interesting young woman, cast many a tearful glance on his flushed face, as she introduced us; and, after naming the friend who sent me there, and enjoying the gratified look of the poor man on hearing him alluded to, I asked, in as delicate a way as I could (Oh that we more constantly remembered delicacy in our intercourse with the poor!) the particulars of their present case. I learned what, at the moment, seemed to be a most severe dispensation towards poor O'N. and his family.

The room, in which I could hardly stand upright, had accommodated, besides themselves, lodgers; three people had each paid O'N. a few pence per week, for the privilege of laying as many bundles of rags and straw on the floor to sleep upon. These, however, left him; and then, his situation becoming desperate, his poor wife went to the overseer of the parish to represent their distress. At that time, as, indeed, at all times, the influx of destitute Irish strangers was immense; and the demands on parish aid such as no funds could possibly answer. Accordingly, a rigid scrutiny was directed to be made, and all who were able to travel, were offered the alternative of a pass to their own country—or nothing. The overseer gave the woman a card, on which was written the address of the parish surgeon, with these words added, 'Please to say if this man is able to go to Ireland.' O'N. was ordered personally to deliver the card; and with great difficulty he crawled to the place. The doctor glanced at the card, then at the man, and writing under the query, 'He is able,' returned it. Of course, any other assistance

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than a pass was refused, and O'N. was once more hoisted up to his narrow cell, to perish.

I read the card, and said nothing. O'N. was weeping bitterly while his wife related the tale; and I could only hope, what afterwards I had to rejoice in, that the Lord had so ordered it, in a purpose of mercy to his soul. After a long silence, during which I gulped down some very angry thoughts, the poor man was asked to listen to a little reading, and while the reader seated himself on the bed beside him, a low stool, so broken and unsteady that it was scarcely to be trusted with the weight of a human body, furnished the only seat for me. Three or four neighbours had dropped in; and all squatted themselves on the ground; but while O'N. with closed eyes, bent head, and clasped hands, seemed to be altogether absorbed in attention to the words of life spoken in his own loved tongue, I remarked with pain that distress at my awkward accommodation prevented the women from giving heed to what was read.

For this a remedy soon presented itself, which must to an English reader appear most extraordinary, and its effects incredible: but I am writing facts, and many a one, knowing the Irish character, will bear testimony to the fidelity of my statements. An iron pot of potatoes was on the miserable fire; and the moment having arrived for taking it off, O'N.'s wife softly arose, poured the water into a broken pan, and placed the pot at a little distance from me. I watched, until a portion of the heat was dispersed, and gently lifting the lid, took a potato; then, pulling the skin off with my fingers, and throwing it on the floor, I bit a good piece out of the well-

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boiled root. To describe the joy that actually danced and sparkled in the eyes of that starving party, on seeing me thus give credit to their hospitable goodwill, is utterly impossible: it even surprised me, who had calculated on it. Plucks of the gown, jogs of the elbow, and *such* smiles, passed between the women; and no sooner had the last morsel entered my lips, than Mrs. O'N. sprang up, and singling out the best, from a number not sufficient to afford two a-piece for her famishing household, pressed it on me as they, and they only who have experienced the cordiality of an Irish cabin, can conceive. I declined, on the plea of my dinner-hour being at hand: and then, rendered perfectly at home, she resumed her seat, and, with the rest, gave earnest heed to what was read.

I gave them nothing: I praised the 'pratee,' and left them, rejoicing in their hospitable sacrifice: but that evening I sent them an order for a daily supply of bread and milk, with soup for the sick man. Many a run, or rather climb did I afterwards enjoy, up those formidable stairs. O'N. never spoke his thoughts to us: tears flowed whenever I appeared, and ceased not to stream as long as 'the story of peace' was proclaimed; while deep but low aspirations of penitence and humble supplication accompanied the hearing of it. At length, and very suddenly, a change came on: O'N. was dying, his little room was crowded by anxious neighbours, and the priest appeared, bearing the usual implements for that last vain rite of popish superstitution—extreme unction.

O'N. had been silent so long that they thought him speechless: but when the priest accosted him, 'Well,

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my poor man, are you ready to die? I am come to give you the rites of the church,' he replied, 'I am ready to die, for Christ has died for me.' 'Pho,' said the priest, 'that is not the thing. Are you ready to be anointed?' 'Sir, I am anointed; Christ the great High Priest has anointed my soul with his precious blood; and I want nothing more.' 'What's the meaning of all this?' said the priest, turning to the frightened bystanders. Then again addressing the dying man, 'Don't trifle with me, sir; or you must die like a dog, without the rites of the church.' At this, O'N. raised his head—the dreadful oppression at his chest obliged him to remain in a sitting posture—and with the last energies of expiring nature, combined with living faith, replied, 'Sir, I need no rites: Christ has died for me, and,' laying his open hand on his breast, '*in his death is my life.*' Those were his parting words: with that noble confession on his lips, he died.

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SABBATH MUSINGS.

THERE is on a Sabbath-day, especially in the country, a hush and a stillness peculiarly soothing and solemnizing to the mind. Here as I stand at the open window, enjoying the balmy fragrance of one of those mornings of early spring, which so often, in the varying climate of our 'green isle,' bring a sweet foretaste of the yet distant summer,—this quiet calm is strongly perceptible. Yesterday what a Babel of busy sounds rose to this spot! The axe re-echoing from yonder copse,—the loud clear voices of the workmen, and their cheerful laugh,—the rumbling of the carts along the road,—the spade resounding on the 'stubborn clod,'—the song of the peasant girl, as she came from the well, tripping lightly over the stile with her well poised water-pail on her head; all this mingled with the more distant sound of the watch-dog's bark,—the merry voices of children at play,—the shrill crowing of cocks answering each other, from cottage to farm-yard, and the deep, hoarse, musical cawing of the rooks among their tufted nests in the neighbouring rookery.

Now, although the inanimate features of the scene are the same, a change seems to have passed over all. The old castle, beautiful in ruins, wears the same time-worn tints upon its crumbling walls;—the ivy hangs as gracefully, contrasting its deep dark green with the delicate gray,—the light of hea-

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ven comes in through the broken window-frames with the same picturesque effect,—all is as it was yesterday, as it has been since first that graceful ruin became a hallowed object of my childish admiration. The mountains too are clothed with the same intense and lovely blue, and upon those hills of Clare the sun-light comes and goes as it did yesterday. The river, broad and shining, flows along,—the swift succeeding shadows glide across the sunny fields,—the glorious heavens are as rich in all their beautiful variety of colouring, masses of changeful gray and clear bright azure spots fringed with clouds, pure and transparent as a snow-flake.

And yet there is a change—O yes! there is to-day a calm, the deep and holy calm of sabbath rest. It is as though a spirit had passed over this fair scene, and, breathing on it, whispered, "Peace be still." No busy feet are passing to and fro, intent on week-day cares,—the sounds of toil have ceased: 'labour's task is o'er.' The voice of the ploughman is silent, and the horse unyoked ranges the field

'Free, the furrowed task is done!'

But there are sounds, soothing and sweet, that come to fill the pause, and harmonize well with the tranquil solemnity of the sacred day; the lark is warbling at heaven's gate, and a flood of song, scarce heard amid the din of noisy life, is rising from many a tuneful throat,

"A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works."

The bee comes humming by, moving from flower to flower with its tiny buzzing voice, at once so soothing and so summer-like, so busy and yet so full of repose; now the soft cooing of the pigeons is heard

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from the house-top, and the rushing sound of their wings, as with one consent they soar away, wheel once and again round the church steeple, and then return to their murmuring colloquy on the slates. And, hark! there is the bell! now swelling on the ear—now dying away, more and more faint across the fields, as the breeze wafts its gladsome tones, and bears the joyful summons far and near. This is indeed a Sabbath sound; its clear and sonorous peal touches a chord that vibrates in the heart of the worshipper of Christ: "I will meet them in my house of prayer," saith he. How sweet on his own day should be the call that bids them to that meeting!

Speaking of sounds, there is one, not peculiar to the Sabbath, but which, to me at least, has then something especially solemn and impressive. It is when a gentle rush of wind, taking its rise out of some neighbouring grove, comes gradually swelling on, louder and louder, with a deep, booming, majestic tone; until, sweeping musically by, it dies away, and all is silent as before. It may be fancy, but to my mind there is something inexpressibly touching and solemn in this: there is a warning in its voiceless eloquence that awes while it soothes: it is as though the Omnipotent had spoken. I never hear, amid the stillness of a Sabbath morn, that low soft music stealing upwards from the trees with its gentle swell, gathering in sound as it advances, that from my soul I do not breathe an ardent aspiration after it. The Lord the Spirit seems abroad: at least his presence is recalled by this his fitting emblem, the rushing mighty wind—the wind that bloweth where it listeth, whereof we hear the

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sound, but cannot tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.

Oh, that as the unseen breeze springs up, and stirs the motionless branches, that blessed Spirit may act upon our slumbering hearts! may animate them with its life-imparting influence—may say unto the dry bones, "Live!"

This is a beautiful world still,—yes, cursed, and fallen, and sin-stained as it is. Though 'earth be punished for her tenant's sake,' there is in her starry skies and shining rivers, her purple mountains and bright sunny slopes, a glory and a beauty dimmed indeed, yet bearing traces of the youthful loveliness in which she shone before her great Creator, when he surveyed the work of his Almighty hand, and styled it "very good."

It is indeed a glorious ruin! and there are sights and sounds so beautiful, that it would rend the heart to dwell on them, did we not know the wreck is not a total one. Purchased—redeemed! what a delightful thought! Oh, Jesus, how does the costly ransom thou hast paid with thine own precious blood, add tenfold beauty to earth's loveliest scenes! Viewed through another medium, how dreary and how sad the idea that they were doomed—accursed: but thou hast borne that curse, reversed that doom, and, emerging from the horrors of the grave, brought life and immortality to light.

Faith is a prism that brightens and transforms all that is seen through it, be the prospect an earthly or a heavenly one. How it endears the old, beloved, and well known objects on which my eyes now rest, to think that one so great, the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, could give his tears, his

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blood, for such a world and its inhabitants. Were it not so, the sun that gilds it thus, making it bright and fair, teeming with summer-fruits and summer-flowers, would only add fresh bitterness to the thought that Adam's curse lay on it unrepealed. Without the Saviour, how dreadful were the back-ground of the picture—hopeless irremediable ruin, death! Even he himself, though he came to redeem, could not brook such a prospect: all the divine compassion of his nature was aroused, and, at sight of the goodly buildings of Jerusalem and its rebellious sons, burst forth in that most exquisitely tender and pathetic lamentation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

A day like this, with its balmy air, and alternate shadow and sunshine, reminds me of a very pleasant one, in more advanced summer, spent in a distant land. We were staying at Langen Schwalbach, in the duchy of Nassau, one of the quietest of the German bathing-places, because chiefly frequented by invalids. There were several English families in the place; and a clergyman, who had come there to take the waters, had obtained the use of the little Lutheran church, where, notwithstanding his delicate health, he performed divine service for his countrymen.

Divine it certainly appeared, in the fullest sense of the word, the first Sunday we attended it at Schwalbach; and most gladdening were the gospel sounds that fell from the lips of Mr. W——, who combined in his preaching the polished eloquence of the scholar with the evangelical piety of the minister of Christ.

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It was the first season the English service had been performed at Schwalbach, and those who have been abroad can enter into the delightful feelings with which we availed ourselves of such a privilege.

Here, however, I must pause to observe that a temporary privation of the outward and visible means of grace, such as occurs in travelling, is not altogether so injurious as might be imagined, or as I anticipated. An exercise of faith is thereby promoted in the watchful Christian, tremblingly alive to his soul's welfare. We are perhaps too apt to rest in ordinances: we look too much to the means and not enough to the end; and are content to quaff at the streams, when we might, as we are invited, drink deeply from the fountain-head of living waters. Accustomed, perhaps, to the teaching of some beloved and venerated pastor, we cling with an over-weening tenacity to the sounds that fall from his lips, and are prone to dwell too regretfully on the loss of his endeared ministrations. Thus we exalt the servant to the place of the Master; we lean upon an arm of flesh, when we should be sitting, like Mary, at the feet of Jesus. But when these privileges, so highly and so deservedly prized, are suspended for a time, we are constrained to look more singly to a direct communication of grace through the word. The Rev. Henry Venn gives it as his opinion that a diligent study of the Holy Scriptures with prayer, is one of the most efficient means of grace; and, in the absence of others, this is resorted to with increased earnestness. Faith is exercised. Shortly before the period I am now recalling, how many anxious doubts and fears did unbelief conjure up to harass and distress my mind while assisting at divine service for

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the last time on English ground! It was at Canterbury cathedral, and by a touching coincidence that could not fail of appealing forcibly to the feelings of persons on the eve of a long journey into foreign lands, the choir gave the thirty-fourth Psalm,

> Through all the changing scenes of life,
> In trouble and in joy, &c.

Not the pealing tones of the organ, as they reverberated through the lofty aisles of that splendid pile, or the swell of voices uniting in those cheering words, could dispel my unbelieving forebodings. Faith would have pointed to the precious promises, the truth of which was afterwards so fully experienced. "The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee; he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed." "Be strong, and of a good courage; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

But to return to Schwalbach.

In process of time the period of Mr. W——'s departure drew nigh. There was no clergyman besides himself among the English visitors, and the last Sunday we all assembled together while he officiated in the Lutheran church. I could not help looking round upon the little congregation with a very sad feeling. We had met with so much pleasure, and, I trust, profit! and now those few sheep were to be left without a shepherd, that little harvest-field in the German valley would have no labourer to strew the gospel seed, we should hear the Lord's song in a strange land no more.

Mr. W—— called on the Friday after; and on our return from a walk, we found his farewell card. The

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pencilled initials in the corner looked melancholy enough; still something whispered that his loss would be replaced, and that, late in the week though it was, the Lord, who giveth daily bread, would provide. As we walked to the hotel where we dined, a case in point occurred to me; a bathing place on the western coast of Ireland washed by the Atlantic, named Kilkee, where a temporary house of worship had been roofed in for the use of the summer visitors.

'But how will you find a clergyman to officiate in that remote place every Sunday? your doors will be closed half the time for want of one.'

This was the objection made to the individual, who, in simple faith in the Divine assistance had planned and carried on the undertaking. It is now three years since the accents of prayer and praise first rose from that little sea-washed chapel, and never once has the Lord allowed its altar to want a ministering servant.

Every one who has been at the German baths, or who has read that most clever and graphic account of them in the 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau,' is aware that none of the visitors dine at their own abodes. At the primitive and constitutional hour of one, the bells of the several great hotels ring their summons, and at the sound the inhabitants of the 'village of lodging-houses' issue forth and take their places at the long tables-d'hôte, to the number of sometimes between two and three hundred in the same dining saloon.

On the Friday in question, we had seated ourselves at our accustomed end of one of the long tables. Below us, at a little distance, were a group

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of Russians, who generally dined at the same hotel; and immediately next our party, the chairs were turned down and the forks placed upright in the roll on the dinner napkin, in that peculiar way which at a German table-d'hôte denotes that the places have been engaged.

We were left for some time in suspense as to who our neighbours were to be, as the first course was nearly over when they made their appearance, advancing up the room. There were three ladies and two gentlemen, and the first glance at the party shewed they were English. One of the ladies, a delicate looking person, young, and very interesting in appearance, took the chair next mine, while a gentleman, evidently her husband, seated himself opposite. Their conversation attracted my attention instantly.

'Then you have made the arrangement?' said the lady.

'Yes,' he replied, 'it was that detained me so long. I have just had a long interview with the Herr Klein (this was the Lutheran pastor, a truly apostolic man); he seems delighted to give his church for one English service, and I find has been doing so for some time past, to a gentleman who is about to leave this week.'

'Oh, then you have just arrived in time to replace him,' said the lady, 'how very fortunate!' and cordial was my silent re-echo of her exclamation.

But it is with the lady that my pleasant Sabbath associations are connected, and at a future meeting at the table-d'hôte that the circumstance which gave rise to them occurred. M. F. D.

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CHINA, INDIA, AND THE EAST.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to make a few remarks upon an article which appeared in the last number of the Christian Lady's Magazine, signed G. H. G. The perusal, at first, both surprised and pained me; but, upon further consideration, I feel convinced the writer is labouring under a mistake, with respect to the subject upon which he comments, which error I am most anxious should be rectified, otherwise much injury may be done to a most excellent, useful, and truly Christian institution.

G. H. G. alludes to an article in last December's number of the Magazine, signed 'Lydia;' in which an appeal is made to British females, in behalf of a society lately formed for promoting female education in India, China, and the East. In this appeal, Lydia gratefully and joyfully describes the many and various ways in which women may be beneficially employed in promoting the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and in furthering the blessed Redeemer's kingdom on earth. But unfortunately there is a vagueness in her statements, and a certain degree of inaccuracy in the expression, 'to do the works of an evangelist,' which was quite sufficient to mislead any one not previously acquainted with the objects and proceedings of the society in question: which are simply those of promoting female education, as its

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name indicates, by the means of female agency. The pious and exemplary women who are devoting themselves to this work, do not, like the Christian Missionary, travel from place to place, for the purpose of proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to assembled numbers, which is the ordinary idea attached to the expression of doing the works of an evangelist in heathen lands; but are engaged by the Society for the sole purpose of educating the heathen female children in the schools, and orphan institutions, which, under the blessing of the Lord, are multiplying in that part of the world, and of instructing them in the truths of the Christian faith.

Their intention is to remain stationary in one spot; they generally know the place of their destination before they quit their native country, and upon arriving in the east, are received in the houses, or consider themselves under the protection of the pious missionary families residing in the places to which they go. They quietly and unobtrusively pursue the arduous duties, unheeded by the world around them, and anxious only to promote the glory, and fulfil the will of their beloved Master, by gathering into his fold the poor little wandering, starving, forsaken lambs of his flock, which in those unhappily benighted lands, are scattered in fearful numbers all around them. Surely there is nothing unfeminine in this employment, but rather the most blessed work in which a woman can be engaged.

Allow me, madam, to request your correspondent, G. H. G. to peruse the reports of the Society, which have been published, with the extracts from letters, and particularly the notes at the end of a sermon which was preached a few months ago, by the Hon..

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and Rev. B. W. Noel, for the benefit of the Society, and afterwards published. These publications can be procured at Mr. Suter's, 19, Cheapside, and contain a touching description of the misery and degradation of the female population in those countries. They plainly point out how much it is the duty of Christian females to exert themselves in behalf of their unhappy sisters in the east; and that it is only by the means of *females* that they can be benefited, as the manner and habits of the country totally debar them from ever deriving any advantage from missionary labours. Through the infinite goodness of our beloved Master, the work of these good women is prospering beyond all expectation, the harvest is plenteous all around them, but the number of labourers lamentably few; they are continually making the most touching appeals to their countrywomen to go over and help them, and surely G. H. G. whose intentions I am certain are good, would grieve to throw an impediment in the way of so blessed an undertaking. If your excellent periodical, Madam, be ever perused by a child of this world, I sadly fear his letter will be used as a handle of reproach and ridicule against the active usefulness of many a pious woman. I know by painful experience how eager and delighted the selfish and worldly are to make use of such opinions as those which he has expressed, to ridicule, and, if possible, to check the exertions of good and religious females from doing their duty in that state of life in which it has pleased their heavenly Father to place them. And many females there are, now living wholly for this world, who would be delighted to hear that it is the opinion of one "whose praise is in all the churches," that

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women in the present day take much too prominent a part in religious societies. The good and pious should surely pause before they publish so indefinite and so sweeping an accusation, that in these days of rebuke and blasphemy, must tend to weaken the hands of those labouring in their Master's vineyard. The blessed apostles of our Lord were ever happy to avail themselves of the assistance of women in the spreading and support of the gospel, nor do I think it can be fairly proved that British women have been more actively forward in the cause, than the "elect lady" must have been, to whom St. John addressed his second epistle, and who was instructed by him to use her private judgment in deciding, who were, and who were not, the faithful and devoted servants of her Lord, and preaching his doctrine in purity and simplicity.

With many apologies for troubling you with so long a letter,

I beg to subscribe myself,

Madam,

Your constant reader and sincere admirer,

J. S.

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THE ARK IN DANGER.

It is a great mistake to say, 'The church and the gospel will defend themselves.' There is the ark in Dagon's temple, and if we conclude, because we have a spiritual church and a preached gospel, that that church must stand, and that gospel still be preached, God may teach us a terrible lesson. We may have Dagon in our temples. We may hear in them the song of popish idolatry or the infidel's shout. And worse still—some of us may join in that song, and help to raise that shout. God may force men and angels to see in us that he will not have any thing in earth or heaven put above him; that he will dishonour any thing, however excellent, that takes from him his glory. Eli, his servant and priest, Shiloh, the place of his tabernacle; yea, the very ark wherein he dwells. He will deliver once more "his strength into captivity, and his glory into the enemy's hand."

And hence it is, brethren, that if you would know whether you at this time ought to fear for the ark of God, you must not look at the camp of the Philistines, at the large, and vaunting, and already half-triumphant army of our enemies—come to the camp of Israel and look there. There, if any where, the danger lies. It is the church itself that is generally the church's worst foe. If she falls, it will be her own worldly-mindedness and spiritual idolatry, her confidence in herself and her forgetfulness of God, that will lay her low. She will fall,—her own destroyer!—*Rev. C. Bradley.*

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TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DAY OF HER CONFIRMATION.

KNEELING among a sister train,
  Before no idol shrine,
Within an old and hallowed fane,
  What thoughts to-day were thine?
While the deep organ rolled along
The vaulted aisle its holy song.

In simple robes of vestal white,
  Each like a youthful bride,
Hundreds around thee joined the rite,
  And, bending side by side,
Confessed their father's God was theirs,
And theirs the faith his word declares.

Ah! my Sophia—many there
  Who took that solemn vow,
Might only bow in seeming prayer,
  But not of these wert thou;
The light in thought, the vain in heart,
Oh not of these, I trust thou art.

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The earthly shepherd's hand was laid
On every suppliant near;
But Jesus knew what vows were paid
By hearts in lowly fear;
And who besought his crook and rod
To guide them to the fold of God.

To such, whatever pilgrims need,
Was promised to-day;
No more on fruitless husks they feed
In Zion's pleasant way;
Its living streams are pure and still,
And fair and green its holy hill.

As weary travellers retrace,
When some high point they gain—
Their path—and every resting-place,
Winding o'er step and plain;
So thou shalt turn in life's decay,
And mark thy setting forth to-day.

Frowns of the world thou need'st not fear,
But dread its syren smiles:
Go forth and prove thine armour here
Against all Satan's wiles;
And when its links in death divide
May thy soul flee to Jesu's side.

L. N.

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THE COURSE AND THE COMPASS.

No. VI.—Class III.

'THE FALSE PROFESSOR.'

We must now direct our attention to a class of individuals differing greatly in outward conduct and profession from our last subjects, but whose hearts are always, or at least generally, attuned much in unison with theirs.

We have here no gay profligates, no scoffers at the name of religion, no duellists, no gamblers. All whom we include in this class are, in their own opinion, not only nominal Christians, but religious persons; they all profess godliness, each after his own fashion, and many of them would argue vehemently in defence of their own religious system. They frequent holy assemblies, and follow various preachers; they admire and praise pious men, but they forbear to imitate them. Their religion resides on the lips, or, at most, in the brain, it never reaches the heart.

There are several different kinds of such persons; some of those most usually met with are the following:—

'*The world-loving professor;*'
'*The double-minded time-server;*'
'*The self-righteous formalist;*'
'*The immoral Antinomian;*'

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'*The political dissenter ;*' and

'*The bigotted high churchman.*'

Each of these divisions will be found essentially at variance with the revealed will of God, (as laid down for man's guidance in the Holy Scriptures,) violating its clear commands, and disobeying its most reasonable injunctions.

TEXT I:

"*I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.*"—Romans xii. 1.

ILLUSTRATION:

'THE WORLD-LOVING PROFESSOR.'

How many of these have I known! Persons who mingle the most opposite portions of the world and the church; who unite such things as many a simple mind would judge irreconciliable, and which are so by every means, excepting that fatal magic which gives the world-loving mind to think that it is serving God and mammon at one and the same moment. Such persons will spend the morning at a Bible meeting, and the evening at a ball; their praises are equally divided between their favourite preacher and their favourite actor; while their reading is *un*equally divided between the last 'one vol. duodecimo,' spiritual treatise, and the last 'three vols. octavo,' fashionable novel of the day, always foolish, often immoral.

An anecdote with which I am personally acquainted will here serve for an illustration. I could adduce many, but I select this, as bearing immediately on my present text.

A young lady, whom I will call E. was visiting

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one winter in London, at the house of a friend, a constant attendant on the ministry of that estimable and faithful preacher whom I quoted in my last section. In company they frequented his church, and there they regularly met the G—— family, who were as seldom absent as themselves, who listened with eagerness, and praised what they heard with enthusiasm. E—— had often wondered how they could so much admire a man who perpetually and severely lashed those worldly follies of which they were guilty; but her surprise was put beyond limits, when, one morning, Miss G—— called, and a conversation ensued between them, which I shall presently repeat.

On the preceding Sabbath evening, our beloved minister had taken for his subject, the text I have above quoted, and from it had delivered one of the most powerful practical discourses I was ever favoured to hear; none, we all thought, could mistake his views or his meaning. He did not, certainly, specify by name, every gay and worldly amusement, any more than every moral pollution, from which the body must be kept, when once presented as "a living sacrifice;" but any unprejudiced mind who heard him describe the emotions of the soul which must prompt to the offering of such an oblation, must have been completely aware that all vain and dissipated amusements, after the fashion of the world, were included among the worthless things which would be thrown aside, in complying with the inspired apostle's request. I have notes of that discourse still in my possession, and I wish I had space to lay them more fully before my readers.

E——'s hospitable friend was engaged when Miss

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G—— called, a few days after, so that she had to entertain the visitor alone. The Sunday's sermon formed one topic of conversation; Miss G—— lavishly praised that, and a preceding one, on the awful subject of death, in which, she declared that 'the dear man had really out-done himself.' Various subjects were afterwards introduced, and something in itself unimportant, elicited the remark from Miss G—— that 'the music at the opera last night was extraordinarily fine.' E—— thought she had misunderstood her fair companion, but she soon explained herself by adding that they had all been at that scene of gaiety on the preceding evening. E—— was astonished. 'What?' said she, in her simplicity, 'after last Sunday night's sermon?'

'Yes,—why not?' asked Miss G——, with apparently as much surprise, which perhaps concealed a slight confusion in the speaker.

'What would your 'dear Mr. D***' say to you?'

'Oh! I don't know,' gaily answered the lady, 'I don't suppose he would object.'

E—— shook her head gravely, and Miss G—— added, 'I dare say he often goes there himself!'

This was too much for E——. 'Never,' said she, 'I am quite sure of that; I never can believe it unless I hear it from his own lips.'

The conversation was here interrupted, and not again resumed; but it made a painful impression on the mind of E——, and she felt how possible it is for the most zealous and powerful preacher to be "as a very lovely song" to many of those who so eagerly press to hear them, "for they *hear* the words" indeed; but, alas! "they *do* them not."—Ezekiel xxxiii. 32.

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TEXT II:

"*Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this sinful and adulterous generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels.*"—Mark viii. 38.

ILLUSTRATION:

'THE DOUBLE-MINDED TIME-SERVER.'

Putting the "hand to the plough," and then only *looking* back, is pronounced a token of unworthiness for "the kingdom of heaven," (Luke ix. 62); what shall we say then of those who put their hand indeed upon the plough at first, and immediately withdraw it again, as if ashamed of the occupation, when those pass by, who are disposed to cast ridicule upon it?

Such are the time-servers, who are devout to-day with the pious, and careless to-morrow with the worldly, and whose religion, (to quote Mr. D*** once more,) 'is all of times and places, just such a religion as the devil most delights in.'

The class seems scarcely to need an exemplification, yet there is one portion of it who have brought so great a reproach on the church of Christ, by their double-minded practices, that I cannot forbear noticing them. I allude to public men of this character; and I will individualize them under the designation of H. who must consequently bear all the sins of his party.

His first entrance into political life was effected as member for a close borough, in the patronage of a pious and influential gentleman. He was then considered a promising and delightful Christian character; he constantly spoke at Bible meetings—befriended Sunday schools—joined the small religious

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minority in the house—made devout speeches against the slave-trade—zealously defended the church, and abhorred Romanism with all the righteous indignation that his soul could contain.

What does he now that he is in office? He discountenances all Sabbath-bills, votes against the conservation of the Protestant establishment, and in favour of every unjust measure that can expedite the blood-stained march of popery. And yet he still patronizes the Bible Society, and Sunday Schools, and all such works of piety and charity. He may be seen on the platform of a religious society on the Saturday, at a cabinet council on the Sunday; he will give ten pounds to a missionary purpose one week, and twenty towards the building of a popish mass-house the next.

Is this consistency? Is it Christianity? Does it indicate the single or the double mind? and if the latter, how does St. James treat such? "Purify your hearts, ye double-minded. Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep; let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up." (iv. 8, 9.)

Is there a more explicit way of practically denying the Saviour than the frequent union with his enemies? "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." (Matt. xii. 30.) And if such are his own words concerning the neutral bystander, what shall we say of those who join and favour alternately his friends and his foes? Surely that which he has said of them who deny him, and are "ashamed of him before men," that he will also be ashamed of them, "when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels."

X. Q.

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LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT.

We present our readers with another letter from our valued friend on the continent.

In my last, from C————, which I hope you have received, I promised you a letter from this place. And as in that I confined myself chiefly to what I saw in the celebrated cathedral of Amiens, so I shall here dwell chiefly on what has met my eye in that great temple of infidelity—the *Pantheon*. This place I visited, after having been first at the old metropolitan church of the capital of France, the cathedral of Notre Dame. This latter edifice, which stands in the oldest and most unfashionable part of the city, is, as the sextoness with much *sang froid* told us, little frequented, and seems to possess little of what is considered remarkable or worth seeing, except Napoleon Buonaparte's coronation robes, which, together with the purple dresses for the Cardinals, with which that remarkable man presented their Eminencies on that occasion, she shewed us for a trifle. We were, also, shewn the spot where the Emperor stood, when the 'father of the Christian world,' to shew *how popery can accommodate itself to all circumstances*, came from Rome to anoint him; as a predecessor of his had done Charlemagne before. Altogether the building seemed to have "ICHABOD" inscribed upon its very walls; and even of devotees

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worshipping there before the shrines of the saints, there was a great paucity compared with Amiens, or Boulogne. There were two priests in a very noisy manner catechising a parcel of children, boys and girls apart, of the middling order. And the lecture of one of them, who had the girls for his class, chiefly consisted of scolding for their learning *nothing!* He observed us strangers looking and listening; and seemed ashamed of the small proficiency of his disciples. His subject was the *sacrament of confirmation*, for which he was endeavouring to prepare them. Leaving this decaying mother-church of Paris, we went to what had been from the time of its erection by Louis XV. the church of St. Genevieve, until the dreadful period of the revolution, in 1793, when its name was changed to what it bears now, the *Pantheon;* and its under-ground apartments devoted to the reception of the apostles and disciples of the *age of reason*, after they become numbered with the dead, while the area on the scene of the gorgeous worship of the meritricious church, which may be seen above by the light of day, now presents a dreary void of every thing, save four tablets under the dome, bearing the names of those who fell in '*the three glorious days*' of July, 1830.

Nothing can be a more appropriate symbol of that wretched system which consists in the negation of every thing—even of the being of a God, than the interior of this gloomy building, as it now stands. Its stores are stores of emptiness. It is proposed to display some pictures above, in the cupola, the work of modern French artists: but what were to be their subjects I could not learn. The archbishop of Paris has made, I believe, some attempts of late to reclaim

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the edifice for its original use. But, I should think, it would be dangerous for the government, at present, to listen to this demand. It is not more than six years since the populace pulled down the archiepiscopal palace, and obliged its possessor to fly the city for his life. And this only, for the part he took in having the obsequies of the late Duc de Berrie performed at the church of St. Germain Auxerre. This was the occasion also of the defilement and dismantling of that notorious building, standing near the Louvre, from the tower of which, on the fatal eve of St. Bartholomew, 1572, the tocsin was rung, and continued all the rest of the night, for that appalling massacre. I own that I walked, a few evenings since, with solemn satisfaction round that now ruined temple of bigotry, viewing its desolation, which I beheld, as a pledge of the judgment soon to be emptied upon the head of an unreformed and unreformable church. But to return to the Pantheon. After walking through the unoccupied area above, I was conducted to the chambers of death underneath, where, by the light of a lantern, I beheld first the broken and decaying tomb of *Jean Jacques Rosseau*, and his coffin indecently exposed, as a matter of curiosity to any one who would mount a few steps of a ladder, placed there for the purpose. At the other end there was a representation of a dead hand thrust forth, holding a thing like in shape unto a torch; which our guide surlily told us, was a symbol of the light that had sprung from the tomb of the philosopher, to shew to mankind the way to ——. In the opposite vault was a similar monument of Voltaire, who, with the exception of his heart, which he had bequeathed to Ferney, lay interred there.

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This monument also, seemed to be in the worst state of repair, and hastening to dissolution. Near to it, and in the same abode of darkness stood a statue, in white marble, of the arch-apostle of infidelity himself, well executed. I shall not soon forget the expression of the countenance, and especially *the thin and compressed lips* of the declared enemy of Christ, whom modern France has formally deified. Alas, what shall be her end, who says of such men '*These are thy Gods?*' for this building is called her PANTHEON; and upon the architecture of its portico, she has blazened, in large letters of gold, these words: 'AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNAISANTE.' Let us remember that this temple of infidelity, or of ATHEISM, was once dedicated to superstition. And now, under its new name, it stands as a monument and a witness, that it is but a step that leads from believing too much to believing nothing at all, except the most monstrous of all lies—that the testimony of the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ is a cunningly-devised fable! In my next I propose saying something of the state and prospects of Protestantism here. At present I can say no more than that I have been cheered three times—Good Friday, Easter Sunday and to-day, at our chapel, by joining in our beautiful service with my countrymen, sojourning here like myself. I perceive that there (I speak of that to which Mr. Lovett is chaplain) the coming of the Lord shortly is, not as in England and Ireland too generally, truly testified, and urged as the "generation truth" of our day.

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ON THE ABUSE OF WORDS.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON used to say, in his time, that our language was 'running into a lie.' I do not know what the simple-hearted old prelate would have said, could he have listened to a conversation in a modern drawing-room. I do not even except what are usually styled religious circles. I cannot however pretend to point out all the departures from that beautiful rule, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay." It would be almost endless to follow all the increasing and diminishing hyperboles of continual recurrence from the rhetorical flourish of the parliamentary declamator, down to the conversational additions of the youthful denizen of a boarding-school. I may touch upon it some future day; at present, I will only fasten on one word, which seems, of late years especially, to have had an undue importance assigned it. Can natural philosophers inform us what strange predilection for the saccharine fermentation has, in this good realm of England, caused such a predominant love for the adjective expressing it, in the female part of our population?

It was the remark of a well-known Scottish minister, that he could always tell a lady's writing by recurrence of the word 'sweet.' And truly, setting aside its literal and physical applications, I have heard the epithet or expletive, call it which you will, bestowed liberally on man, woman, and child, with

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all their thoughts, sayings, and doings. It is given alike to house, garden, church, field, landscape, valley, stream; it designates morning, evening, and adorns occasionally all the features of the face. I have heard it applied to chapter and verse, book and essay, psalm and hymn, and have even known it tried in strange union with a school! It intrudes into the fine arts, from the oil painting, in solid magnificence, down to the airy pencil sketch; and from the anthem, pealing in stately sublimity through the vaulted cathedral, down to the simple air which awakens some chord of tender feeling. Like many other things, it is applied, and mis-applied, and the praise it gives like the applause of a bad man, is sometimes censure. I am writing rather acidly, for, to confess the truth, I am tired of the sound, and prefer a mingling of flavours to a predominance of sweets.

They who are disposed to question the truth of my remark, as to the real value of the quality discussed, are respectfully referred to our great lexicographer, not in his Dictionary, but in his Life of Waller, where he comments upon the kind of beauty, expressed by the name Saccharissa, as applied by the poet to the Lady Dorothea Sidney.

I have the privilege of attending the ministry of a clergyman of sound Christian principles, extensive learning, and high reasoning powers; his sermons, as might be expected, are marked by close argument and practical appeals and exhortations. It was, with no small surprise and indignation that I heard them, not very long since, entitled 'sweet sermons.' It reminded me, if great things to small may be compared, of an anecdote mentioned to me by a

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celebrated artist, of a young lady, who, according to the usual style of judging of drawings, expressed admiration of Mr. ——'s *rocks*, because they were so *soft*.

It would not be worth while to write so much on such a subject, were it not with the hope that some of my fair countrywomen may be led to weigh the real meaning of the words of their language and the uses to which they ought to be applied; for the habit, when established with one word, may be extended to others.

CASSIUS.

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ON VAIN THOUGHTS.

ONE great obstacle to habitual meditation is the pernicious custom of submitting to the uncontrolled dominion of a roving imagination: this prolific faculty produces such a budding of images, visions, conjectures and conceits, that she can subsist plentifully on her own independent stock. She is perpetually wandering from the point to which she promised, when she set out, to confine herself; and ever roaming from the spot to which her powerless possessor had threatened to pin her down.

We retire with a resolution to reflect; reason has no sooner marshalled her forces, than this undisciplined runaway escapes from duty, while one straggler after another joins the enemy, or brings home some foreign impertinence. While we meant only to indulge a harmless reflection, we are brought under subjection to a whole series of reveries of different characters and opposite descriptions; fresh trains obliterate our first impressions, till the spirit sinks into a sort of deliquium. We have nothing for it, but resolutely to resist the enfeebling despot. Let us stir up some counteracting force,—let us fly to some active employment, which shall break the charm, and dissolve the pleasant thraldom; no matter what, so it be innocent, and opposite. We shall not cure ourselves, by the sturdiest resolution not to do this thing of which we complain, unless we compel ourselves to do something else; courageous exertion is the only conqueror of irresolution; vigorous action the only supplanter of idle speculation.—*Mrs. Hannah More.*

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REGENERATION.

By the fall of Adam, the whole of man's nature, body, soul, and spirit, became inherently and incurably corrupt. He who had been created in the image of God, lost, by the abuse of his free will, all the alurements which denoted his divine origin. And very specially the whole intellectual constitution of man was despoiled of its primitive glory, perverted in all the marvellous variety of its parts and powers, and rendered utterly incapable of entertaining any spiritual apprehensions of divine truth. The carnal mind is enmity against God. The understanding is darkened. Conscience is defiled. The affections are vile and inordinate. The sin of our nature is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond: it is graven upon the tablet of every human heart. From this source, from the fountains of the great deep of original sin have flowed and are now flowing all the horrors of a trine state. For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, coveteousness, wickedness, deceit, laciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. From this deplorably depraved state, the people of God called to be saints are graciously rescued; not by any melioration of their old nature, which is not capable of change; but by the communication of a new, and divine nature fitted with faculties suited to comprehend the glorious truths revealed in the Bible.

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A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven.

By the divine drawings of the Holy and Eternal Spirit the third person of the blessed Trinity, the children of God who were by nature the children of wrath even as others, are manifestly made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. They are brought to a supernatural and influential knowledge of Jesus Christ; and this is distinctly declared to be the fruit of a new creation in the soul of man: putting on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him.

The means connected with this mighty end, for what God hath joined together let not man put asunder, are the Scriptures of truth. Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.

Regeneration is one omnipotent act of God, imparting the divine mind to his creature, but the furtherance of that creature in all the parts of the divine life, is altogether dependent on his deeper insight into the mystery of the gospel, by which he is gradually filled with the knowledge of the Lord's will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. In proportion as Christians acquire a holy familiarity with heaven, they adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour upon earth; and are thus divinely disciplined for immortality by their actual practice of whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.

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Review of Books.

WANDERINGS AND ADVENTURES IN THE INTERIOR OF SOUTHERN AFRICA. *By Andrew Steedman. Illustrated with lithographic and wood engravings. Two volumes.* Longman and Co.

We have not often met with a work, replete with adventure, abounding in description, and valuable to the naturalist, that appeared so perfectly unexceptionable as the volumes before us. Mr. Steedman passed ten years in traversing the wild districts of Southern Africa, bent on making additions to his extensive Zoological collection. That he did not however, regard man as a mere variety among the animal race, as too many of his scientific brethren appear to do, we have many pleasing proofs afforded. Without professing to write a religious book, he has placed the value and importance of missionary labour in a light that cannot fail of strengthening the cause; while his notices of native character, and local scenery, are given in a remarkably unaffected, and therefore, to us, peculiarly pleasing style. We

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take the following as a fair specimen, both of the author's manner and of his really and rightly philanthropic spirit.

'It was, as I have just observed, the Sabbath morn; and, although no pleasing sound of village bells was heard, although no distinct indications proclaimed the hallowed day of rest, a general repose of nature pervaded the whole landscape, and seemed to inspire devotion in language more powerfully impressive than any human influence I had ever felt. Loitering along the mountain, I met accidentally two Caffers, armed as usual with their assagais, and questioned them, through Mr. Kay's interpreter, respecting their ideas of a future state. Their attention became arrested; and one of them, an old man, throwing down his assagai, and seating himself on the ground, (a method commonly adopted to shew a desire for conversation) exclaimed abruptly, 'That is what I want to hear about;' his countenance at the same time brightening up with a degree of interest and animation that I have seldom witnessed among these people, 'Where shall I go,' said he, 'when I die?' The Caffer is very poor and very ignorant; he knows nothing. Having addressed them at some length, through Whiteboy, the interpreter, by whom I was accompanied, one of them inquired, very shrewdly, 'Why did not God destroy the wicked spirit? Why suffer him to do evil? Did you ever see God? How did he send you the great Word out of the skies? Are you sure it is his Word?' putting many other similar questions, which I found no little difficulty in answering satisfactorily to their comprehension. After many ineffectual attempts to make them understand some of the leading

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truths of Christianity, Whiteboy, the Hottentot, turned round and said to me, in a tone of despair and mortification, 'The Caffers, master! are all stupid; they are blind;' and, closing his eyes, he added, 'quite blind.' 'And were you not once so yourself, Whiteboy?' 'Yes, master,' he replied, 'that is true.' 'Then explain to these Caffers,' I said, 'that you were formerly blind and ignorant as they are, but that now you can discern the importance of these things.' I found by the tear glistening in his eye, that I had touched a chord which vibrated through the heart of this poor unlettered Hottentot. Turning immediately to the Caffers, he addressed them with a warmth and energy of expression, which it was impossible to witness without feeling deeply interested, whilst he seemed to rivet the attention of his hearers, and by the fervency of his appeal to awaken in their minds a most powerful impression.'—Vol. I. page 28.

To the foregoing we need only add, that the lithographic and wood engravings are both beautiful: the former by Baynes, the latter by Harvey. There are fourteen in all, besides a large and valuable map of Southern Africa, compiled from MS. maps at the colonial office. We think these handsome volumes will become very popular.

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THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS: ***in six discourses. By the Rev. John Ayre, M.A. Minister of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead; and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Roden. Author of 'Liturgica,' Advent,' &c. &c.*** **Burns.**

'PERHAPS,' says the Author in his Preface. 'there is a growing inclination abroad to limit a belief to comprehension, and to reject those things *as facts* which cannot *in their operation* be understood. The contemplation of such a subject as is here treated is well adapted to check this spirit, and to convince us that there is that in Christianity which "passeth knowledge." We must receive the truth, as little children, in simplicity of heart; and for this we need generally the repetition of "line upon line, precept upon precept."'

That sublime and comprehensive verse, 1 Timothy iii. 16, furnishes the texts for these six sermons: I. Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh: II. Justified in the Spirit: III. Seen of angels: IV. Preached unto the Gentiles: V. Believed on in the world: VI. Received up into glory. Here we have, not a single sermon, but a whole volume, where, according to the counsel of one of our old divines, 'Jesus Christ shines as the diamond breast-pin in the bosom, and on the front of all.' The perspicuity, force, and condensation that mark Mr. Ayre's former works appear no less strikingly in this: and we cordially recommend the little volume, alike to the individual believer and to the family circle which he desires to see built up in their most holy faith. The discourse on 'God in-

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carnate seen of angels,' is very beautiful, opening a wide field of contemplation, yet strictly confined within scriptural boundaries; while from that part of the sacred narrative a powerful argument is deduced, respecting our Lord's proper divinity. This, indeed, is the great "mystery of godliness," to the establishment of which the whole series directly, and most convincingly tends.

GLUAISEACHEL *an Oilithrigh no Turus an Chriosduighe, o'n t-Saoghal so chum an t-Saoghal le teacht Fa ainhlughad aishing. Aistrithghe o mbhearla Eoin Bhuniain.* Robertson, Dublin: Nisbet, Groombridge, London. 2s. 6d.

SUCH of our readers as can decypher the above, will heartily rejoice in seeing it. Those who cannot, but who know the peculiar character of the native Irish, their highly imaginative turn and the abundance of tropes and figures that adorn their phraseology will rejoice too when we tell them that it is 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' of worthy John Bunyan. For many years we have ardently desired to behold this sight, well knowing how exquisitely the book is adapted alike to the minds and to the wants of our Irish-speaking brethren. That devoted friend to their best interests, the Reverend Christopher Anderson, whose 'Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their descendants' is the most valuable book of the kind extant, has at length succeeded in supplying the objects of his Christian commiseration with this precious instructor. The present work

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extends to the death of Faithful in Vanity Fair; and if sufficient encouragement is given, the remainder will shortly follow. We invite and entreat our readers to afford that encouragement. Very few, among spiritually-minded persons, will be found to question the value of the Pilgrim's Progress. We can assure them that no class of persons on earth's surface can better enter into the meaning of the work than those in whose hands we now desire to place it: nor can the world exhibit a race of human beings more deplorably in need of such teaching as they will find in its pages.

REFLECTIONS OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER; *or, a Practical Application of Scripture to the circumstances of herself and her Children.* Religious Tract Society.

THE author of this pocket volume has, we think, rendered an important service, both to parents and children, by its publication. Simple, touching, natural, the sentiments and feelings of a pious mother are depicted in lively and truthful colours; and we do not exaggerate in saying that every sentence has an evident connection with the one thing needful. The third chapter—'The Saviour peculiarly precious to believing Mothers,' is delightful. We look int many books, in order to cull a few that may be strongly recommended; and this is one of our decided selections.

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REPEAL. *A Letter to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K. G. G. C. B. &c. &c. By Caius.* Burns.

HERE is a question of mighty import, calmly and dispassionately, but still energetically argued, by a most able pen. It is vain any longer to affect blindness to what is becoming every day more glaringly conspicuous—the inevitable approach of an alternative between two repeals: that of the legislative union, and that of the so-called emancipation bill. It is the latter, which the author of this small pamphlet has chosen to bring before the public—consisting, we presume, of three classes: those who approve the proposed measure of expulsion, those who deprecate it, and those who give themselves no trouble at all on the subject. We advise the first to read this 'letter' for the strengthening of their own argument: the second, as a matter of candid inquiry: the third, in order to ascertain whether the question be or be not worthy their serious consideration. The present edition, we believe the second, is sold at 3s. 6d. per hundred.

ENGLAND THE FORTRESS OF CHRISTIANITY. *By the Rev. G. Croly, L. L. D. Rector of of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London.* Hatchards.

NEVER, perhaps, in so small a compass was contained so much matter of deep import, and heart-thrilling interest, as these pages present to the English eye. The singularly powerful and graceful

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language, in which Dr. Croly has clothed his brilliant thoughts, has tempted us more than once to adorn our pages with extracts from one of his recent works: but in the tract before us he has sketched, by a few bold strokes, the successive risings and falls of our beloved country, so strongly, so truly, so vividly, that we scruple not to say the heart which is not moved while contemplating it, cannot be the heart of a Christian Englishman. A considerable portion of it appeared in Dr. Croly's preface to his 'New interpretation of the Apocalypse,' some years since. Additions have now been made, from which we do not here give extracts, solely because we wish to press it as a duty on every reader of our miscellany to become possessed of the tract itself. It is published at the low price of 1d. or 1s. per dozen, to facilitate its circulation, and we say, yea from the core of our inmost heart, God speed it to every corner of the land!

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THE PROTESTANT.

THIS has certainly been an eventful month to England. Its most prominent feature was, undoubtedly, the extraordinary result of an extraordinary contest, with which few Christians will have the hardihood to disclaim any sympathy, on the ground of its being a merely political movement. My uncle shall speak for himself, and for that class of which he has latterly been a somewhat rare specimen; but which is again re-appearing on the face of the land.

'Well,' said the old gentlemen, as he flung himself back in his favourite chair, 'when I found myself elbowing my way to the polling-booth this morning, in the character of a staunch Burdettite, I was ready to exclaim, with the perplexed little lady in the ballad, 'This is none of I.' The sensation was altogether indescribably odd; but never—no, never did I exercise that glorious privilege, the elective franchise, with so full an appreciation of its value. The ground on which Sir Francis took his stand was avowedly, exultingly, that of Protestantism: he spoke out, as very few public men have yet dared to speak: he came for our support, as one who desired to devote the remnant of his days to the defence of those dilapidated ramparts where, too surely, his hand had effected the first breach. I tell you, girl, there was a chivalrous feeling excited, not in my mind only, but in the minds of hundreds more, such

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as belonged to the olden time—to days that I never expected to see again.' A tear stood in his eye.

'Dear uncle, you were still warm from the spirit-stirring scene of the preceding day.'

'Ay, the Protestant meeting. Disappointed I certainly was, and aggrieved, by the non-production of the expected petition: but McNeile almost reconciled me to that, by sounding such a note as ere long must, will, shall be re-echoed from many a now silent quarter, and bid the tables of the two houses groan under the weight of national remonstrance. I cannot tell you how my heartstrings vibrated to his appeal: how my spirit drank in the full and solemn declarations that he seemed specially commissioned to make, to a lukewarm, backsliding people. Yes, it was a season of refreshing to me; it seemed to put a life, vigour, and rationality into what I was about to do on the morrow. I knew my purpose, when recording that vote for Burdett: I comprehended, in all its important bearings, the proceeding which, nevertheless, through the powerful recollection of former days, seemed a marvellous strange thing for me to do.'

'And you consider the victory as a very important one?'

'My dear, its importance is altogether incalculable. Consider Sir Francis Burdett as having been for thirty years the avowed champion of civil and religious liberty—as one whose chiefest boast it was to stand forward, defending the constitution from what he conceived to be the inroads of royalty, aristocracy, and bigotry; maintaining his position even to the extremity of imprisonment as a state criminal. Behold him avowedly unchanged in principles, liberty his

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motto, the constitution his charge, now opposing the shield, and brandishing the spear against its real assailants, and in defence of the throne, the peerage, the church, in which he sees its strength to lie, and its beauty to dwell. Comparing natural things to spiritual, we may view the blind and misdirected zeal of a soul, neither changed in its object, or cooled in its ardour, but enlightened to pursue, by right means, what it formerly sought by the wrong. May the God of all grace, by his mighty working in the heart of the individual, now ranged on our side in the national battle, enable us to call him brother by a yet dearer bond; numbering him among his saints, both here and in glory everlasting!'

To this I beseech every reader to say, Amen.

My uncle resumed; 'Again, in its effects, humanly certain, on the population at large, this triumph is of incalculable value. There is not a place in the empire where such an event could have occurred under circumstances so auspicious. It is of a rousing character, of a startling tendency. Do you remember the beautiful poem of the Armada, not long since quoted in the pages of the magazine? I consider this Westminster affair to be somewhat like the planting of the standard by the 'stout old sheriff' at Plymouth; and the kindling of the beacon 'on Edgecumbe's lofty hall,' that should be speedily answered by a thousand others.' Here my uncle jumped up, and, pacing to and fro, recited some of those spirit-stirring lines.

'Well, dear sir, you may rejoice that you were permitted to light your beacon among the rest, by succeeding in your Protestant Branch Association, last month.'

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'True, indeed, and I do rejoice, and give thanks, and render praise to the Lord, who is raising up defenders on all sides, for the holy and beautiful house of our fathers, now so hotly assailed by the axes and hammers of unprincipled, ungodly men. While trembling with uncertainty as to the success of our local attempt, and fully aware that a failure would deeply wound the cause so dear to my soul, I was thrown on the Lord in prayer. If it were not to promote his glory in the land, let it fail, and perish altogether: but if, as I assuredly believe, it is the cause of revealed truth, as opposed to antichristian error, and God-forgetting infidelity, then let him put to his hand, for they are destroying his law. Such was, such is my feeling: and for the success given, I do most humbly and thankfully bless the Lord.'

'Did you go along with M'Neile, when he boldly denied to popery the character of a religion; denouncing it as a system of political craft, and ambitious usurpation, provided with a creed merely that it might fasten a stronger fetter upon its victims?'

'Indeed I did. We too seldom now hear things called by their right names, or see them stripped of their stolen decorations. The annals of the reformation shew us our stedfast forefathers with united voice denying to the church of Rome, not merely the headship she so arrogantly assumes, but any membership in Christ's mystical body, the true church. If M'Neile's assertion appeared a new thing to his hearers, it only proves their culpable neglect of the bequest providentially handed down to an unthankful and oblivious race. It is true, originality was the characteristic of that noble speech; but it was the originality of a precious coin, rare from the

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genuineness of its antiquity, and wonderfully bright because too little circulated among those for whose use it was struck in the king's mint.'

'Uncle, I do think that the Lord is overruling for signal good to us what his enemies have been allowed to do for our hurt. It is evident to me that the high ground at present taken by our protesting brethren would not have been occupied now, had not the strong 'pressure from without' forced them up to that commanding position, to build again the old wastes, and to restore the desolations of many years.'

'You are right. Lord Roden shewed us, in his powerful speech, how the persecuted church of Ireland is purified and made to shine, by the intense heat of the furnace that her foes have flung her into. In like manner will the Lord make his cause to prosper, and his church to flourish, in proportion as daring unbelievers presume to hope that the gates of hell *shall* prevail against it. It is a lamentable feature in our corrupt humanity, that we are ever drifting away in a calm from the haven where we should be; and nothing short of a storm will blow us back again. Such is the acknowledged experience of individuals who, nevertheless, deny the applicability of this general rule to the body politic; or else, while confessing individual defection to be a most evil and bitter thing, regard the wholesale revolt of an empire's bulk as a small matter—not worth their notice. This results, in part, from an abuse of doctrines in themselves scriptural.'

'An abuse, certainly,' said I, 'and not a legitimate deduction. Our dear friend M'Neile went as far, in doctrine, as any man might safely go: but how dif-

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ferent a view does he take of national duties and responsibilities!'

'Of course he does: he looks below the surface of things, and dives where many float. He finds not in God's irresistible sovereignty an excuse for human indolence, but rather a more powerful call for increased energy in setting forth the duties of man, "Whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear."'

'When shall we see our bishops and our princes standing forward in the cause of insulted Protestantism?'

'When the Lord shews them their danger, so clearly as to overcome the mischievous restraints that custom now lays upon them. Doubt not but it will soon be so: the trumpet must ere long give so certain a sound, that all who are not content to fly or to yield must needs join the mustered hosts, and prepare themselves for the battle.'

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